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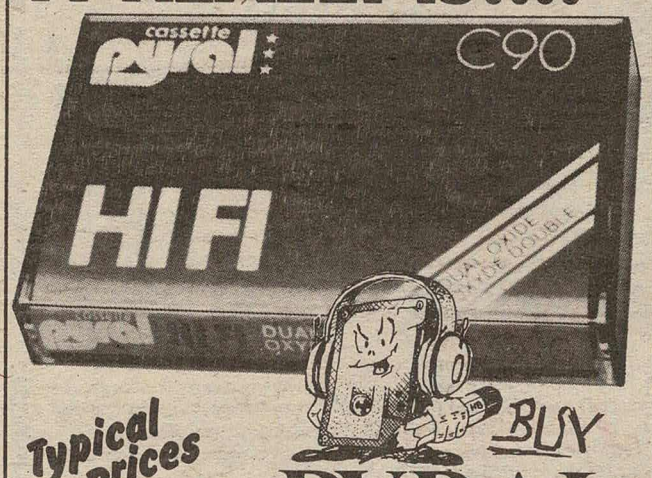

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STIFF NEWS FROM STIFF RECORDS
SEE PAGE 41

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending October 9, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	EYE LEVEL	Simon Park Orchestra (Columbia)
2	2	BALLROOM BLITZ	The Sweet (RCA)
15	3	MY FRIEND STAN	Slade (Polydor)
3	4	MONSTER MASH	Bobby 'Boris' Pickett & The Crypt Kickers (London)
4	5	NUTBUSH CITY LIMITS	Ike & Tina Turner (United Artists)
8	6	LAUGHING GNOME	David Bowie (Deram)
11	7	FOR THE GOOD TIMES	Perry Como (RCA)
6	8	JOYBRINGER	Manfred Mann Earthband (Vertigo)
10	9	CAROLINE	Status Quo (Vertigo)
5	10	ANGEL FINGERS	Wizzard (Harvest)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending October 9, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	THOSE WERE THE DAYS	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
3	2	JESAMINE	Casuals (Decca)
2	3	HEY JUDE	Beatles (Apple)
4	4	LITTLE ARROWS	Leapy Lee (MCA)
5	5	HOLD ME TIGHT	Johnny Nash (Regal-Zonophone)
7	6	LADY WILLPOWER	Gary Puckett & the Union Gap (CBS)
14	7	THE RED BALLOON	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
6	8	I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU	Bee Gees (Polydor)
18	9	MY LITTLE LADY	Tremeloes (CBS)
11	10	LES BICYCLETTES DE BELSIZE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 11, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	DO YOU LOVE ME	Brian Poole and the Tremeloes (Decca)
3	2	THEN HE KISSED ME	Crystals (London)
2	3	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
4	4	IF I HAD A HAMMER	Trini Lopez (Reprise)
11	5	THE FIRST TIME	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
5	6	BLUE BAYOU	Roy Orbison (London)
—	7	YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE	Gerry and the Pacemakers (Columbia)
6	7	SHINDIG	Shadows (Columbia)
17	9	I	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
8	10	APPLEJACK	Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending October 14, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	4	1
2	(2)	LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	4	2
3	(9)	LUCKY STARS	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	4	3
4	(3)	GREASE	Frankie Valli (RSO)	7	3
5	(11)	RASPUTIN	Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)	3	5
6	(5)	I CAN'T STOP LOVIN' YOU	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	3	5
7	(4)	DREADLOCK HOLIDAY	10cc (Mercury)	9	1
8	(—)	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1	8
9	(13)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL	Sylvester (Fantasy)	8	9
10	(11)	SUMMER NIGHT CITY	Abba (Epic)	5	8
11	(22)	TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP	Crystal Gayle (UA)	4	11
12	(6)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile (Rak)	6	4
13	(17)	NOW THAT WE FOUND LOVE	Third World (Island)	4	13
14	(14)	PICTURE THIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	8	10
15	(25)	SANDY	John Travolta (Midsong/Polydor)	2	15
16	(10)	JILTED JOHN	Jilted John (EMI Int)	10	5
17	(7)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores (Motown)	11	1
18	(8)	OH WHAT A CIRCUS	David Essex (Mercury)	8	4
19	(21)	THE WINKERS SONG	Ivor Biggun (Beggars Banquet)	4	19
20	(18)	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE	Jacksons (Epic)	3	18
21	(16)	A ROSE HAS TO DIE	Dooleys (GTO)	5	16
22	(—)	RESPECTABLE	Rolling Stones (EMI)	1	22
23	(20)	HAVE YOU EVER FALLEN IN LOVE	Buzzcocks (UA)	3	20
24	(—)	MEXICAN GIRL	Smokie (Rak)	1	24
25	(19)	AGAIN AND AGAIN	Status Quo (Vertigo)	6	9
26	(—)	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE	Mick Jackson (Atlantic)	1	26
27	(15)	HONG KONG GARDEN	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	7	8
28	(28)	DOWN AT THE DOCTORS	Dr. Feelgood (United Artists)	2	28
29	(27)	L.A. CONNECTION	Rainbow (Polydor)	2	27
30	(—)	BURN	Deep Purple (Purple)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

DARLIN' — Frankie Miller (Chrysalis); HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS — Bob Seger (Capitol); GIVIN' UP, GIVIN' IN — Three Degrees (Ariola); DON'T COME CLOSE — Ramones (Sire).

ALBUMS

Week ending October 14, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	14	1
2	(4)	IMAGES	Don Williams (K-Tel)	11	2
3	(2)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Int/Hansa)	13	1
4	(3)	BLOODY TOURISTS	10 c.c. (Mercury)	4	3
5	(5)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Various (CBS)	15	2
6	(12)	BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN	(Motown)	3	6
7	(5)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	25	1
8	(7)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	7
9	(8)	CLASSIC ROCK	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	10	9
10	(15)	TORMATO	Yes (Atlantic)	3	10
11	(10)	WHO ARE YOU	Who (Polydor)	7	5
12	(19)	THE BRIDE STRIPPED BARE	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	4	12
13	(11)	ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	2	11
14	(9)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston (Epic)	5	9
15	(21)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	43	3
15	(24)	STAGE	David Bowie (RCA)	2	15
17	(23)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	30	6
18	(—)	BROTHERHOOD OF MAN	Brotherhood Of Man (K-Tel)	1	18
19	(22)	ROAD TO RUIN	Ramones (Sire)	2	19
20	(13)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	17	2
21	(18)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores (Motown)	13	7
22	(26)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	19	2
23	(27)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	82	1
24	(16)	ARE WE NOT MEN	Devo (Virgin)	5	16
25	(17)	JAMES GALWAY PLAYS SONGS FOR ANNIE	James Galway (Red Seal)	6	8
26	(14)	LEO SAYER	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	5	14
27	(—)	LOVE BITES	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	1	27
28	(—)	NEVER SAY DIE	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	1	28
29	(—)	THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR	Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams (CBS)	1	29
30	(—)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	The Kinks (Ronco)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

LIVE — BURSTING OUT — Jethro Tull (Chrysalis); PRIVATE PRACTICE — Dr Feelgood (United Artists); GREEN LIGHT — Cliff Richard (EMI); SYSTEMS OF ROMANCE — Ultravox (Island).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending October 14, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile
2	(5)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder
3	(4)	REMINISCING	Little River Band
4	(2)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey
5	(8)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray
6	(9)	WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"	Kenny Loggins
7	(7)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
8	(3)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John
9	(11)	RIGHT DOWN THE LINE	Gerry Rafferty
10	(12)	WHO ARE YOU	Who
11	(17)	MAC ARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer
12	(15)	BACK IN THE USA	Linda Ronstadt
13	(14)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young
14	(19)	BEAST OF BURDEN	Rolling Stones
15	(18)	YOU NEVER DONE IT LIKE THAT	Captain & Tennille
16	(6)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton-John
17	(13)	HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS	Bob Seger
18	(22)	HOW MUCH I FEEL	Ambrosia
19	(21)	SHE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN	Billy Joel
20	(23)	GET OFF	Foxy
21	(24)	TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP	Crystal Gayle
22	(25)	JOSIE	Steely Dan
23	(30)	READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN	Barry Manilow
24	(27)	I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND)	Alicia Bridges
25	(—)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
26	(29)	IT'S A LAUGH	Daryl Hall & John Oates
27	(10)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores
28	(—)	I JUST WANNA STOP	Gino Vannelli
29	(16)	HOT BLOODED	Foreigner
30	(—)	SWEET LIFE	Paul Davis

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending October 14, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists
2	(2)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
3	(3)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who
4	(4)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
5	(7)	TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS	Dan Fogelberg & Tim Wiseberg
6	(6)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins
7	(5)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
8	(12)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer
9	(8)	SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	Various Artists
10	(11)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
11	(15)	MIXED EMOTIONS	Exile
12	(13)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
13	(10)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise
14	(—)	LIVING IN THE U.S.A.	Linda Ronstadt
15	(9)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
16	(23)	PIECES OF EIGHT	Styx
17	(14)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees and Various Artists
18	(18)	SLEEPER CATCHER	Little River Band
19	(29)	DOG AND BUTTERFLY	Heart
20	(20)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf
21	(16)	A TASTE OF HONEY	Taste of Honey
22	(24)	IS IT STILL GOOD TO YA	Ashford & Simpson
23	(17)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
24	(22)	GET OFF	Foxy
25	(26)	ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN	Rose Royce
26	(—)	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE	Funkadelic
27	(25)	COME GET IT	Rick James
28	(19)	BLAM	The Brothers Johnson
29	(—)	SKYNYRD'S FIRST AND . . . LAST	Lynyrd Skynyrd
30	(—)	ALONG THE RED LEDGE	Daryl Hall & John Oates

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

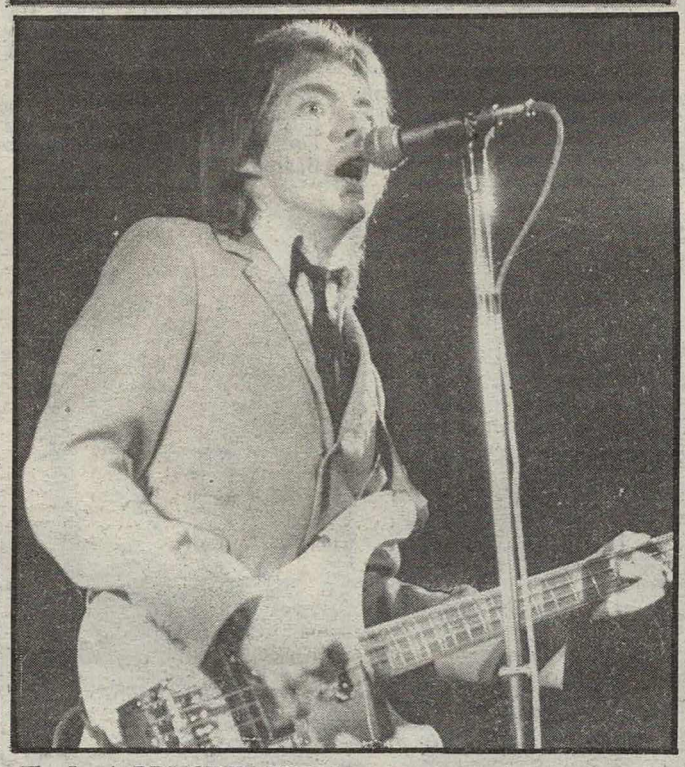
DEVO TOP 10 SHOWS

FOLLOWING THE chart success of their debut Virgin album "Are We Not Men? — We Are Devo! ", the band fly into Britain late next month to headline their first tour of this country. They're playing ten major concerts, including two in London, and will also be appearing in BBC's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on December 5. The U.K. dates, which follow a comprehensive tour of Europe during the first part of next month, are:

Edinburgh Odeon (November 26), Glasgow Apollo (27), Newcastle City Hall (29), Sheffield City Hall (30), Birmingham Odeon (December 1), London Hammersmith Odeon (2 and 3), Manchester Free Trade Hall (4), Liverpool Empire (6) and Bristol Colston Hall (7).

Promoters are Straight Music, who announce that all shows start at 7.30 pm, and tickets at all venues — including London — are priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Box-offices should all be open by now, and postal applications are also being accepted. In view of the current success of their album, Virgin do not yet have any plans to release a follow-up.

NEWS DESK



The Jam's BRUCE FOXTON

Jam session on the road

THE JAM this week announce details of a major November concert tour which, including their two big shows reported last week, takes in a total of 20 dates. They'll be supported throughtou by American band The Dickies and Britain's Patrik Fitzgerald. To tie in with the tour, their third album "All Mod Cons" is released by Polydor at the end of this month — and of course, their latest single "Down In The Tube Station At Midnight"/"So Sad About Us" has just been issued.

Their itinerary goes under the banner of "Apocalypse Tour '78", and the two dates already reported are their appearance in the St. Andrew's University rock festival (November 7), and a headlining spot in the six-day Great British Music Festival at Wembley Arena (29).

Rest of the schedule comprises Liverpool Empire (November 1), Leicester De Montfort Hall (2), Bradford St. George's Hall (3), Newcastle City Hall (4), Glasgow Apollo (5), Aberdeen Capitol (6), Sheffield Polytechnic (10, Leeds University (12), Manchester Apollo (13), Birmingham Odeon (14), Coventry Theatre (15), Cambridge Corn Exchange (17), Great Yarmouth ABC (18), Cardiff University (20), Brighton Dome (21), Canterbury Odeon (22), Portsmouth Guildhall (24) and Bristol Colston Hall (26).

DOCTORS END MADNESS ERA

DOCTORS OF MADNESS have decided to disband after a three-year career — which, they say, "is as long as any rock band can decently stay together". They're playing a special farewell concert at London Camden Music Machine on Thursday, October 26, and that will be the irrevocable end of the band — with positively no U-turns, we're assured!

Support act for the last concert is Cabaret Voltaire, and many surprises are promised — including the likelihood of The Adverts' T.V. Smith preforming three or four new songs with the Doctors.

After the split, Stoner and Peter Di Lemma will go their separate ways within the rock business, though no specific plans have yet been announced — and Richard 'Kid' Strange apparently plans to enter the political arena.

Ubu's London venue — AND OTHER NEWS WAVES

PERE UBU have now confirmed a London date as the highlight of their late-autumn British tour, reported last week — it's at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town on Friday, December 1. Further gigs are still being finalised.

It's now also official that their new album "Dub Housing" will be on Chrysalis, their first under a worldwide long-term deal with the label — they previously had their own Blank Records label, distributed here through Phonogram.

And the band say they intend to make regular visits to Britain in future, with plans for three or four separate tours here next year!

EXHIBITOR are back on the road this month after a lengthy lay-off. They have London gigs at the Marquee Club (October 18), Regents Park Bedford College (20), Camden Music Machine (23), Mile End Queen Mary College (24) and Harrow Road Windsor Castle (26). And they travel out of town to visit Derby College (this Saturday), Norwich Boogie House (October 21) and Bristol University (27).

THE EDGE — the band launched recently by two former members of The Damned, John Moss and Lu Edmonds — have added more dates to their current tour, promoting their debut single on Albion Records "Macho Man". They play Uxbridge Brunel University (tomorrow, Friday), Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday), London Camden Dingwalls (October 17), Egham Royal Holloway College (18), High Wycombe Nags Head (19), Bath University (20), Colchester Essex University (21), Manchester The Factory (27) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (28).

THE ONLY ONES have added a few more dates to their current "Planet Tour". They are Egham Royal Holloway College (tomorrow, Friday), London University (October 28), Nottingham Tiffany's (30), Reading Bones Club (November 1), Dudley J.B.'s (3) and Bristol University (4). But they have cancelled projected gigs at Leeds Fan Club (tonight, Thursday) and Sheffield Limit Club (October 27).

THE PLEASERS have slotted two special gigs for the under-18's into their current tour schedule. They are both in the Midlands — At Darlaston Town Hall (October 18) and Walsall Town Hall (24). Both shows start at 7pm, and admission is just 35p.

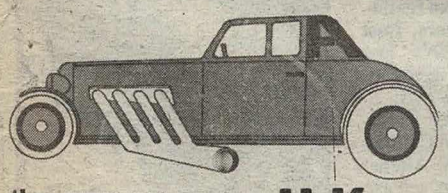
Train crash k-o for Son Seals Band

SON SEALS BAND have been forced to call off their British tour — which was to have included guest spots in B.B. King's four U.K. concerts this weekend, plus a string of dates in their own right.

They were all injured in a train crash last week while travelling on the Copenhagen-Oslo express, which was derailed in Southern Norway. Three members sustained lacerations and bruising, while another two — A.C. Reed and Tony Godden — are still in hospital, the former suffering from a minor heart attack.

The worst hurt was drummer Gooden, who severed most of the nerves in his upper arm, and there are fears that he may never regain the use of his arm.

Support act for B. B. King will now be Johnny Mars.



the CARS U.K. debut is set

BOSTON-BASED band The Cars arrive next month to make their debut appearance in this country, a one-off concert at London Strand Lyceum on Thursday, November 23. Advance tickets are now available form the Harvey Goldsmith/Chappells Box-Office, 50 New Bond Street, London, W.1 — all at the one price of £2.50. As a prelude to their visit, the band's new single "My Best Friend's Girl" is released by Elektra on October 20, taken from their first album "The Cars" which came out in August.

The Cars' next single is the first to be produced by a revolutionary new British process known as the Picture Disc Production Technique, which cuts costs drastically and enables five times more records to be pressed than by using normal techniques.

JOHN'S XMAS GIGS: HOW TO BOOK

Rotten declares war on the ticket touts

DESPITE THE total absence of public transport on Christmas Night, London's Rainbow Theatre is expecting a full house for Johnny Rotten's concert with his new band Public Image Ltd. What's more, both the venue and the promoter anticipate a problem with ticket touts, and are taking stringent measures to ensure that tickets don't fall into the wrong hands for re-sale.

Interest is such that the second show on Boxing Day has now been confirmed, and a matinee performance on Boxing Day may be added. Promoter Jock McDonald told NME: "Many young people are bored with Christmas at home, and will seize the chance of going to a gig. I know for a fact that bus-loads are coming from as far away as Leicester and Nottingham."

There will be 3,100 tickets available for each show, all at the one price of £3.50. They go on sale to personal callers at the Rainbow box-office on November 3, and the same day at the Ticketron At Sounds — Beaufort Market, King's Road, Chelsea. Postal bookings are being accepted immediately by the Rainbow, although tickets won't be available for ten days or so. It will be the first time the GLC has allowed stalls to be removed at the Rainbow, so increasing its capacity.

Rainbow manager Ray Brown said: "We shall scrutinise all applications carefully, and we shall be watching the box-office, because most of the touts are well-known to us. I guarantee that every precaution will be taken to prevent touts cashing in."

Rest of the bill hasn't yet been finalised, but Rotten is known to be anxious to give a break to three or four younger bands. Other "family entertainers" are being approached, among them Arthur Mullard.

FUNKADELIA HITS BRITAIN

PARLIAMENT/FUNKADELIC, America's most spectacular and outrageous funk revue, are at last confirmed for British appearances — after more than a year of negotiations. They headline at the 3,500-capacity Manchester Belle Vue King's Hall on December 10, then move to London to play three nights at the Hammersmith Odeon on December 11, 12 and 13.

Tickets at both venues cost £4, 3.50, £3 and £2.50, and they go on general sale this Saturday (14). Promoters are Straight Music.

The combined bands are bringing over all their special props and equipment, including flying saucers and assorted sci-fi paraphernalia. A 60ft × 50ft stage will cover the orchestra pit at Hammersmith to accommodate all this gear, though Manchester already conforms to those standards.

Included in the revue are the Horny Horns, girl duo Brides of Funkenstein and female back-up vocalists Parlet. To coincide with the visit, Warner Brothers release the Funkadelic album "One Nation Under A Groove" on December 1, with the title track preceding it as a single on November 17. And Brides of Funkenstein have "Funk Or Walk" issued by Atlantic on December 1. The revue is currently one of America's hottest acts, having broken box-office records at many leading U.S. venues.

PARLIAMENT/FUNKADELIC

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

Eric the C plays string of dates

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the previously-reported late autumn tour by Eric Clapton and his band. Following a European tour during the first half of next month, he's playing nine concerts here — at Glasgow Apollo (November 24), Newcastle City Hall (25), Manchester Apollo (26), Hanley Victoria Hall (28), West Bromwich Gala Ballroom (29), Southampton Gaumont (December 1), Brighton Centre (2) and London Hammersmith Odeon (5 and 6). Tickets prices are £4, £3.25 and £2.50 (London), £3 only (West Bromwich and Hanley); and £3, and £2.50 (elsewhere). Box-offices open on October 23, but mail orders may be sent now. Clapton's new ten-track album, titled "Backless", is set for November 3 release through Polydor.

● RORY GALLAGHER is now confirmed for a major British tour at the tail end of the year. It follows an extensive jaunt around Europe, and U.K. dates are expected to occupy most of December, finishing shortly before Christmas. Details are likely to be announced next week.

WHO DENY CHANGES

REPORTS IN the national Press, suggesting that The Who are considering expanding their line-up and changing their name, were vigorously denied by their spokesman this week. The London *Evening News* quoted Pete Townshend as saying they were not only planning to bring in a new drummer, as replacement for the late Keith Moon, but also intended to add another guitarist and keyboards player.

Commented the spokesman: "When The Who go back into the recording studios in the New Year, it's possible they may use additional musicians —as, in fact, they have occasionally done in the past. But when they get back to live work, which is unlikely to be before next spring or summer, the idea of a six-piece Who on stage is sheer nonsense. And talk of a name-change is just speculation. I mean, what would they call themselves — The Noo'Oo or The Whom?"

THIRD WORLD TOUR IS SET

THIRD WORLD, who have recently been figuring strongly in the charts with their Island single "Now That We Found Love", fly into Britain later this month for their first headlining tour of this country.

They were last here three years ago when they supported Bob Marley & The Wailers, but now they'll be appearing in their own right, and they are also touring Europe. More dates have still to be finalised, but those so far confirmed by the promoters, Alec Leslie Entertainments, are:

Oxford Polytechnic (October 25), Coventry Warwick University (26), Nottingham University (28), Glasgow Strathclyde University (29), Edinburgh Tiffany's (30), Sheffield University (31), Leeds University (November 1), Leicester University (7), Cardiff Top Rank (8), Slough Community Centre (10), Dunstable California (11), Lancaster University (12), Bristol Romeo & Juliet (13), Brighton Top Rank (14) and London Leicester-Square Empire Ballroom (19).

JERRY LEE & IN U.K.

JERRY LEE LEWIS returns to Britain next month, for the first time since early 1976. He's coming over with his full American show billed as "Jerry Lee Lewis Rocks On" — but if you want to see him in London, you'll have to pay £10 for one of the best seats!

He opens at Margate Winter Gardens on November 9 (tickets £5, £4, £3 and £2), followed by a string of major appearances in Europe.

And he returns to play two performances at London Rainbow on November 19 (tickets £10, £7.50, £6, £5, £4 and £3), and another two shows on November 20 at Birmingham Odeon (£6, £5, £4, £3 and £2).

Promoter Jeffrey Kruger of Ember Concerts reveals that he originally booked Lewis into the London Palladium, but the booking was subsequently rejected by Moss Empires who are the owners and policy controllers of that theatre.

JERRY LEE LEWIS

Asks Kruger: "If Bette Midler can swear and profane on the Palladium stage, why should fans be deprived of solid music from Jerry Lee?" Lewis is also visiting Scandinavia, France and Holland.

RECORD NEWS

Rare U.S. tracks issued; Red Crayola U.K. debut

RADAR RECORDS have signed a U.K. distribution deal with U.S. label International Artists, which was formed in Houston 12 years ago. Since then many of its classic albums — by such artists as 13th Floor Elevators, Red Crayola, Bubble Puppy and Lightnin' Hopkins — have become collectors items, changing hands at over £20 each.

First releases this weekend are the Elevators' album "Psychedelic Sounds Of The 13th Floor Elevators" and their single "You're Gonna Miss Me"; and the first Red Crayola LP "Parable Of Arable Land", plus their newly-recorded single "Wives In Orbit".

To launch the label, Red Crayola are making their British debut this weekend, playing two nights at London Islington Hope & Anchor on Friday and Saturday (13-14). A special EP — not commercially available and featuring tracks by the Elevators, Lost And Found, Red Crayola and Power Plant — will be given to everyone attending these gigs.

● Elevators leader Roky Erickson is currently working in California with his new band The Aliens, which he formed after his release from a mental asylum!

Marley: live double elpee

BOB MARLEY & The Wailers' new live double album "Babylon By Bus", recorded during their world tour in the summer, is released by Island on November 10. It features some of the best moments from concerts in Jamaica, America (including New York's Madison Square Garden) and Europe. The tracks are **Positive Vibration, Punky Reggae Party, Exodus, Stir It Up, Rat Race, Concrete Jungle, Kinky Reggae, Lively Up Yourself, Rebel Music (3 O'Clock Road Block), War / No More Trouble, Is This Love, Heathen** and **Jamming.** The set is preceded on October 20 by a limited edition 12-inch single comprising "War / No More Trouble" and "Exodus".

NEW SINGLE FROM X-RAY

X-RAY SPEX have a new single issued by EMI on October 27, titled "Germ Free Adolescence." And with Poly Styrene back in form and busy writing again, the B-side is one of her own compositions called "Age". It's marketed in a full-colour picture sleeve. An album will follow shortly, and details of X-Ray's long-awaited British tour are expected in a week or two.

● **Ivor Biggun** has his first album released by Beggars Banquet on November 10, following the chart success of his "Winkers Song" single. Not surprisingly, the LP is called "The Winkers Album" and it retails at the low price of £2.99. Included in the first 10,000 copies are a special Ivor Biggun Christmas Card.

● **John Paul Young's** album "Love Is In The Air" is set for October 27 release by Ariola.

● London-based group **Doll By Doll** are the first signing to Nick Mobbs' new label, the Automatic Record Company, distributed by Warner Brothers. The five-piece band start recording their debut album this month, for New Year release.

● **The Chieftains** have a new album released by CBS at the end of this month, to tie in with their extensive U.K. concert tour. It's called "Chieftains 8".

● Sire Records have signed Northern Ireland group **The Undertones** to a worldwide long-term deal. They've aroused considerable interest with their locally recorded EP, released on the Belfast label Good Vibrations, and already played on Radio 1 by John Peel and Peter Powell. Sire have obtained all rights to this EP and issue it nationally this weekend. The band will be touring here in November.

● **Child** release the follow-up to their recent chart hit on October 20 — titled "Still The One", it's on the Ariola label. The group will be touring here in November and December, with an album issued to coincide with their visit.

● Marks & Spencer launch their own St. Michael record label this week in 20 selected stores in their chain. First albums include "Reason To Believe" by **Rod Stewart,** a compilation titled "Play That Funky Music" featuring **The O'Jays** and **Deniece Williams,** and sets by **Charlie Rich, Tammy Wynette, Johnny Mathis** and **The Platters.** Standard price of both records and cassettes is £2.50.

● The Beserkley label has signed a deal under which all its future product will be marketed here through Polydor. First singles to be issued under the agreement will be "Buzz Buzz" by **Jonathan Richman,** "Revolver" by **Greg Kihn** (Beserkley's first 12-inch single) and an as-yet un-named **Smirks** tracks. Initial albums will include "Next Of Kihn" by **Greg Kihn,** a **Tyla Gang** LP, and a set featuring all the Beserkley artists performing together under the name of **The Spitballs.**

Sandy McLelland & The Backline

are storming around the country

Catch them at:

October 13	Dundee University	20	Plymouth Polytechnic
14	Glasgow, Queen Margaret's University	21	**London, Dingwalls**
16	Edinburgh, Astoria	24	**London, Nashville**
19	Bristol Polytechnic	25	Manchester University
		27	Newcastle Polytechnic
		28	Aberdeen University

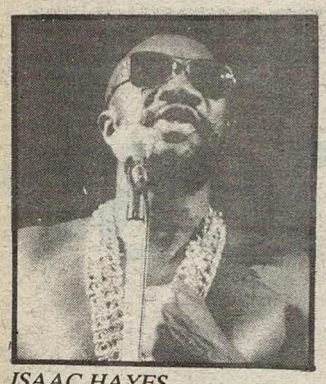
Hear their new single

'LIKE A HURRICANE'

Mercury

Single 6007 186 phonogram

ISAAC HAYES VISITS



ISAAC HAYES

ISAAC HAYES is at last set for a string of ten British concerts, a year after his U.K. visit was first mooted. He's coming over with his full American revue billed as the Isaac Hayes Movement, which includes the Hot Buttered Soul Singers and 16 U.S. musicians — and these will be augmented by 20 top British musicians.

Special guest on all dates is Edwin Starr, backed by his new eight-piece band. This means that the entire show comprises over 50 performers!

Opening date is at Manchester Free Trade Hall on October 31 (two shows at 6.30 and 9 pm). Then after concerts in Switzerland, France and Spain, the revue returns to play Birmingham Odeon (November 5 at 6 and 8.45 pm), Portsmouth Guildhall (6 at 6.45 and 9.15 pm), Poole Wessex Concert Hall (7 at 6.45 and 9.15 pm) and London Rainbow (10 at 7 and 9.30 pm).

Tickets are on sale now at all box-offices priced £6, £5, £4 and £3 in London, and £5, £4, £3 and £2 elsewhere. Promoter is Jeffrey Kruger for Ember Concerts. Polydor will issue a new album by Hayes to coincide with his visit, after which he goes to South Africa.

IN THE PIPELINE

THE SHIRTS are being lined up for a new British tour next month, while THE RUBINOOS are expected to return for a string of December dates. Neither tour is officially confirmed yet, but in both cases dates are being pencilled in, and itineraries are likely to be announced shortly.

THE REZILLOS go back on the road next month, following the chart success of their debut Sire album "Can't Stand The Rezillos". A record company spokesman confirmed that a tour is being set. Details of dates are expected in a week or two.

LINDISFARNE are to headline a massive tour taking in about 40 concerts, and opening at Oxford New Theatre on November 9. It climaxes in another string of pre-Christmas concerts, finishing on December 23, at the City Hall in their home town of Newcastle. A double live album will be issued during the tour.

DOOBIE BROTHERS have postponed their British tour which, as previously reported, had been planned for next month. Reason for the delay isn't yet clear, but promoter Barry Dickins told NME that he's now rearranging their visit for early in the New Year.

JAMAICAN 'toaster' Prince Far I plays a series of U.K. dates during the coming month, backed by Creation Rebel. He's at London Oxford St. 100 Club tonight (Thursday), then goes to Plymouth Metro (October 19) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (26 and 27). After a week in Holland, he returns to play London Russell Club on November 6.

MORE TOURS

Fairport Convention

FAIRPORT CONVENTION are back on the British scene, after spending most of the summer gigging in Europe. Dave Pegg and Bruce Rowland have also been working on Ralph McTell's new album, while Simon Nicol has been playing on Richard & Linda Thompson's upcoming LP. Fairport play isolated gigs at Exeter University (tomorrow, Friday), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (October 16), Reading Hexagon (17) and Hull Area Colleges (20). They then begin a more extensive tour at Burton Baths Hall (November 22), Aberdeen Ruffles (23), Edinburgh University (24), Edinburgh University (25), Birmingham Barbarella's (28), Coventry Warwick University (30), Ipswich Gaumont (December 1), Leicester University (2), Norwich East Anglia University (6) and Newcastle Polytechnic (8).

Mud on the road

MUD go back on the road next month, following the October 20 release of their first RCA album "Mud — Rock On." First part of their itinerary confines them mainly to the college circuit, but more club and concert dates are being lined up for December and will be announced shortly. Meanwhile confirmed gigs are St. Austell Riviera Club (November 18), Exeter University (20), Coventry Warwick University (23), Liverpool University (24), Derby College (25), Southampton University (29), Sheffield University (30 and December 1), Bradford University (2), Reading University (6), Oldham Polytechnic (7), Huddersfield Polytechnic (9), Wakefield Theatre Club (10-16) and Portsmouth Victory Club (18).

Fabulous Poodles

FABULOUS POODLES have extended their autumn tour, which began in September, through to mid-December. Initial dates were reported three weeks ago, and they have now added another 14 gigs, with still more being finalised. Newly confirmed bookings are at Leicester University (October 25), Southampton University (November 1), Sunderland Polytechnic (4), Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (8), Sheffield Polytechnic (10), Manchester University (11), Edinburgh Clouds (16), Aberdeen University (17), Stirling University (18), Fife St. Andrew's University (19), Glasgow Stratchlyde University (20), Wales University (29), a return to Sheffield Poly (December 1) and London University Hall Hospital (15).

Bethnal tour alterations

THERE HAVE been several changes in Bethnal's tour itinerary, already reported by NME. They have cancelled previously-announced gigs at Aberdeen University (October 21), Reading University (November 1), Cardiff University (3), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (11) and Glasgow Pavilion (20). Plymouth Metro switches from November 10 to 3, and they have newly-booked gigs at Glasgow University (October 21), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (November 16), Sheffield Polytechnic (24), Nottingham University (December 1) and Coventry Warwick University (2). And for their concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 25, tickets are being pegged to the unusually low prices of £1.50 and £1.

IT'S ALL HAPPENING!

THE RECORD industry is probed by BBC-1 in the first of its new "Omnibus" series tonight (Thursday). It explores the punk phenomenon and cameras visit the Radio 1 playlist meeting, Stiff Records and the "Top Of The Pops" office. Those taking part include Sham 69, Debbie Harry, UK Subs, The Slits, The Mekons and Lindisfarne.

THE GRATEFUL DEAD film is being screened at London Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, October 28. There'll be two performances at 4 and 8 pm, as part-compensation for the recent cancallation of Dead's proposed concerts at the same venue. Admission is £1.

CHINA STREET are continuing with their nationwide tour, as support to Steel Pulse, despite keyboards man Chris Sugden sustaining a broken arm. He'll be out of action for at least two months, but meanwhile well-known session player Fred Reeds is sitting in for him.

JUDAS PRIEST have made an alteration to their tour itinerary, with their Manchester Apollo concert switching from October 23 to November 14 . . . and XTC have added an extra date to their tour schedule at Nottingham Sherwood Rooms on November 8.

WHIRLWIND are to support The Clash in their delayed concert at London Harlesden Roxy Theatre this Saturday. They were already booked for a gig at London University Union the same night, and they will still fulfil this commitment, dashing there after playing the Roxy.

BIRMINGHAM'S new venue The Gig has had to delay its opening, as the promoter has been told that it doesn't come up to required council standards. He is now trying to transfer existing bookings to Birmingham Mayfair, the first confirmed being The Doomed on October 24 . . . and **THE DOOMED** have added another date to their current tour, at Croydon Greyhound on October 29.

KOKOMO, who played a reunion concert at London Roundhouse on October 1, come together again for another one-off show at London Camden Dingwalls next Monday (16). And Dingwalls is to start opening on Sundays for a series of R&B nights — so far booked are Blast Furnace (October 22), Ramrod (November 5), Lew Lewis Reformer (12) and The Bishops (19).

CROYDON GREYHOUND, one of the top pub venues in the outer London suburbs, resumes regular Sunday gigs this weekend (15) when Budgie are featured. Among acts lined up for subsequent weeks are The Lurkers, Generation X, Siouxsie and The Banshees, Magazine, The Vibrators and The Doomed.

ROY HILL BAND promote their new Arista single "I Like, I Like" (out October 27) at Bristol Granary (tonight, Thursday), Burton 76 Club (Friday), Oxford Westminster College (Saturday), Sheffield Limit (19), Cheltenham Shaftesbury Hall (26) and Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (27). Many more gigs are being finalised for the next two months.

MATUMBI, currently busy touring around Britain, have been booked for what is probably the most important date in their career so far — it's a headlining London concert at the Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand on Sunday, October 29. They've also added Colchester Essex University to their schedule on November 4.

DAVID BROMBERG BAND, who headlined a London concert on October 1 at Drury Lane Theatre Royal, are to play a show in Ulster later this month. After a couple of gigs in Eire — at Galway (20) and Dublin (21) — they appear at Belfast's Queen's University on Sunday October 22.

LONDON FULHAM Greyhound, previously a well-known pub-rock venue, switches to MOTR for its new season starting this week. Bookings include Barron Knights (tonight, Thursday), Alvin Stardust (Friday to Sunday), Humphrey Lyttelton (October 16), Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band (17 and 23), New Vaudeville Band (18-20), Screaming Lord Sutch (22) and Madeline Bell (24-28). Upcoming are The Troggs, The Searchers and Mud, among others.

RANDOM HOLD play their first gig with their new line-up at Cambridge Trinity Hall this Saturday (14). They include two musicians who toured last year with Phil Manzanera's 801 — Simon Ainley (guitar and vocals) and Bill MacCormick (bass and vocals) — plus Dave Rhodes (guitar and vocals), Dave Ferguson (keyboards) and ex-Bowles Brothers drummer Richard Marcangelo. More dates and a record deal are being set.

JOHNNIE WALKER, the former Radio 1 d-j, has joined Radio Luxembourg for whom he's presenting a two-hour show on Wednesdays at 9pm. Rosko's twice-weekly 208 shows (Mondays and Thursdays at 9pm) are both extended to two-hour spots. And Pearly Gates become the first female d-j on Luxy, hosting her own show at midnight on Saturdays.

CLAYSON & The Argonauts are off the road for an indefinite period, while they finalise future plans. But during their inactivity another band, using their name, has taken bookings and been advertised for gigs — though, more often than not, they've failed to show up! The genuine Argonauts ask bookers to beware of substitutes.

DEAN FRIEDMAN, currently riding high in the charts with his Lifesong single "Lucky Stars", is being lined up for a series of British dates later in the autumn — details to follow shortly. Meanwhile his second album is released this week — titled "Well, Well, Said The Rocking Chair."

THE FIRST National Soul Week-Ender is to be staged at Great Yarmouth's Caister Holiday Centre for three days from April 20 next year. It's the first 1979 festival to be announced, and it will feature a big-name U.S. headliner plus various British soul bands. Weekend tickets will cost £12.50 including chalet accommodation.

AFTER THE FIRE have added Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (November 8), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (10) and Swindon Brunel Rooms to their current tour, This week they're in the studios with producer Rupert Hine recording their first single "One Rule For You, One Rule For Me". A deal with a major label is being negotiated.

ROKOTTO are to support Millie Jackson in her previously-reported British concert tour, opening at Southampton Gaumont on November 3 . . . and **YACHTS** have added another three gigs to their current tour — at Leeds Fan Club (October 17), London College of Printing (19) and York University (26).

NICOL & MARSH have London gigs at Camden Dingwalls (this Saturday), Covent Garden Rock Garden (October 18), Fulham Golden Lion (19), Camden Music Machine (23), Canning Town Bridge House (24) and Harrow Road Windsor Castle (26). Their new single "Hurt By Love" is issued by Polydor this weekend, and their album — with their name as its title — follows on October 20.

LINDA McCARTNEY has penned the main song for a three-minute animated cartoon called "Oriental Nightfish". Backed by Wings, she sings it on the soundtrack of the film, which goes out on general release supporting "The Driver."

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Who ever thought of the Japanese as innovators?

Imitators yes.

But innovators?

True they make reliable cars, excellent cameras and outstanding hi-fi equipment.

But what genuinely great inventions have they been responsible for?

Modestly, our chairman would have replied, "I am not a great inventor."

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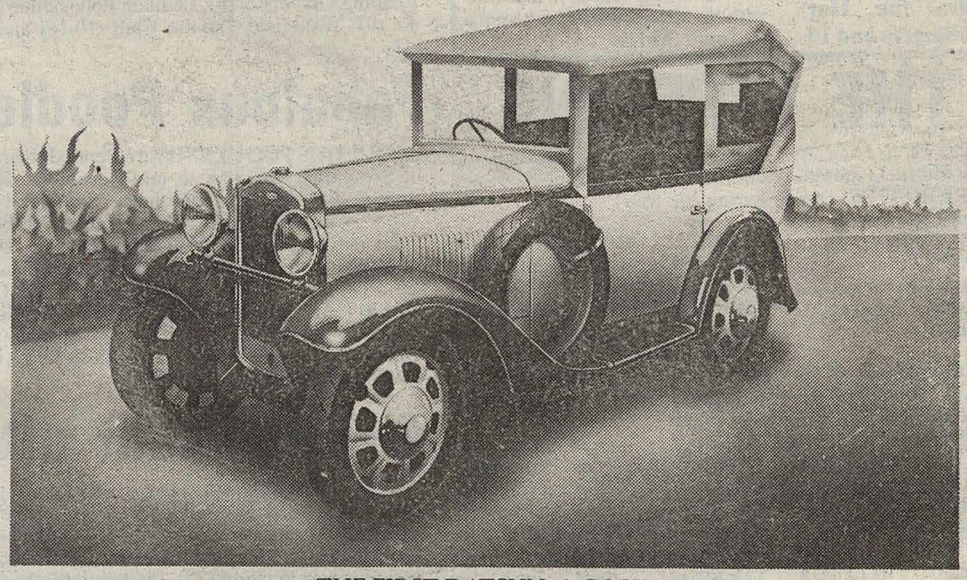
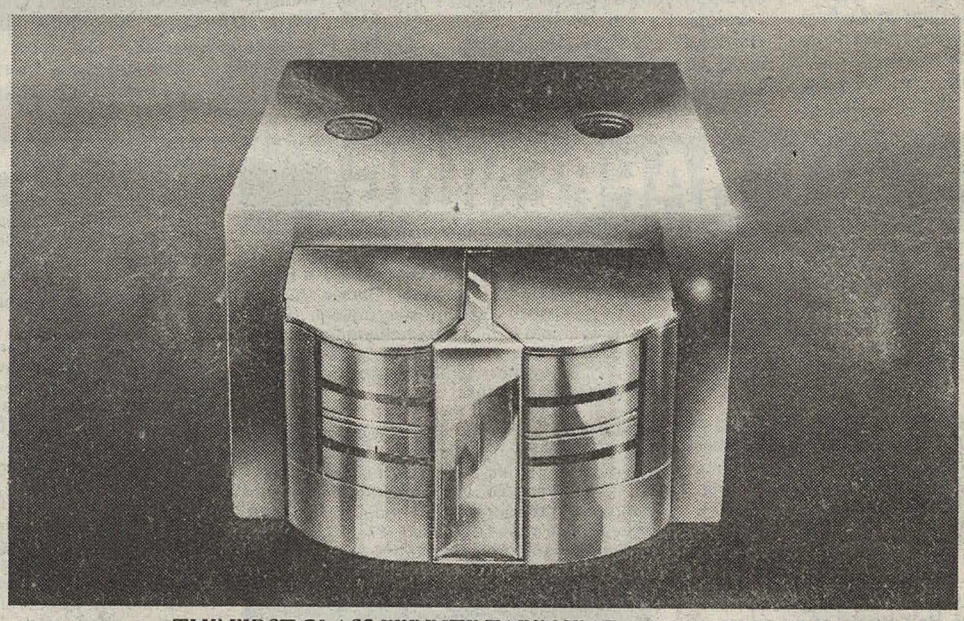
His field was high-fidelity tape recorders.

He built the first four-track stereo tape machine with a synchronous main motor. The speed remains constant, even during fluctuations in the power supply.

He developed a new kind of oil-retaining metal for the bearings in his motors, eliminating the need for constant servicing.



THE FIRST DATSUN: A COPY.



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He was the first to install three separate motors in a cassette deck. Something acknowledged to be ideal, but until then thought to be impossible.

And concerned that his machines should not only reproduce the purest possible sound, but should also last indefinitely, he finally invented his masterpiece.

He took the ferrite from within platinum. Tempered and polished it to a jewelled finish. And cut it to form a tape head that compared to conventional tape heads lasts a hundred times longer.

He called it quite simply the Akai GX head.

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AKAI **'Have responsibility for and pride in what you make.'**

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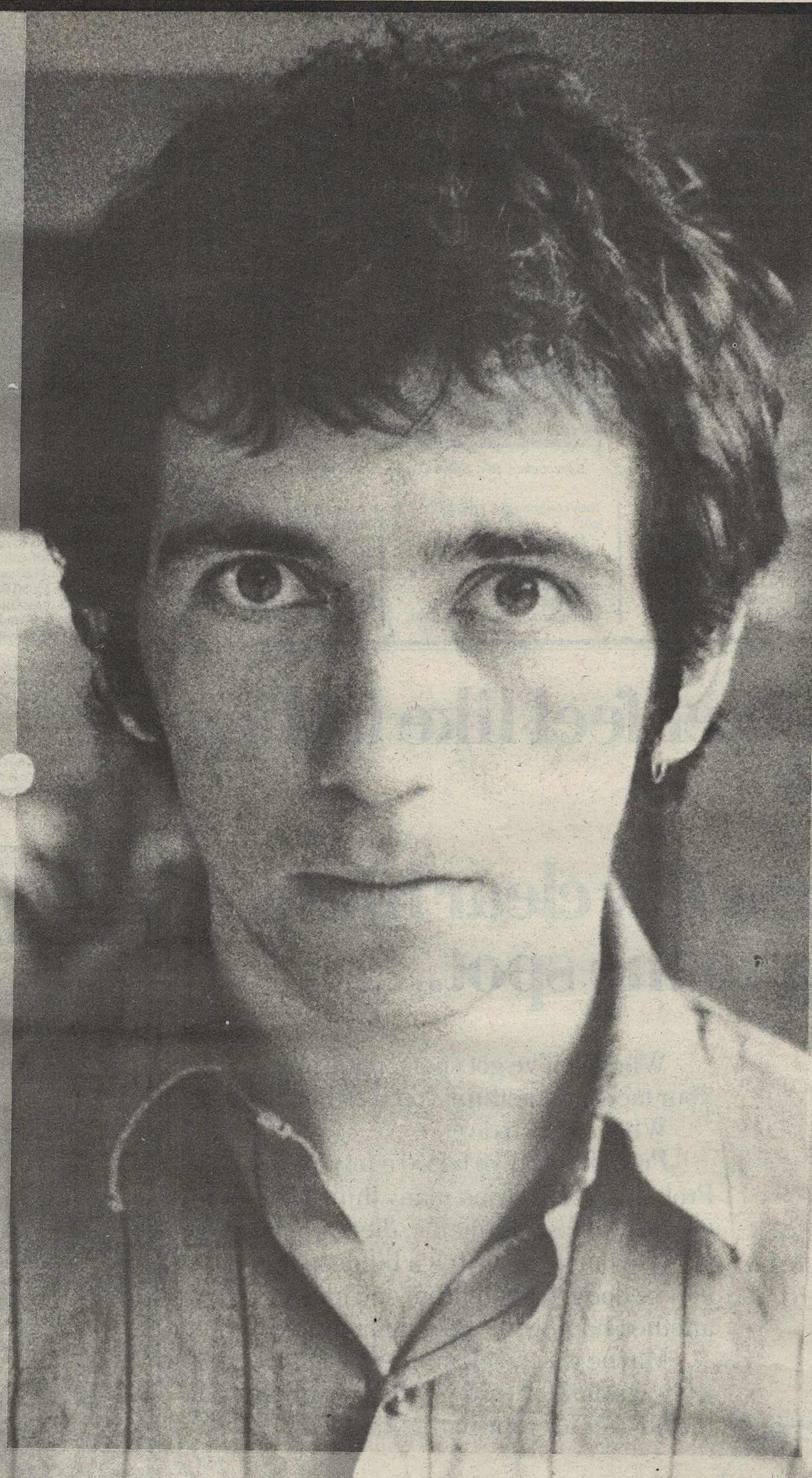

THE LUST TRAIN STOPS HERE

BUZZCOCKS by PAUL RAMBALI

Pix: DENNIS O'REGAN

LOVE . . . Ain't that something to be proud of? Isn't it a bitch? Don't the waves crash, the trumpets roar and the planet split? Doesn't the screen kiss leave a sour taste in the mouth when you meet the first fumbling, messy French one? What . . . did you get?

"Why don't you stop writing songs about love?" The stocky, spotty Irish kid gingerly fields the question, while his mates compare freshly-inked autographs and either chat or just gawk nervously at the backstage confusion.

"Why?" Pete Shelley responds affably, still fiddling with the machine heads of his new Manchester-made Gordon Smith guitar, bought to replace the one that vanished last year. He's heard the question before.

"Because I don't like love songs."

"You fall in love, don't you?"

"Yeah, but . . ."

"*Well,*" smiles Shelley ". . . . good for you!"

The kid swallows the point, his expression carrying a certain confusion as to why he asked in the first place. Shelley gives a final tug at the E string and nimbly fingers Mick Ronson's lead break from "Starman" to check for operational fitness.

"He's been like that ever since I first met him," cracks Steve Diggle. "Always talking about things like relationships and romance . . ."

Steve Diggle — shy, soft-spoken, personable, one of those people who can carry the description human being without contradiction — met Pete Shelley back in June '76 at the first Pistols' gig in Manchester. Malcolm McLaren made the introduction, after Shelley and his balding confused conceptualist pal Howard Devoto had set up the gig. A month later, Buzzcocks made their debut supporting the Pistols at the Free Trade Hall. A lanky sixteen year old John Maher brought things to an abrupt end with a headlong, fear-stricken dash from the drum stool to the front exit.

Tonight Maher sports Joe-90 glasses, natty silk tie, tight black pants, and gets the job done. That aside, two years odd doesn't seem like such a long time. Seems a long way to come though.

Because nowadays Buzzcocks saunter onstage with an unashamed, unaffected confidence. Not cocky and smug; safe in the knowledge that a few well-timed strokes and appropriate noises will trigger the adulation the crowd is all too ready to give. Buzzcocks don't pander to a premeditated response.

At the same time they don't bid for the opposite with tactics of surprise and confrontation. They just *play* — without contrivance and especially without that feeling they're doing something that's beyond the reach of the average mobile, intelligent punter. Not in terms of musical appreciation but, well, can you imagine somebody coming away from one of those recent Clash gigs thinking: *'Yeah,* if I got a guitar somehow, *I* could do that!" Maybe a year and a half ago . . .

That's only one way in which Buzzcocks' particular humility and naturalness as a band and as a people manifests itself. Even the most casual acquaintance with a live Buzzcocks performance will let you in on the fact that this group — and Shelley essentially — achieve a rare rapport with the people who come to see them. It's significant but not really surprising to discover that Shelley talks of being on stage as not so much a duty to impress, more a chance for people to get a few clues about each-other and get their body lines shaking.

He calls the business of stage repartee a way of *meeting* the audience. The word dropped casually but the distinction is crucial — I for one had never heard it put that way before.

BUZZCOCKS meet Dublin with a few flutters of stage nerves. It's the first date of a tour that either soon will or already has wound its way your way. It's also the first gig they've played in almost a month, the first time they've played a place so small in about six months, and the first run of a set modified to include songs from the new album.

Dublin greets Buzzcocks with a vigorous enthusiastic charge, dampened only slightly by the lack of alcoholic brew — a condition of the club's license — and widespread recourse to reefer madness.

The set is slack but energetic, straying through "Real World", "Nostalgia", "Just Lust", "16 Again" and some remaining evergreens from "Another Music", gathering strength for "Walking Distance", "Nothing Left" and a reverse order rundown of the singles starting with the up-coming "Promises" — another wry little discourse on romantic ruffles. They close with "E.S.P." Steve Diggle's ever-circling guitar figure left implanted fast on the crowd's subconscious.

I've seen Buzzcocks play better, they know they've played better, but it doesn't matter. A Buzzcocks performance is more feeling and intuition than notes in the right place. Consequently the notion of Buzzcocks' progression — an inevitable critical lynch-pin with the new album — is nebulous. They move up different avenues. Tonight, for instance, it's the grind and interplay of the guitars that startles.

"Progression . . . ." offers Steve, "that conjures up the idea of stepping forward. I prefer to think of it as another dimension. The songs just come and there's so many ways we could go, but we just use them and that's it."

He reckons rightly that with "Love Bites" a lot of people wanted to hear part two of "Another Music", which to an extent (specifically the first side) they did. And he admits that Buzzcocks could have comfortably co-opted to that desire, but . . .

"Surely people will be happy knowing we're doing things that we really believe in, that we really want to do. Rather than them thinking we're just making these songs because we know they're going to please the majority — a guaranteed success story."

BACK at the band's hotel, the best in town (they get to stay in one decent hotel every four nights, says their tour manager) bassist Steve "Paddy" Garvey — the late recruit, joining after the portly and problematic Garth left last year — tries to order a cheese and tomato sarny.

Not an awkward request, but it takes twenty minutes and three waitresses to ascertain the scope of the lad's hunger. The rest of the band settle for pints of Dublin's finest, while manager Richard Boon opts for, curiously, hot salt water.

Boon wears his art college background in a blaze of gaudy green and red mix'n'match, declares himself an avid watcher of the advertising world, and must take most of the responsibility for Buzzcocks sharp packaging manoeuvres — though the goods are executed by Malcolm Garret in the case of Appetant Images (as it's to be known until the next piece of product) and a girl named Linder in the case of the surrealist adornments of the "Orgasm Addict" sleeve and "Secret Public" broadsheet, put out by New Hormones recently, New Hormones being the banner under which Buzzcocks released the seminal "Spiral Scratch" EP at the dawn of '77.

That EP featured Howard Devoto. One song from it, "Time's Up" turned up live on the "Electric Circus" album. And there is at least one undercounter vinyl item in circulation dating from those times called, again, "Time's Up."

That's a lot of product considering Buzzcocks only ever played eleven gigs with Devoto in the line-up. And it's even more *Mythology* — based around some perfectly yin/yang combination of pop sensibility and intellectual facility.

I don't subscribe. There are traces on "Spiral Scratch", but the supposed apogee — "Orgasm Addict" — sounds glib and forced. Shelley agrees. He's embarrassed by the song now, and dismisses the early Buzzcocks legend with a terse: "If it hadn't happened then Howard and I might not be in the position we are in now." Though considering two of the three decent songs on Magazine's album bore a Shelley co-credit that's a position only Devoto need fret over.

Much play has been made of the story of the notice posted in the Bolton Institute of Technology in October '75 by a laconic philosophy student (Devoto) that only one diminutive electronics student

Continues over page

"All the old kinds of romance are self-destructive because they don't take account of realities."

Buzzcocks l. to r. Steve Diggle, John Maher, Paddy Garvey, Pete Shelley.

☐ *From previous page*

(Shelley) bothered to reply to, and the flunked exams and punk re-schooling that ensued. (Shelley incidentally speaks for a lot of people when he says: "I think punk achieved all it was ever going to achieve, although it could have achieved a lot more.")

The frequent retelling of this story has obsured other aspects of the man who was first inspired to play guitar by Marc Bolan and Michael Karoli.

"I've been writing songs for the past five years," he muses, "and it has slowly gotten better. Altogether I've written about two hundred songs and there's only about thirty that have ever seen the light of day."

Among Shelley's prodigious output are albums of electronic music, an interest that predates Buzzcocks, made at home with cheap organs, hand-built oscillators, and a cassette recorder. One of them, "Cinema Music And Wallpaper Sounds", may be released soon.

"I took a copy into a record shop and they played it. Without knowing what it was, people came up and asked if they could buy it. I think it's got . . ."

Commercial potential, as they say.

"I think people have certain anticipations about Buzzcocks," blurts Shelley, edging around his trepidations over this and some forty or so other songs he would like to use somehow that don't slot into a Buzzcocks context. "These other songs would be in a different style, and I don't think it'd be fair on the public to say this is Buzzcocks.

"It may be a fear of not revealing myself too much. There are facets to me that . . . it's a lack of self-confidence really, which I haven't got much of to start off with. If I did some of these songs, and if they didn't get favourable reactions, I'd feel symptoms of self-doubt."

But you must face that with Buzzcocks anyway?

"No I mean I've more confidence with Buzzcocks because before we do a song I make sure that song is going to stand the test of time. We live with it. And there is a certain form emerging with Buzzcocks . . ."

I GET the impression that Pete Shelley is at once both fascinated and a little bit perplexed by this thing called Buzzcocks. He refuses to be drawn into the web of ideals and expectations others have of the band, maintaining a wary perspective.

"Sometimes," he reflects, "when people talk about the band and refer to things we're doing, it seems like they're talking about someone else."

On the train to Belfast the next day for example, he receives my pet theory of Buzzcocks as one of the few bands who reject the traditional strutting macho condescention of rock on stage with polite cool.

"I always think of something Steve once said: we're the boys next door but one. We aren't the sort of people that go about breaking up hotel rooms. We're just four people who got together and started making music and we sit back and wonder sometimes what is actually going on. We don't see the music as a really glorifying thing."

You don't?

"Sometimes we do. Every now and again I play one of our records and think 'Yeah, that's really good!' It's something I'm proud of, but . . ." he gives a slight, effacing chuckle, "I don't think it's all that important, that's the odd part."

So if it all stopped tomorrow?

"Well if this part stopped I'd get a bit upset because I enjoy doing it. And I enjoy people saying how wonderful I am but I don't take much notice.

"I am modest," he splutters helplessly. "You've got to have a certain amount of modesty otherwise you become a bit pretentious, you think you can do everything. That's why I have doubts about doing those songs. I don't think they are relevant to the direction Buzzcocks can take — I don't know what that is, or I'm not going to try to put it into words. It's just a feeling . . ."

One dimension of that direction is the (deep breath) 'poet-sage of the current romantic age' tag that Shelley's trenchment and witty fables of love's absurd and glorious turns have saddled him with. How does it feel?

"Umm."

To rephrase the thrust then, Does he fall in love a lot?

"Yeah. I do," he responds. "Immensely.

"It's the whole reason I started writing intelligent love songs. I realised that most of the times I fell in love I'd end up being hurt and I'd hurt other people as well."

And the poor boy then tumbled headlong into the turmoil of tiffs, recriminations, tolerance and roles. He seems to have still not landed on his feet, but is meanwhile thoroughly enjoying all the emotional calisthenics.

"If I'm a modern romantic, it's because I'm trying to find out what modern romance is. It's not that I'm a new version of the old kind of romantic — I'm trying to find something new.

"All the old kinds of romance are self-destructive because they don't take account of realities."

And no daydream believer could ever have predicted, at the very least, the letters Shelley gets from Buzzcocks fans seeking advice and counsel on topics running from homosexuality to joining the army.

"It frightens me," he admits. "It's a huge responsibility." But it doesn't exactly surprise him . . .

"There's my theory of Shamanism: In tribal groups they have these Shamans who turn up at villages. If the villagers have a problem they talk to the Shaman. He goes off and gets wrecked, then he sleeps it off in some cave, and in the morning he does a picture or writes a song or something. Then the villagers come along and look at the thing the Shaman has left them, and interpret their problem.

"Richard first suggested . . . that what I do in songs is a similar thing. It's that through the song people can gain an understanding of the feeling, and it becomes a symbol of that feeling.

"I always used to find that with Bryan Ferry. Every time I heard a Roxy Music album there was something that applied. 'Country Life' was the one that applied the most, also 'Siren' — that's a killer for me."

Because the songs are like tokens for your feelings?

"Yeah, they encapsulate them, package them up. Some songs more than others. Every now and then I hear a song and wish I'd written it. Dusty Springfield's 'I Close My Eyes And Count To Ten,' The Supreme's 'Keep Me Hanging On' — that is an *amazing* song, it sends shivers up my spine."

TWO hours later we walk into a radio station where Shelley will small talk on air for three minutes dead. Over the monitors comes a slot for one of those *True Love* storybooks they give little girls to encourage frustration and neuroses in later life. As a fiction romantic, Shelley throws me an ironic glance.

Five hours later the commotion in the Ulster Civic Hall is clamourous enough for a crowd six times the size of the one that is currently working itself up into a state of high terminal frenzy.

A week or so ago The Ramones locked themselves in the very same dressing room to fret and worry. Tonight there's a queue for autographs four flights up and everybody gets let in to talk and fuss and joke. Considering Buzzcocks owe a tangible early debt of inspiration to the brothers Ramone, this latter-day disparity of attitude tells its own story.

"What't it like out there?" Asks Shelley, the uproar echoing loudly through the halls corridors.

"March '77" replies Richard Boon.

When it's all over the lights go up in a flash, catching in one quiet corner a couple struggling with buttons and zips, trying to cover up that tell-tale red-faced flush.

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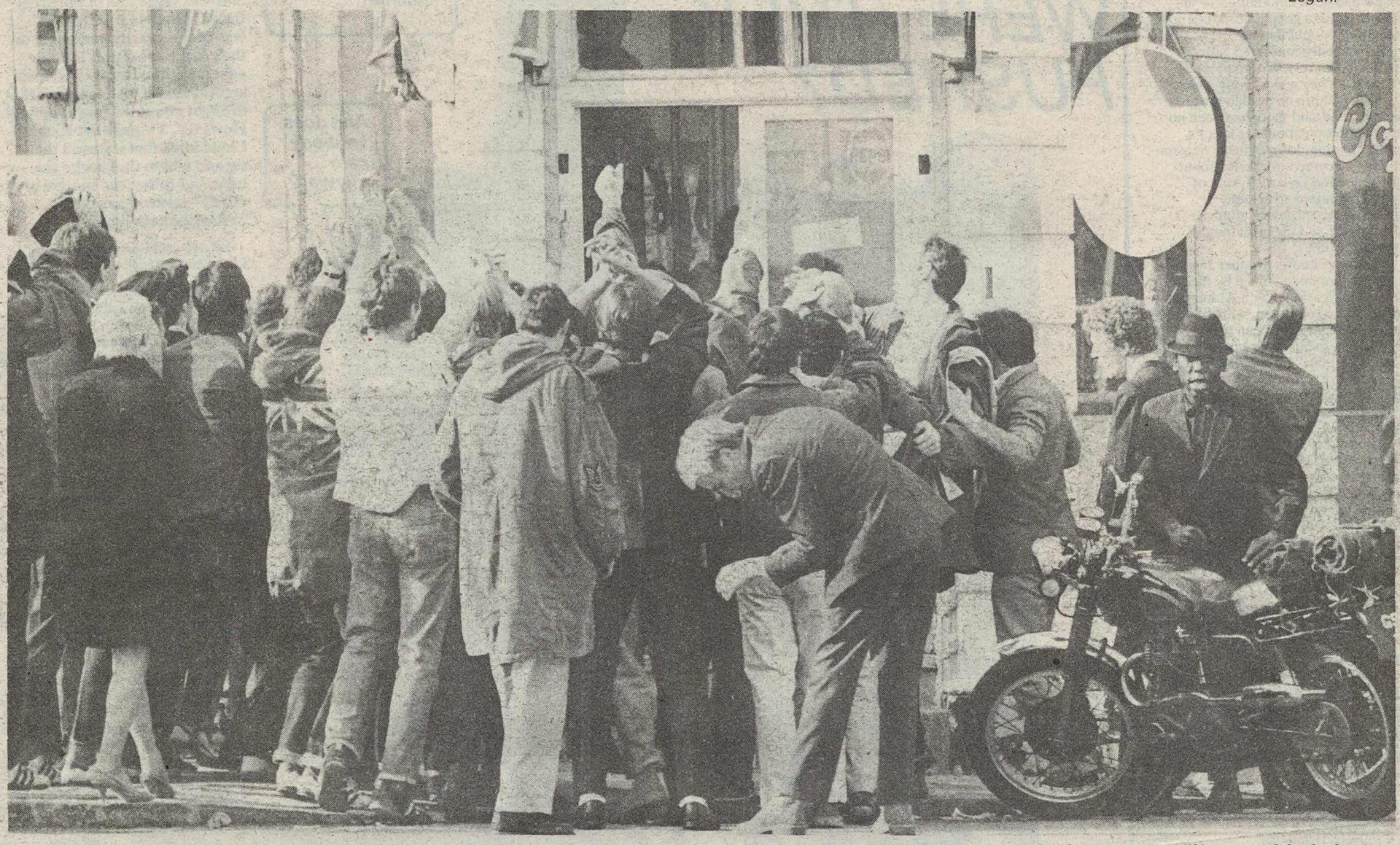
THRILLS

THE WHO Film Co. requires film extras as Mods and Rockers (boys and girls age 16-20) plus Mods with scooters (model between 1963 - 1970) and Rockers with British motorbikes, to film from Sept. 26 for 3 weeks in Brighton. Interviews at the Pavilion Job Centre, 13 - 15 Old Steine, Btn.

Left: the ad in the Brighton Evening Argus 14.9.78 which sparked the mayhem below — mods storm an East Street cafe, after rocker blood. Pic by NANDO VALVERDE, ad courtesy of J. Logan.



MOD BATTLES HIT BRIGHTON

HUNDREDS OF MODS and Rockers clashed in Brighton last week in a flashback to the trouble-torn days of the '60s.

Cafe windows were smashed, deck chairs torn to bits, a scooter was hurled from the cliffs at Black Rock into the sea.

Most of the action centred on an East Street cafe. Hundreds of mods ran wild across the sea front road and clashed with a group of rockers inside the cafe.

They were supposed, in fact, to be making the new Who film *Quadrophenia* but it all looked a little too real for comfort. Some of them were really beating the shit out of each other.

I crawled over to the St John's Ambulance mob to see what was going on.

"Have there been any casualties so far?" I asked the nearest St John's lady. "No," she said. "Why, who wants to know?"

"I'm from the *NME*."

"Well, I'm not allowed to tell you — you'll have to ask the director," she declared, and carried on dressing some poor rocker's face with bandages, blood dripping on to his BSA badge.

I tried again, "Is it true a mod from the Modrapheniacs Club from Poole had his leg broken yesterday?"

"I'm not allowed to say."

I spoke to members of the Modrapheniacs Club after the day's filming.

"Yeah, those fuckin' grease rockers busted Frank's leg. He's in hospital wiv multiple fractures."

Do you always wear parkas and ride scooters, or is it just for the film?

"We always look like this 'cos we're all real mods from different clubs."

How much are they paying you as an extra?

"£10 a day or if you've got a bike or scooter, £15."

That probably doesn't sound like a vast sum of money, but then there's over 600 extras and they've been filming in Brighton for 10 days.

According to director Franc Roddam, the rest of the film takes place in West London, around Hammersmith where Pete Townshend used to live.

Is it true your budget is £20,000 per day, I asked.

"It could be, I can't really say."

How's the film going?

"Fantastic, really good."

So if you're a mod or rocker and wanna have some bovver and get paid for it, phone the Job Centre in Hammersmith and tell 'em you're a sucker.

BRIAN ROCK

THRILLS

● *More Mod Movie-making on page 15.*

ROLLING STONES DUMP ON ROLLING STONE

THE CHANGES which the imaginary magazine depicted in *Between The Lines* goes through — from radical underground to counter-culture to hip capitalist establishment — is more or less the course that has been charted in actuality by the U. S. rock magazine, *Rolling Stone*. However, that paper's last remaining claims to be alternative reading seemed to be scuttled last week when founder / publisher / editor Jann Wenner devoted five pages of the September 21 issue to favourably re-reviewing the recent activities of The Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan, both acts who had of late suffered critical maulings from *Stone's* editorial staff.

This volte-face was a matter of no little consequence. Not only was Wenner undermining the authority of his own top writers; he also gave *Rolling Stone's* regular readers the impression that the magazine was vulnerable to the whims of certain major rock stars.

His review of the Stones was particularly illuminating, following as it did the issue in which a *Rolling Stone* reporter had described in some detail how he had been thrown off the Stones' U.S. tour. Paul Wasserman, the band's P.R., had been quoted as saying, "Well, Mick and Keith are so pissed off by the reviews in *Rolling Stone* that they won't talk. I have never seen Mick so livid. I tried to explain it, but they think it's a grand plot on *Rolling Stone's* part. Right now you have no interviews and no tickets. Ciao."

Jagger himself found a few choice four-letter words to describe Wenner — and he even threatened to sue Wenner over the use of the name 'Rolling Stone' ("Tell that to Muddy Waters," was the reporter's riposte).

Anyway, Wasserman's other main client is . . . that's right, Bob Dylan, and accordingly there were some who began, in the words of Dr. Who, to put 2.252 and 1.748 together. Was the editor compromising the paper's integrity to placate rock's top acts? And, if so, had he actually been under duress to do so?

Certainly not, Wenner told *Thrills* from New York. "There was no pressure at all. I decided to write the piece while I was in Europe, well before anything happened with The Rolling Stones."

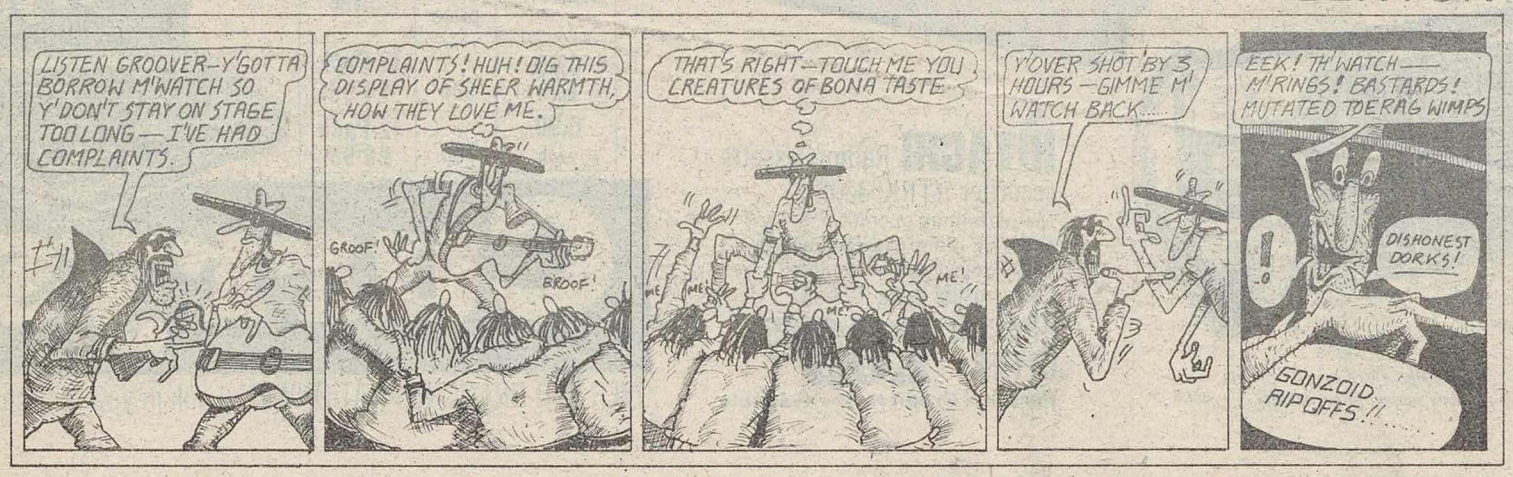
Did he not see the fact that the pieces had appeared in consecutive issues as at least, well, unfortunate?

"No, I didn't see it that way. I just felt more strongly about saying what I had to say."

Wenner agreed that he had been "very angry" with Greil Marcus' original review of Dylan's

● *Next page*

The Lone Groover — BENYON


LISTEN GROOVER—Y'GOTTA BORROW M'WATCH SO Y'DON'T STAY ON STAGE TOO LONG—I'VE HAD COMPLAINTS.
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GROOF!
BROOF!
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ME!
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EEK! TH' WATCH—— M'RINGS! BASTARDS! MUTATED TOERAG WIMPS
DISHONEST DORKS!
GONZOID RIPOFFS!!

● *ROLLING STONE — from previous page*

"Street-Legal" (which, indeed, had seemed a disgrace to this writer), however Paul Nelson, reviews editor of *Stone*, informed *Thrillls* that other staff members had been in sympathy with Marcus' opinions.

Nelson had reviewed "Some Girls" himself, and said he thought the review had been fair enough — "I thought it was a good record, but not that good" — and that he wholeheartedly concurred with the thumbs-down review of the Stones' concerts: "They were simply awful." Even so, he bore no grudge towards Wenner, and said there had been no internal friction about the latter's public dressing-down of his reviewers.

"He just cared a whole lot about the Stones and Dylan." (And, of course, Wenner had actually christened his magazine after the name of one and the most famous song of the other).

No one yet knows whether Jagger's animosity has been abated by the piece. *Thrills* asked Keith Altham, the Stones' UK spokesman, what his reactions might have been to it.

"Oh, you mean super-grovel? Yes, I *did* enjoy that," he laughed, before adding, more seriously: "I should think Mick's very amused. Knowing him, he'd have forgotten about the ban in a week. I think *Rolling Stone* over-reacted to the situation."

Radio One DJ Paul Gambaccini, whose career began at *Rolling Stone*, interpreted the article differently. "Fundamentally, *Rolling Stone* is Jann Wenner; it was always known that if it strayed too far from his personal beliefs then he'd wing it back in line.

"I believe he will always retain that control. It *is* his paper, and we lesser mortals have to acknowledge that such power exists — after all — it still does in Fleet Street as well.

"There can be no question of pressure. In the past, artists (Joni Mitchell, Elton John for example) have banned the paper, but it makes no difference. In the U.S., *Rolling Stone* is it, and if it dumps on you, you're dumped on."

Tell that to Mick Jagger.

BOB WOFFINDEN

THRILLS

TELEVISION: DID THEY JUMP OR WERE THEY PUSHED?

THE NEWS broke during the first week in September. After an often traumatic five-year existence, New York new wavers Television had pulled the plug on themselves, and normal service *wouldn't* be resumed as soon as possible.

It was suggested in the press that it wasn't so much the less-than-capacity audiences on their last Euro-Tour, but the adverse critical attacks on their second album "Adventure" that brought about the four-way split. However, TV guitarist Richard Lloyd hints that it wasn't the second album that broke the tube, but rather the spectre of the third — and unrecorded — Television programme.

Having said that though, even Lloyd himself isn't quite sure . . .

"Really," admitted the shy and extremely nervous guitarist when confronted in London last week, "I don't believe the break-up had anything to do with anything. If I had been asked, I'd have stayed — but I'm well happy to be out."

It's no secret that during the five years it took Television to emerge from cult status to become one of America's most promising late '70s originals, the band's progress had been plagued with outbursts of personal temperament. Indeed, the ferocious ego-clashes between leader Tom Verlaine and his original partner Richard Hell had constantly spilled over into the pages of the rock press.

Be that as it may, Lloyd refutes any suggestion that personality conflicts were the reasons for the demise of Television.

"We weren't tired of one another . . . just that we felt the urge to play with other musicians.

"I'm sure everybody who reads this firmly believes it was intense internal friction followed by a punch-out that broke up the band. Well, I hate to disappoint anyone, but it's just not true."

● *Next page*

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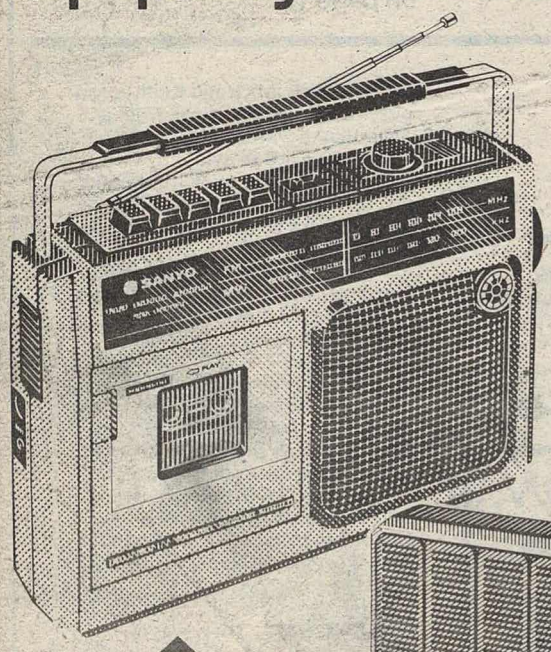

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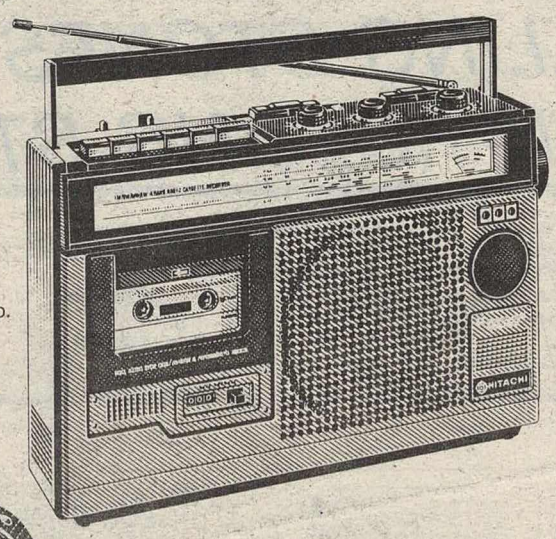

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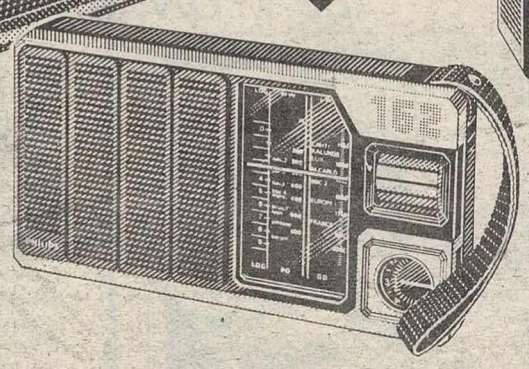

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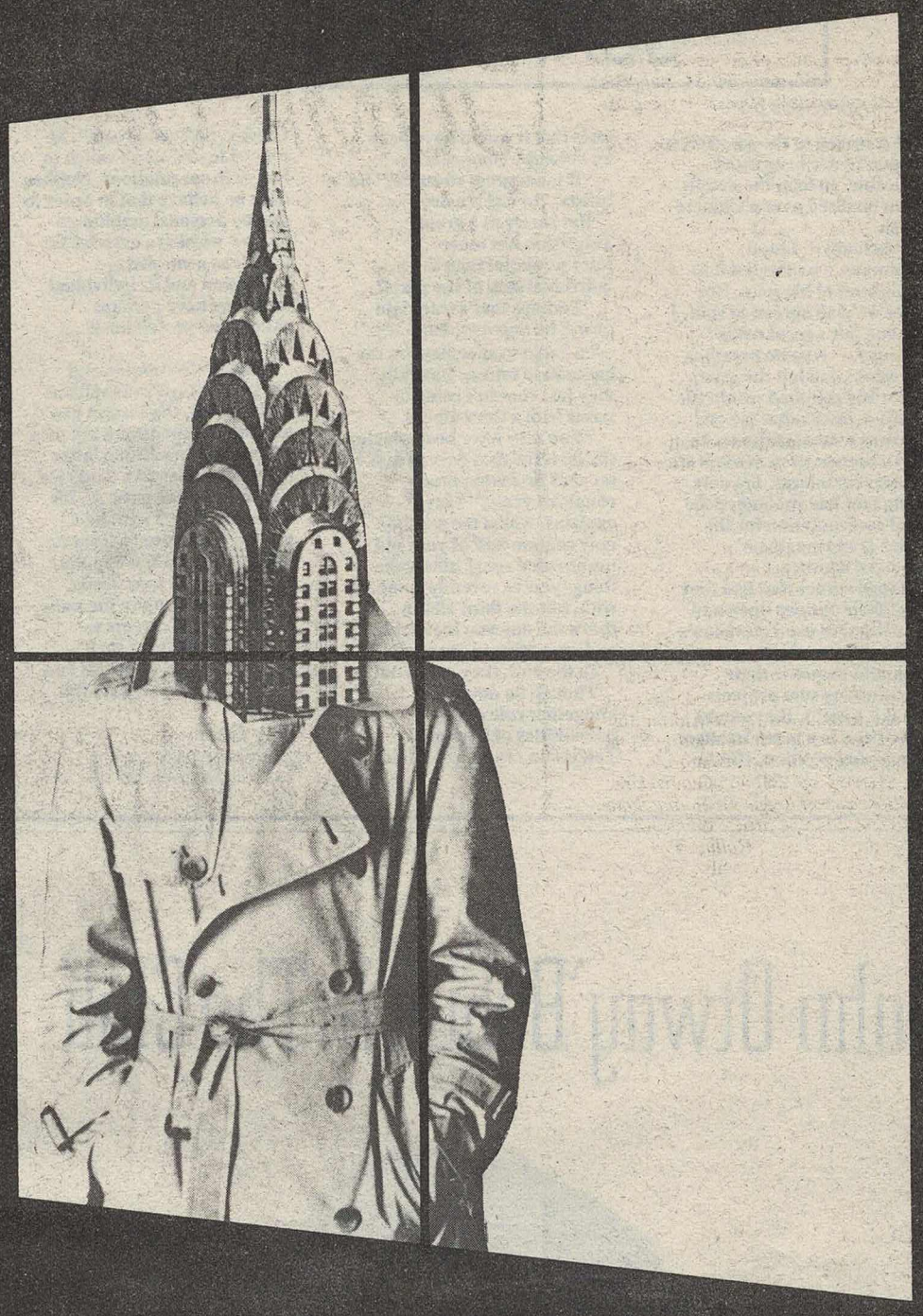

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TELEVISION SOAP OPERA

● From previous page

According to the speaker, it couldn't have been more amicable. In fact, the details were finalised over a Chinese meal.

"Actually," Lloyd continues, "we treated it as some kind of big joke. But after we'd all agreed to split, I for one felt a great relief."

Lloyd — who on previous occasions had left the group twice and rejoined within the week — insists that the end came as no real surprise. he had a premonition about it for weeks. Seemingly, the only thing that had prolanged the final confrontation for the other group members' financial security.

Lloyd agrees that had they kept their options open and continued to use Television's escalating popularity as a means to promote their forthcoming solo projects ("Like Kiss!"), they would have been in a much stronger bargaining position. But he feels that it would have been an unhappy compromise.

"It takes great strength," he insists, "to call it a day."

But surely as a group Television has more sales-potential than the individual sum of the parts?

"Perhaps that's true right now," he answers, but doesn't even begin to speculate on the immediate future. Basically they just couldn't come to terms with a third album.

"You may have been playing the material that goes to make up your first album for a couple of years," Lloyd explains, whilst the second may contain half of your old unrecorded songs plus some things you've recently come up with, but the third album . . . that's the one you inevitably end up writing in the studio."

In the end, they opted out.

Though he doesn't altogether rule out the possibilities of a future Television reunion — "Like Crosby, Stills and Nash", he jokes Lloyd doesn't which to fuel such speculations. Neither does he believe that in order to pursue personal ambitions — he now wishes to exercise his talents as a vocalist — Television and its individual members have perhaps committed professional suicide.

With both Verlaine and Lloyd utilising Fred Smith as their bassist, the former has already commenced work on a solos album whilst the latter begins demoing five songs for Elektra any day now. As for drummer Billy Ficca, he's moving to France to team up with a singer called Sappho.

Whether, as free spirits, they'll embark upon the same kind of erratic careers as former members of such pace-makers as the Dolls and the Pistols, only *T-Zers* will reveal.

Roy Carr

THRILLS

LATE SHOW EXTRA

. . . AND THE '60s REVIVAL DRAGS ON

ANYONE WHO saw Darts on tour might recall a support band of similar natty dress sense, verve and dexterity by the name of The Late Show.

Equipped with a barrage of high-class harmony vocals, a distinct cabaret feel, and a character, stage left, whose violin playing was matched only by his towering stature and Oscar-winning disposition, they set about giving doo-wop music a facelift.

This self-same fiddle player Mike Jelly — armed to the teeth, for our recent encounter, with exploding cigarettes and weights of bubble-gum — punctuated the proceedings with merciless ribbing.

However some of the information from the rest of the band almost makes sense.

This much is certain. Guitarists Bill Clift and Dave Head, bassman Tim Joyce and the fun-loving Jelly joined forces back in the long-lost days of their drama schooling, and rescued Tony Jewson from a band playing 'poor man's Yes music' by enlisting him to drum for The Late Show.

An unsuspecting pub in Gravesend was the scene of their first performance, last September, and played host to a set of original material and a second one of old but gold '60s covers.

The natives reacted with sympathy, and soon established them with the reputation of being a comedy band — "We made so many cock-ups, we used to just crease up laughing."

After some constant gigging, and the aid of a contract with Decca who, with tears in their eyes and a hole in their bank balance, waved them off on the Darts tour, their whole act gained such slickness that the comedy tag soon applied to little but the cynicism of their lyrics and some of their more orthodox and rehearsed stage manoeuvres.

Comparisons with the Kursaals, Poodles and Darts themselves began to line up in the review columns with a mechanical regularity. Were they justified?

"People always compare you to other groups," asserts Bill, "but if we're a mixture of as many bands as they've said we are then we're probably going to be very good."

Why do they still use old Beatles, Hollies and Stones covers in the set?

"Audiences find it very hard to accept a band and original material without there being anything behind it to help them. We've got a batch of new songs, so we put in a few covers so at least people can pick up on those — it helps your own material."

Their debut album, "Snap", is about to make its appearance, and Terry Melcher's production seems much in favour of using a horn section to broaden their sound. Did they want to expand their live sound in the same way?

"Horns are one of those things you ought to save for the studio," says Tim, "otherwise you're continually under pressure to produce exactly what you've put on record and as soon as you've got a horn section you've got to use them on every song.

"We certainly want to stay on the rock side of the business, and our new material is a lot harder. Obviously some of what we do has to be '60s revival stuff because that's where our influences lie, but revival isn't a definite policy."

"Revival isn't progressive," adds Bill. "It also isn't a formula for anything that's going to last for any length of time."

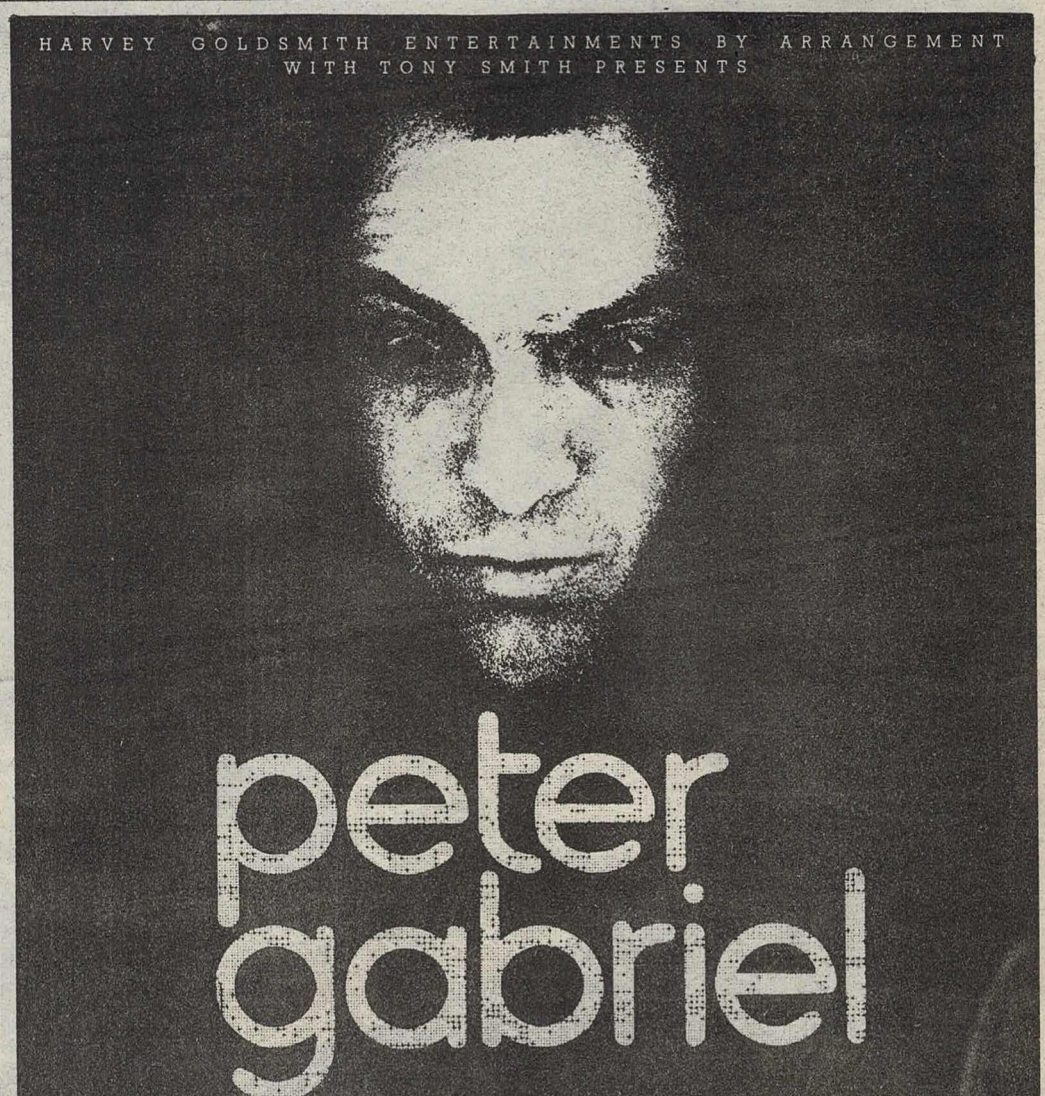
"It's difficult to say what is

John Otway 'Baby's In The Club'

OTWAY'S IN THE CLUB TOUR

11th Oct GLASGOW · City Hall
13th Oct EDINBURGH · University
14th Oct HAMILTON · Football Club
15th Oct DUMFRIES · Stagecoach
17th Oct BELFAST · Poly
18th Oct PORT RUSH · University
19th Oct BELFAST · University
20th Oct DUBLIN · University
21st Oct CORK · University
22nd Oct DUBLIN · McGonnigals
26th Oct BLACKPOOL · Tiffanys
27th Oct WOLVERHAMPTON · LaFayette
28th Oct HALIFAX · Good Mood Club
30th Oct NEWPORT · Stowaway
31st Oct CAMBRIDGE · University
1st Nov NORWICH · Boogie House
2nd Nov BATLEY · Crumpets
3rd Nov KIRK LIMMINGTON · Country Club

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS BY ARRANGEMENT WITH TONY SMITH PRESENTS



peter gabriel

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday
20th, 21st, 22nd & 23rd December at 8pm
Tickets £3.75 £3.25 £2.75
Personal and postal applications to the Box Office, Hammersmith Odeon, London W6 01-748 4081 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee)

Pic: ROB HALL

progressive," continues Tim. "I mean the punk thing has just turned into heavy metal, which isn't as good as a lot of the heavy metal bands that were around in the early 70s because they can't play as well. But it looks as though the whole thing's going to turn around to heavy metal again."

A recent confrontation at a gig up north gave them a taste of what could be (God forbid) the face of things to come, at a place where more mainstream rock bands had seen their gear demolished by dissatisfied H.M. fanatics.

"There was a bunch of about 20 geezers," explains Bill, "doing the old guitar hero poses, coming right up to our mikes and trying to put us off. I don't think they quite appreciated the irony though, 'cos if there's one thing we do it's take the mickey out of posing guitarists. They thought we were taking it seriously, but it was great as everyone enjoyed themselves."

"People say we're not a hard rock band," Tim cuts in, "but if you can please blockheads like that I think it proves that we can cross barriers and that we're certainly entertaining."

A chance remark about the ludicrous check stripes that he favours on stage, and the unmistakable sound of another exploding cigarette, brings the conversation back to Jelly, a man less easy to define.

"They love him," says Dave. "I can't think why, but he's a popular figure. For some reason those trousers always come up in reviews. In fact, people don't think of him as a human being — just as a pair of trousers."

Lesser men have triumphed in the face of such adversity. The Show must go on.

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

... AS DOES THE GREAT MOD REVIVAL

IT WOULD HAVE brought a lump to the tab-collared throat of a Steve Marriott or a Plonk Lane. Paul Weller would have traded in his Levi staprest just to have been there.

For down at Ladbroke Grove's Blandford Studio last Thursday, Elton John — filming a promotional clip to accompany his new single, "Part Time Love" — staged his very own mini-edition of *Ready Steady Go*, the mods' kingpin TV show.

A call went out on London's Capital Radio for all mods to whisk on their mohairs and belt down to the Grove as fast as their Lambrettas could carry them. DJ Roger Scott was a little concerned in case all of that remains of London's mod-dom had scootered off to Brighton as extras in The Who's *Quadrophenia* movie.

But as the day went on more than 100 'mods' turned up. They were there in their Op Art gear, their PVC raincoats and their velour mini-skirts, kinky boots and all.

One geezer showed up on an original A registration Lambretta — or rather what was left of it. Ages ranged from 16-30. As one ageing mod put it: "Twenty or 30 real mods and lots of pretenders."

Cathy McGowan, *RSG's* MC, compered in her inimitable style. Just super, it was. And the programme's original producer Michael Lindsay Hogg was there too to direct.

Accompanying Elton — euphoric from Watford's trashing of Man. United the night before — were his new lyricist Gary Osborne, Chris Thomson from Manfred Mann and Stevie Lange, looking cute in a wet-look mini dress.

More than likely the clip will be shown on *Top Of The Pops* — that's unless it bombs out like Elton's last single "Ego". And for authenticity's sake, it'll probably be broadcast in black and white.

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

CATHY McGOWAN with ELTON JOHN (above) last week and DONOVAN (left) about 12 years ago.

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

THE YES TORMATOUR

BY PUBLIC DEMAND

Wembley Arena
Matinee Show Saturday 28th October at 3pm
Tickets £5 £4
Personal and postal applications to Wembley Arena Box Office, Wembley Complex, Olympic Way, Wembley, Middx 01-902 1234
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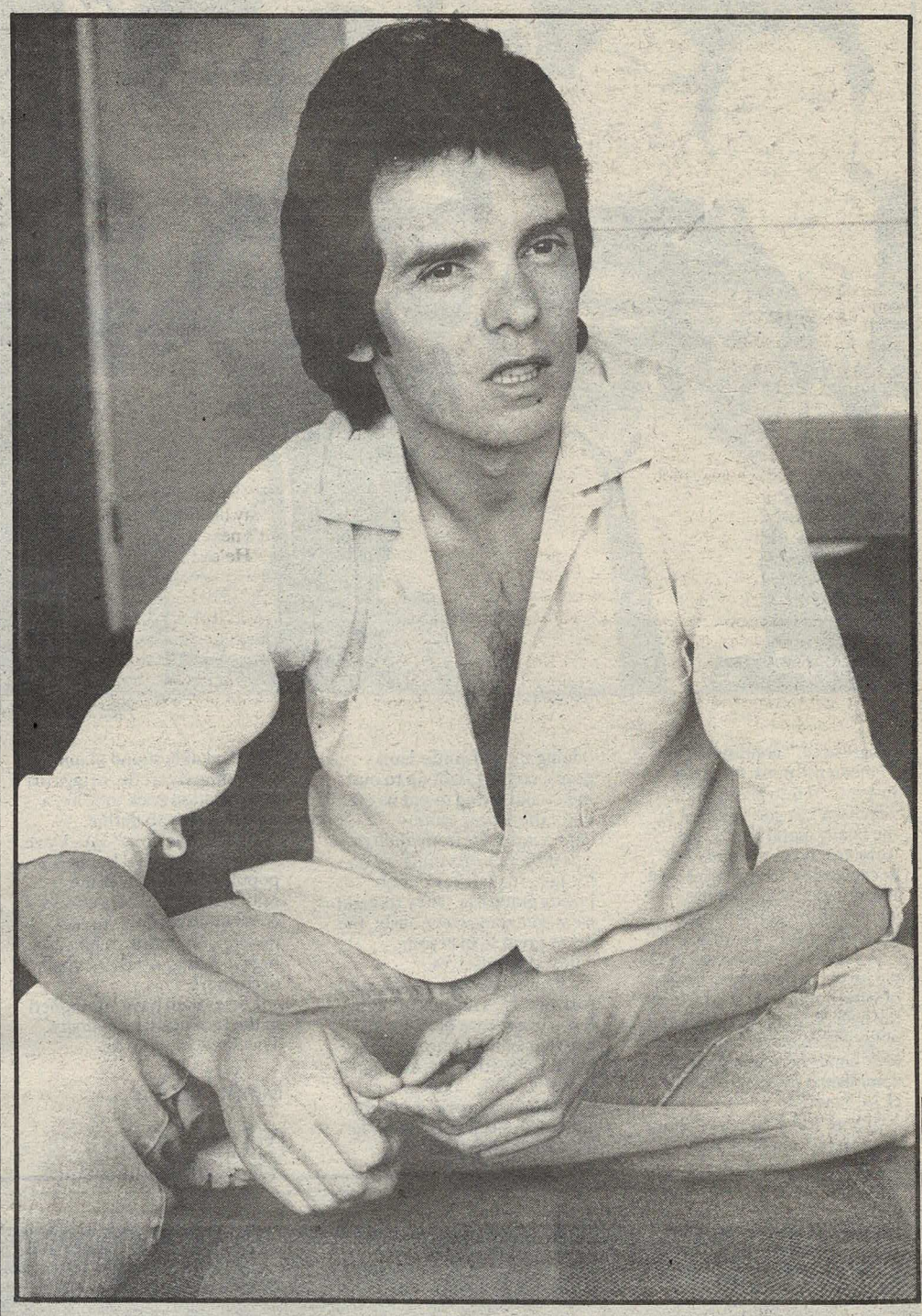
ALMOST MAXI SINGLE
FIRST 10,000 ON ~~LURID PINK~~ SUCCULANT PEACH
VINYL WITH PURPLE PYE LABEL
THE UNSUITABLE ALBUM TOUR
29th Sept. Brunel Rooms Swindon
12th Oct. Music Machine, London
13th Oct. Liverpool Poly.
14th Oct. Newcastle Univ.
18th Oct. North Staffs Poly, Stoke
19th Oct. Hull Univ.
20th Oct. Batley Variety Club
21st Oct. Black Prince, Bexley
25th Oct. Leicester Poly.
1st Nov. Southampton Univ.
4th Nov. Sunderland Poly.
11th Nov. Warwick Univ.
16th Nov. Clouds Disco, Edinburgh
17th Nov. Aberdeen Univ.
19th Nov. St. Andrew Univ.
20th Nov. Strathclyde Univ.
25th Nov. Reading Univ.
29th Nov. Wales Poly. Ponti-pridd
1st Dec. Sheffield Poly.
15th Dec. Univ. Hall Hospital, London
PYE RECORDS
FROM THE FORTHCOMING 'UNSUITABLE' ALBUM

OLD FOLKIES



Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

BLACKMAIL CORNER

I. ROY, DIVISIONAL SALES DIRECTOR, SCOTLAND.

AND THE hits keep on coming. Even the toast of the talk-overs cannot escape the wrath of *Blackmail Corner.*

In addition to his already revealed occupation as chartered accountant and electric toaster, I. Roy would now seem to have joined the executive staff of Firestone Tyres. Natty tread, huh?

Sighted in the company's house magazine by the Semite and the Young Fat-Duff.

NEVER DIE ...

... THEY JUST DISAPPEAR INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE U.S. HIP EASY LISTENING PRODUCT MILL. LIKE IAN MATTHEWS ...

"SINCE I GOT back I've watched *Top Of The Pops* a couple of times to try and catch up. I just feel old . . ."

Ian Matthews, a petite man now 32 years old, pauses, then continues in his light Californian accent: "I don't feel old physically — I should say old musically, but that makes it sound like I feel stale, and I don't feel stale.

"It's hard to explain. It feels like since I started Southern Comfort, rock music has gone full circle. And it's back to '63-'64 and I'm stuck right at the middle of it."

That's one way of putting it. For after being on the proverbial crest of a wave in the late '60s — first with Fairport Convention and later with Matthews' Southern Comfort, in '78 Ian Matthews isn't about to sell out Earls Court. He has, though, managed to rope his way on to Renaissance's recent our, and headline at Dingwalls.

This year has also marked Matthews' return to recording in his native England, Under the aegis of Sandy Roberton — a highly respected name in, for want of a better phrase, contemporary folk — Matthews has recorded his first album in over a year.

Entitled "Stealin' Home" and featuring a band that includes Bryn Haworth and Mel Collins, it's the first time Matthews has recorded in England since he split for California in the early part of the decade. (After living in the sunshine state for five years, Matthews now resides in Seattle).

With a record contract with Elektra Records — then run by David Geffen — Matthews put down roots in Los Angeles and recorded two critically-acclaimed albums, "Valley Hi" and "Some Days You Eat The Beat". Each sold a healthy couple of hundred thousand or so in the States, consolidating Matthews' postition as a cult artist.

The accent was on tastefully arranged, introspective material which wisely had Jackson Browne amongst the song-writing credits; Matthews has always had a good ear for choosing material. Despite this, Elektra turned cold on him and dropped him. CBS picked him up . . . and dropped him again after two albums.

Strangely, this decline in his fortunes doesn't seem to have harmed his pulling powers. He can still command upwards of a £1,000 for a night's work in America.

"When a record company drops you, you start wondering if you're on the right track," he muses. "It doesn't really upset me, 'cause I think after all this time I know if I'm doing the right thing."

Matthews' talent was so much in demand that it was well over a year after his enforced exit from CBS before any record company contacted him. The interested party was Sandy Roberton's independent Rockburgh Records, and no large advance was forthcoming.

Still, Roberton has succeeded in getting Matthews back on the right track. As usual, his choice of material is immaculate, but this time the arrangements are in tune with 1978 radio. "Stealin' Home" may be hip easy listening, but it's never bland.

He's even managed to come up with a memorable work-out of "Carefully Taught", a song from Rogers And Hammerstein's epic soap opera *South Pacific*. "I liked the sentiment," he explains. "A lot of the songs from that era are real schmaltzy, but that one just came through and seemed real strong. It seemed like I should try and expose it to the masses."

Matthews isn't far wrong when he says it's his most commercial album ever, and even if it doesn't crack the British air-waves (for once it has, sales will swiftly follow), America should present no problems.

So with the current climate, does Ian Matthews feel his market has been eroded?

"In 14 years I've seen things come and go, and I seem to have survived everything. No, not really survived, I've sustained. Surviving sounds a bit desperate.

"I've kept my head."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

LOWRY

"I was a victim of the pop culture of the '30s and '40s. I kept believing that grey skies would roll away, good times were just around the corner and every cloud had a silver lining."

XTC

Alright then, here are the dates for the XTC Tour 1978:-

OCTOBER

20 HUDDERSFIELD - Polytechnic
21 MANCHESTER - University
23 CANTERBURY - Odeon
24 SALISBURY - City Hall
25 READING - Top Rank
26 PORTSMOUTH - Locarno
28 ESSEX - University
29 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD - The Pavillion
31 CARDIFF - Top Rank

NOVEMBER

2 LEEDS - Polytechnic
3 SHEFFIELD - University
4 NEWCASTLE - University
5 REDCAR - Cotham Bowl
7 BRISTOL - Locarno
8 NOTTINGHAM - Sherwood Rooms
9 BLACKPOOL - Tiffanys
10 BIRMINGHAM - Town Hall
11 AYLESBURY - Friars
12 LONDON - Roundhouse
14 GLOUCESTER - Tiffanys
15 BRIGHTON - Top Rank

Contact Norman Dugdale, NEMS Agency 01-730 9461

ALBERTOS limber up

HEADBANGERS! HERE'S A VERY EASY COMPETITION ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!!

THINK ABOUT this (but only for a moment — don't tax yourself): the orgasmic roar of "BOOOOOGIE!!" the blood-curdling cry of "WALLY!!" Right, now sit down and quit bangin' your head on the table, because we've got a few questions to ask.

Like, is your concept of Nirvana to shove your head in Lemmy's bass bin during a Motorhead maelstrom and scream "Louder! L-O-U-D-E-R!"?

Have you ever butted the masonry at a Status Quo saturnalia until either your cranium or the plaster cracked?

Do you flay your friends with your lank greasy hair at Black Sabbaff soirees, and refuse to go back to your seat until the blood's pouring from your ears?

Do you own a battle-scarred greatcoat, and/or a pair of seasoned sweat-stained sneakers?

Yes? Right then, my head-banging blossoms, this competition's tailor-made for you — providing you can read of course.

So let's get our heads down to no nonsense, mindless business.

To coincide with the release of ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS' two-for-the-price-of-one double single "Heads Down, No Nonsense, Mindless Boogie", we here at *NME*, together with Logo Records, Havey Goldsmith Entertainments and those stoic Sultans of Social Satire. . .those Masters of Musical Mischief. . .those Purveyors of Po-Faced Parody. . .those, er, those. . .er. . .er. . .Albertos, have devised a competition which will go down in rocklore as one of the Seventies' Greatest Cultural Events:

THE HEADS DOWN, NO NONSENSE, MINDLESS BOOGIE ALL-COMERS CONTEST.

We're offering you nothing less than overnight notoriety and a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to strut your stuff from the other side of the footlights for fun 'n' profit.

In other words, the Albertos, *NME*, Logo & Harvey are searching for the nation's most extrovert headbangers. And all you need to do to enter is to submit a full-length action photograph of yourself dressed in a greatcoat and/or sweat-stained sneakers, give your own personal selection of three (and only three) all-time great Heavy Metal Head Banging Albums — and also complete the other questions on the entry coupon.

Ten finalists will be selected and called upon to present themselves in full kit in London (date and venue to be announced) to actually front Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias and boogie on down, down, down, down, down, sideways etc.

The overall winner (or the last person standing) will receive £100 worth of tickets for any Harvey Goldsmith promotion in the next 12 months.

Just think, no more queueing overnight, no more dealing with the touts or missing out on those once-in-a-lifetime gigs.

Furthermore, you'll also receive a copy of the Albertos' new "Skite" album on Logo, the double-single, a T-shirt, and see your wonderful self immortalised in the pages of *NME*.

The nine runners-up will each receive one pair of tickets for a Harvey Goldsmith promoted concert of their choice, plus an album double single and T-shirt.

As for those of you not lucky enough to make the pilgrimage to London, the next 10 runners-up will each receive an album and double single, while the next 40 will find a double single being slipped through their mailbox.

Right, 1-2-3-4. . .
BOOOOOOOOGIE!!

THRILLS

SUMMARY: WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Send photo of yourself doing the heads down.
2. Send list of your three all-time heads down albums.
3. Think up a stage name for yourself.
4. Complete the sentence on the entry coupon in no more than 20 words.

HOW TO ENTER:

CUT OUT the coupon and complete it, not forgetting to add your signature. Print your name and address clearly on the back of your photograph and attach it to the coupon. Send the entry to the following address, to arrive by October 27:—

NME MINDLESS BOOGIE COMPETITION
55 EWER STREET,
LONON SE99 6YP.

All entries received on or before the closing date will be examined and the ten most appealing — sorry, appalling! — will be invited to participate with the Albertos in the Grand Final.

The remaining prizes will be awarded to those considered to be the most, er, pathetic, in order of merit.

All entries must be photographic (no personal callers!), must not have been published elsewhere, and must be of the accredited entrant.

The competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd., the printers of *New Musical Express*, the staff of Logo Records or anyone calling themselves Harvey Goldsmith. The Editor's decision along with that of the Albertos is final and the results will be published in a future issue of *NME*.

NME MINDLESS BOOGIE COMPETITION
55 EWER STREET, LONDON S.E.99 6YP.

NAME.....

(Block letters)
STAGE NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Tel. No. (if any) ..... **I.Q.**.....

ALL-TIME HEAVY METAL HEADBANGING ALBUMS:

(1) .....

(2) .....

(3) .....

Complete the following sentence in not more than 20 words: "Er like y'know, man, like y'know I mean like Quo and that — Quo are like y'know sort of

.....

.....

.....

The enclosed photograph is of myself and I hold the copyright on it. I agree to abide by the publisher's rules.

SIGNED.....
Closing date: 27.10.78

Do Not Play This
To Your Plants
`Dreadlock Don't Deal with Wedlock´
Jah Wobble.
A 12" dread debut from the thankfully inimitable Jah Wobble.
First 15,000 have a full colour picture bag.
And even those that don't are probably stained in some way.
VOLE 9. Snap it up before we reprocess the vinyl.
Virgin

BETHNAL

Crash Landing Tour

NOTHING NEW

OCTOBER
19th Queen Mary College London
20th Edinburgh University
21st Glasgow University
22nd Redcar Coatham Bowl
24th Belfast the Pound
25th Belfast the Pound
26th Belfast the Pound
27th Dublin Trinity College
28th Cork Arcadia
30th Bath University

NOVEMBER
3rd Plymouth *Metro*
4th Thames Poly. Woolwich *London*
8th Liverpool University
9th Porthsmouth Poly.
10th Surrey University
13th Cambridge University
14th Birmingham
15th Bradford University
16th Stoke-On-Trent *North Staffs Poly*
17th Newcastle Poly.
18th Manchester University
22nd Loughborough University
23rd Leeds Poly.
24th Sheffield Poly.
25th **HAMMERSMITH ODEON**
TICKETS £1.50 & £1.00.

DECEMBER
1st Nottingham University
2nd Warwick University

MORE DATES TO BE CONFIRMED SEE PRESS NEXT WEEK
Contact Pete Fountain. I.T.B. 01-439-8941

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FROM THE FORTHCOMING ALBUM **'CRASH LANDING'**

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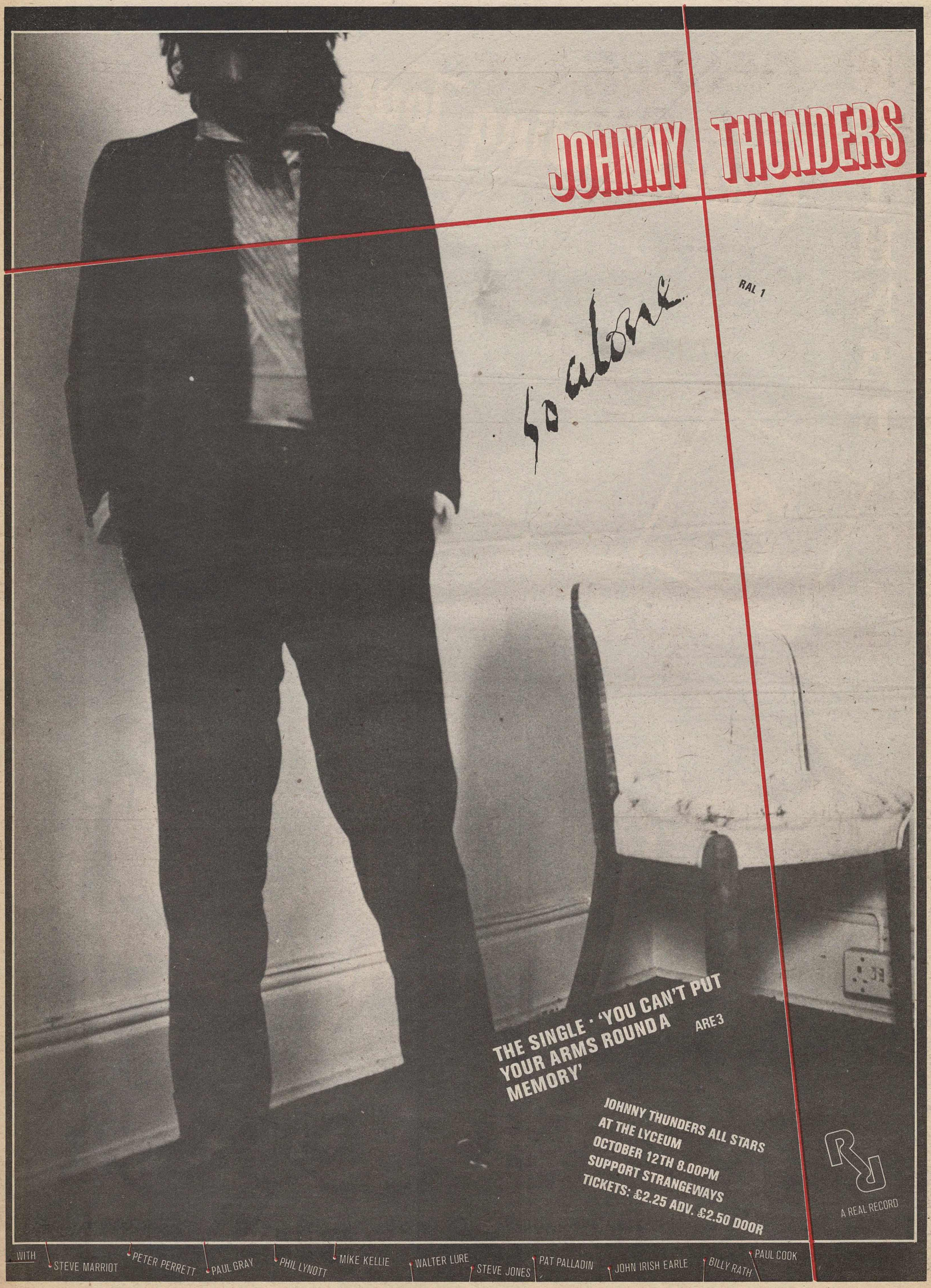
JOHNNY THUNDERS
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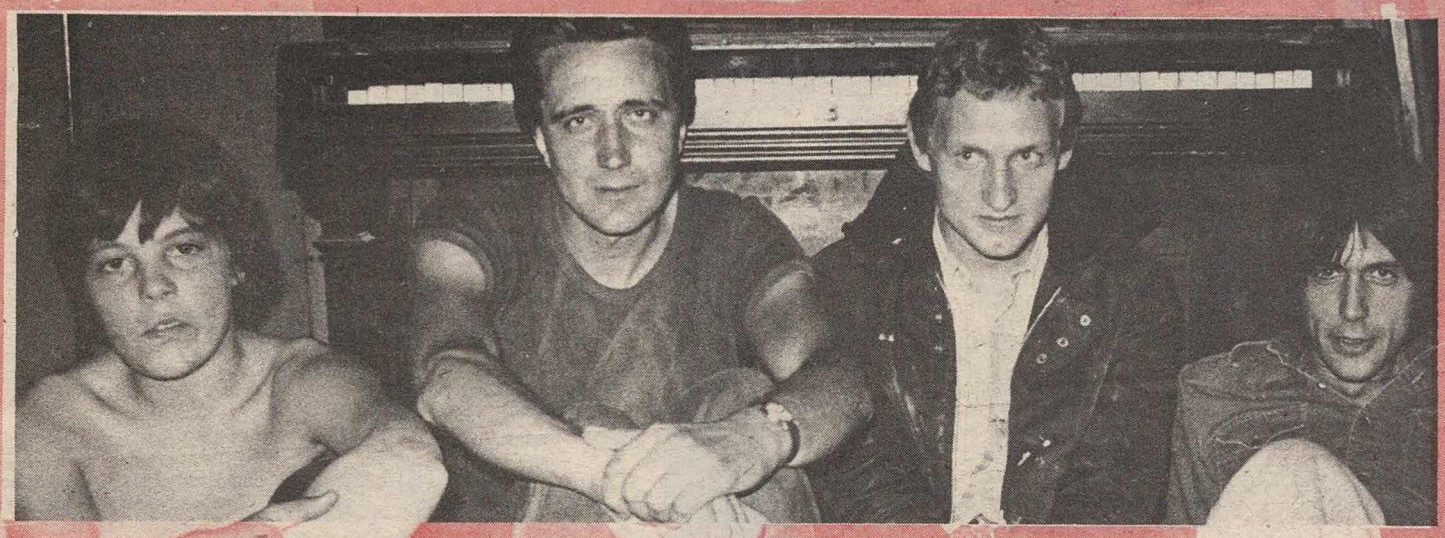
THE SINGLE · 'YOU CAN'T PUT YOUR ARMS ROUND A MEMORY'
ARE 3
JOHNNY THUNDERS ALL STARS
AT THE LYCEUM
OCTOBER 12TH 8.00PM
SUPPORT STRANGEWAYS
TICKETS: £2.25 ADV. £2.50 DOOR
A REAL RECORD
WITH
STEVE MARRIOT
PETER PERRETT
PAUL GRAY
PHIL LYNOTT
MIKE KELLIE
WALTER LURE
STEVE JONES
PAT PALLADIN
JOHN IRISH EARLE
BILLY RATH
PAUL COOK

THE DESPERATES BICYCLE ON TO STARDOM



I'M SITTING IN their New Cross, South London rehearsal room with Danny Wigley and Nicky Stephens of The Desperate Bicycles. The first time Danny met Nicky was when they went into the studio to record their first single. The second time they met was when they went back into the studio to record the second single.

"We didn't socialise very much," grins Danny.

You didn't even rehearse?

"There wasn't time," explains Nicky. "Roger bought this bass guitar, and booked a studio. So we had a deadline to meet. That's partly why we're called The *Desperate* Bicycles. Also, we hardly had any equipment. Just that bass guitar and an amp. The other instruments came with the studio."

That first single, "Smokescreen", took three hours studio time and £153 to make (which includes the price of pressing, and of the sleeves). At that time, there were five DBs — Danny on vocals, Nicky on keyboards, Roger on bass, plus a guitarist and a drummer who left almost immediately. Enter 14-year-old Dave Papworth on drums.

"I met him when I was working as a cleaner at Barking Odeon," says Danny. "He was always pestering to get in for nothing. I think when we went into the studio for the second single, that was the first time he ever got on a proper drumkit."

Roger and Danny hawked "Smokescreen" around shops like Small Wonder and Bonaparte Records, and sympathetic distributors like Virgin and Rough Trade. The first pressing of 500 sold out in four months, and the group had made a profit of £210.

They used this to finance a second pressing of 1,000 which sold out in a fortnight, and the money from *those* sales went to press 1,000 copies of their second single "The Medium Was Tedium" — an amateurish record in praise of amateurism — which sold out in a week.

Then, with that money, they pressed 2,500 copies of each single, and bought some more equipment.

About this time, they received a phone call from Eric's in Liverpool. Would they play a gig?

"We'd never thought about doing gigs," declares Danny. "Our first purpose was just to make and sell records. Eric's came out of the blue."

"We were terrified," puts in Nicky. "We only had two songs."

"We had the two singles," Danny continues, "but we couldn't play them live. We had to relearn them, and write new things. That's where the songs on 'New Cross, New Cross' come from." ("New Cross, New Cross" was their third single — a 6-track, which is recommended).

They built their own rehearsal room and practised the new material. Then they hired a van and drove up to Liverpool on New Year's Eve.

"It was incredible," remembers Nicky. "Just half an hour that we'd worked up to for three months. All the pressures were released on stage. Eric's was our first gig, and our best so far."

The Bikes have only done a handful of gigs since then, though they did do a RAR benefit with Sham 69. Their main aim now is to play live more often.

Says Nicky: "One fantasy we have is just dropping in on people who've written to us regularly, and playing in their front room. And maybe touring tiny places, doing village halls. But it's all in the air at the moment."

I wondered whether the group had ever had any desire to sign up with a record company.

"No," says Danny. "For us it's really important to be independent. We've made a stand, small as it may be, and we've actually kept independent. *We're* in control of the music and of what we want to do."

So was it a hard decision to actually make a record off your own bats?

Danny considers. "Well, all the time you're at school, you're told it's really hard to do anything — and you believe it in the end. The biggest hurdle is just *believing* you've still got some control over your life, that you *can* go out and do it. But like we say at the end of the first single, *'It was easy, it was cheap, go and do it'.*"

"It's financially unreal in that we don't pay ourselves," adds Nicky. "We don't make a living from the band. But in a way that's helped us to keep independent. We've always had other jobs."

But wouldn't they like their records to be more widely distributed?

Nicky shakes his head. "Not really. That would involve things like getting a manager and advertising, and it's just not worthwhile. We've never advertised, and we're doing pretty well." (However, John Peel plays their records, and has had them on his show, so they've had some useful exposure.)

"But our records get around," says Danny. "People have seen them in Amsterdam, San Francisco, Paris."

"And HMV in Oxford Street," laughs Nicky. "That was our biggest breakthrough."

The Desperate Bicycles have a refreshingly left-field attitude to the music business — and, one suspects, some influence in encouraging others to follow their DIY example. Like they sing on their second single, *"Xerox music is here to stay."*

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

love bites

BUZZCOCKS

new album UAG30197 - Cassette TCK30197

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

Beating Hearts

OCTOBER
13 PLYMOUTH TOP RANK SUITE
14 TORQUAY TOWN HALL
15 SHEFFIELD TOP RANK SUITE
16 HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
19 MALVERN WINTER GARDENS
20 BLACKPOOL TIFFANYS
21 GLASGOW APPOLLO
22 ABERDEEN CAPITOL
23 EDINBURGH ODEON
24 NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
26 BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL
27 MANCHESTER APPOLLO
28 DERBY KINGS HALL
29 COVENTRY THEATRE

REMAINING TOUR DATES
30 BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
31 PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
NOVEMBER
3 CANTERBURY ODEON
4 HAMMERSMITH ODEON

WITH "SUBWAY SECT"
6 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION
7 BOURNEMOUTH WINTER GARDENS
8 BRIGHTON TOP RANK SUITE
9 GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL
12 MANCHESTER APPOLLO

single - 'Ever fallen in love (with someone you shouldn't've?) c/w just lust UP36455

. . . is total aesthetic freedom and all that stuff. Except this time it rings true. Snatch have cut just two singles in as many years — great singles, too. THRILLS (Adrian, as it happens) goes in search of PAT PALLADIN'S artistic integrity . . .

PATTI PALLADIN is the tough, animated expatriate New Yorker who forms/formed one half of Snatch, the duo that also featured the talents of her fellow American Judy Nylon.

Their recorded output has been restricted to just two singles in as many years, and Snatch appear to be in some sort of cold storage right now — an unfortunate situation in many ways, but one which leaves both parties free to pursue their individual projects, Judy Nylon in the States and Pat Palladin — solo, with Brian Eno, and, most recently, with Johnny Thunders — in sleepy old London town. In fact, Patti is due to be on the stage alongside Thunders at the man's forthcoming all-star Lyceum bash.

Patti's assessment of Brian Eno — "He doesn't give much away. You have to earn it, and I respect him for that" — could be applied with almost equal accuracy to the dark-featured Brooklyn chanteuse herself.

Our interview in a WEA record company exec's office above busy Soho Market was enough to prove that: extremely articulate in conversation, she still doesn't give too much away . . . you have to earn it.

How much this was due to suspicion of my motives, I don't know. I was the one who had asked for the interview, although its subject has been well out of the public eye of late and certainly has no recent vinyl product to push.

WEA distributed the Snatch debut 45 "IRT"/"Stanley", re-released in Britain this summer — hence the interview location. (The single had previously been available only in the import bins on Greg Shaw's independent BOMP label.)

"IRT", which featured The Damned's Captain Sensible (or plain

With each new album, Maddy Prior is sounding more and more like herself.

Her last album, 'Woman in the Wings', saw Maddy Prior taking her first steps as a solo artist.

Proving to the public and the critics that she had the energy and talent to make it on her own.

Her latest album, 'Changing Winds', leaves us in no doubt whatsoever of that talent.

As Maddy moves confidently through a personal repertoire that shows us just how dramatically she is developing.

Listening to the album, you may start asking yourself whatever happened to the voice that used to be synonymous with the world's number one folk rock band.

The short answer is: it's still very much with us. But it just sounds like a different person these days.

MADDY PRIOR • 'CHANGING WINDS' • CHR 1203

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

on rambling Chuck Berry guitar, and the witty "Stanley" made for one extremely infectious single, despite (or maybe because of) the fact that Snatch had yet to reach even the garageband stage when the two tracks were originally cut in 1976. They were part of a longer, semi-legendary demo tape "ad-libbed in a drunken stupor" in Palladin's Maida Vale living room.

Although both Patti and Judy had been in the country since about 1973, it wasn't until the intense underground activity of summer 1976 that their band plans began to get off the ground.

"No way were Judy and I gonna get a band together and play the pub circuit at that time, so documenting our ideas on tape was just another way of starting the band," she recalls.

"We put a demo tape tpgether with a view to taking it around the companies. When Greg Shaw told us he would press anything on that tape we gave him those two tracks and had a finished, pressed single back in two weeks . . . it wan't a commercial exercise. It just documents a period in time."

Never a full-time gigging band, Snatch have played only a handful of live dates. With American guitarist Keeth Paul and bassist Bruce Douglas, they completed a short series of Northern gigs last year as guests of The Only Ones, disillusioned Heartbreaker Jerry Nolan drumming, as well as playing the occasional one-off at London's despicable den of iniquity, the Speakeasy.

That line-up, augmented by ex-Roogalator pianist Nick Plytas, also cut the exuberant second single "All I Want". One of the best singles of last year, it also featured what must rank as the Cover Of The Century, a wonderfully gaudy colour xerox print of Patti and Judy embossed on silver paper.

"The second single was a natural progression. It was also done on a low budget. We hustled the studio time under the table . . . stuck it on someone else's time. It was a matter of sitting around waiting until the studio was free because we were broke, and then phoning up the musicians. Jerry Nolan had never laid eyes on Nick Plytas before we went into the studio."

The record took almost a year to see the light of day, due at least in part to the band's admirable resolve to meet Da Biz on *their* terms and their terms only. The crux of the matter was the sleeve, which required a specialised — though relatively inexpensive — production process.

PP with J. Thunders, February this year. Pic: PETER KODICK.

"It wasn't just that we wanted a flash sleeve. It was educational . . . it was just saying to whoever picks up a single for 70p, 'Look! You can get this for 70p. Why settle for less?'

"Personally I want to heighten the standards. At this point, things have really sunk to the depths. Behind the mask of punk, some of the record companies have just been putting out such jive shit!

"We wanted to use that printing process. It was an idea we weren't prepared to forfeit. We didn't want that single to go out as just another one-off punk single on Virgin or whatever . . . so we just sat on it until we could get it properly presented."

The two official Snatch singles aside, Patti and Judy have also collaborated with Eno on "RAF", the flip of his "King's Lead Hat" single earlier this year. Set against a bubbling disco synthesiser backtrack, "RAF" is a frightening account of the final minutes in the lives of the Baader-Meinhof terrorists found dead in their German prison cells, the authorities alleging suicide.

The song is credited Eno-Snatch. Which is approximately where we came in.

So, wherefore Snatch in October 1978?

"Snatch has never been anything definite. When Judy and I meet, it's usually a head-on collision. If the opportunity arises whereby we can do a Snatch album — whether it's tomorrow or in two years time — then we'll do it. I think that at some point in time we will do it."

But for the forseeable future, the prospect looks an unlikely one: both Judy Nylon and Keeth Paul are in the States and have been for most of this year, Paul playing bass in Nolans Band The Idols, while Nylon recently played a gig with an aggregation of NY punk musicians at Max's Kansas City. Apparently the set included a couple of gems from "Spiral Scratch" as well as a few Snatch songs.

Patti Palladin meanwhile is tying up loose ends in London, working on a possible solo single "Siamese Lovers"/"Dead Heat", with a view to eventually forming her own band.

Then there's her work with one J. Gonzalez, Johnny Thunders to you and I. "Johnny's Album's gonna be great. It's slower, more emotional than some of the stuff he's done before — there's a lot more depth."

But Palladin is more than just a cog in other people's wheels. She has her own potentially devastating musical visions, although the best idea of where she's really coming from is again to be gleaned from the names she drops of those she'd like to work with; names as diverse as James Williamson and Ronnie Spector.

Whatever, it goes deeper than the lip-gloss star dreams suggested by Nick Kent in last week's Slits piece.

Why then has the Palladin career to date been so much a case of "Soon come"?

"I have no intention of changing the things I'm doing because of some record company schedule. I'm just not impressed by that . . . the way people get product out and the only reason the product is coming out is that there's a record company schedule. To me that's a load of shit!

"Most of the people I admire are the ones who just have stuff coming out here and there . . . obscure stuff if you like. I'd like to be able to regulate everything alongside my creative ability at a certain point, regardless of the industry.

"If my timing doesn't sync up with theirs, perhaps you'll never hear from me again."

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS

RICH ROD — MARKS & SPARKS SUPERMART SUPERSTAR

FOLLOWING THRILLS' report on High Street chic comes news of a record label launched by Marks & Spencer under their brand name St. Michael.

From October 9, twenty stores in London and the provinces will carry albums containing material supplied by CBS, Pye, Phonogram and Polydor. Initially, the range comprises 21 LPs and cassettes all priced at £2.50 — and "the famous M&S exchange or refund policy will apply to any record or cassette returned with its special seal unbroken."

Smiling up at you betwixt the lasague and towelling socks will be such old family favourites as Johnny Mathis, Brotherhood of Man, Sacha Distel, Andy Williams, Charlie Rich, Oscar Peterson, Ella Fitzgerald, Vivaldi, Bernstein, John Williams . . . and Rod Stewart, who is represented by a compilation called "Reason To Believe".

Marketing records is nothing new to M&S. In the '20s they overcame the depression by running a selection of five shilling discs and sheet music from current heart throbs like Gracie Fields, Sandy Powell and Jack Payne, who would autograph their work for a farthing. Popular songs of the day included the neo-punk classic "Ain't It Grand To Be Blinking Well Dead" (nihilism's nuthin' new man) and the tasteless shocker "He Played His Ukelee As The Ship Went Down".

It's not known whether Stewart will be signing copies of his much vaunted his "An Old Marks And Spencer Raincoat Won't Ever Let You Down", but Thrills' Economic Correspondent advises that the rate of inflation multiplied by costing of Atlantic crossing will place his fee somewhere in the region of £1,500.

MAX BELL

THE END

Starring the adventures of Greggery Peccary – pernicious piglet extraordinaire, trendmonger and swinish inventor of (shriek and shrivel) the calendar. Greggery eventually gets his though; after watching a drug-crazed, the-newspapers-and-your-younger-sister-wouldn't-even-understand-let-alone-approve, multi-limbed body bash.
Evil eh? Studio Tan.

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BOOKS

I Wanna Be A Coffee Table Book

SEX PISTOLS FILE
Edited by Ray Stevenson
(Omnibus Press £1.95)

TALK about there being nothing so pathetic as the laughter of people who've lost their pet faith. The shambling circus of scavengers still attempting to create an industry out of what passes itself off as The Sex Pistols give you at very little cost (to themselves, that is) this preeny press hand-out that may well pass as a Bible amongst those young "punks" who pogo to The Lurkers on *Revolver*.

Stevenson, McLaren, Biggs and all bash away at the sentimentality a lot of people had about the band until you just don't care anymore. They don't even capitalise *well* — that single had no tune, that film evidently has no worth and this book has no spine.

It also has next to nothing you haven't seen before if you read the music press. Stevenson himself contributes nothing but asinine captions and old snap shots, except for one great picture of Pistols/Heartbreakers / hangers on forever stepping out into a sad, self-imposed exile one night, Foyles shining away in another world.

You may wish you'd been a real London 1976 punk when you look at this book, but where are *they* now? Anyhow, observe how young John Rotten was, how great Glen Matlock looked, how thin Cook and Jones once were, how Vicious was about as relevant to the Sex Pistols as Linda Kerridge is to Joe DiMaggio, how good it was, how lousy it is. That band was really good, but their memory stinks so much they've obliterated themselves.

Stevenson, being right there in the thickest of the thick, should have made it clear why the Sex Pistols were so new and big, but the only pictures that pin it down are by Joe Stevens (now there's a photographer with a book in him). Stevenson only shows you common knowledge — that everyone had a good time, close friends of the Sex Pistols had a great time, and the Sex Pistols themselves were killing time, clock-watching.

Julie Burchill

Graphic: RAY LOWRY

Sneak preview of the forthcoming Clash album sleeve designed by Hypersensitive Studios

WALK AWAY RENE. THE WORK OF HIPGNOSIS.
Compiled by Hipgnosis and George Hardie.
(Paper Tiger £4.75)

A MILLION years ago rock and roll was something new and scarey, performed by crazy looking men wearing oversized jackets and baggy trousers that fell into vast concertina'd folds over the tops of shoes resembling scaled-down automobiles or converted jelly moulds.

These fabulous creatures wore their hair combed off the forehead and pushed into a streamlined wave that constantly threatened to collapse into the eyes; the sides meanwhile were raked back in neat furrows and picked out in glistening grease to terminate in the self-explanatory ducks' arse, down the centre back of the head.

They made outrageously crude and exciting records that were packaged in any tacky old sleeve the innate bad taste and typographical ignorance could produce, and everything in the garden was garish.

By the mid-1970s we had sensitive uh, rock musicians and sympathetic graphic artists, both eager to translate musical ideas into visual terms for album covers that would complement and enhance the appeal of the recorded work. It's from around this period that most of the material for this collection of Hipgnosis sleeve designs has been culled. Perhaps they sould really be assessed without benefit of the knowledge that, for a brief and heady time that followed, rock and roll graphics were down to whoever's handwriting was scrawled on the cover of the current Sniffin' Glue.

The first point to make is that the Hipgnosis team haven't worked for amny really interesting bands, apart from an aborted job for the Rotting Stones.

Pink Floyd (yawn), Yes (no), 10cc (zzz), Genesis (go away), Peter Frampton (or I'll tear your throat out), Led Zep, Black Sabbath (swine, bastard, rip, grunch, grargh!!) . . .

The list is endlessly enervating and visually it's all desert sands, enigmatic flying objects and pseudo-surreal photomontage (apart from sone genuinely interesting and original designs from George Hardie). Apparently, Hipgnosis still have to argue and cajole to get even this level of creativity on to record covers and the delicious thought intrudes that some of the more obviously deranged bands should be left to their own devices and given the chance to air their artistic pretentions on their sleeves (like John Mayall, who did everything but sweep the studio out after sessions).

You should bear in mind, though, that the first Elvis, Beatles, Dylan, Clash, Hendrix, etc. albums could have been wrapped in soiled copies of Meat Pullers' Weekly and they'd still have been great records. if the next Genesis album was shrink-wrapped in equal portions of the holy shroud of Turin and the Pope's strides, it would still be a big fat squawker. Personally, I'm for exhaustive sleeve notes and as much documentary photography as possible, particularly in the case of defunct bands or deceased artists.

Final thought — don't believe a word of it the next time someone tries to tell you that it's uncool or boring for rock and roll bands to sing about politics if it's politics that have made you dumb and passive and willing to accept album sleeves instead of art.

Ray Lowry

FEEL LIKE GOING HOME
By Peter Guralnick *(Omnibus Press £1.95)*

FEEL Like Goin Home is a series of love letters: lovingly fashioned portraits of various figures both famous and obscure who contributed building blocks to the towering edifice of '50s rock and roll.

Guralnick has a lover's passion, a novelist's sensitivity to nuances of character and event, a musician's ear, a historian's insatiable appetite for detail and fact: all these attributes wedded to a fan's devotion to the music which moves him, and a critic's questing instinct for the *how* and *why* of the music's emotional impact.

Guralnick's music is the roots: he loves the R&B strain — from Chicago blues all the way back to the country blues — and rockabilly, the latter covered in two incisive essays on Jerry Lee Lewis and Charlie Rich. Each chapter examines the musician and his environment along with the music and its causes and effects.

After a brace of introductory essays we meet Guralnick's cast list: Muddy Waters, Johnny Shines, Skip James, Robert Pete Williams, Howlin' Wolf, Sam Phillips, Jerry Lee Lewis, Charlie Rich and "Chess Records: Before The Fall."

With an almost painful intensity, Guralnick communicates the feeling of falling in love with rock and roll at a time when it was something you couldn't bring home; the joy of discovery, haunting obscure record shops in weird parts of town, ordering up records from mail-order catalogues, taking a chance on strange, exciting-looking discs, the lure of the exotic and mysterious . . . in these days when rock and roll is totally mainstream, Guralnick recaptures that original call-of-the-wild sirensong that rock must've been way back then.

His autobiographical material never sounds like he's trying to ram *his* life down our throats; more like he's laying down lines of communication between himself and his readers. His journalism is cut from the finest cloth: he introduces the reader to places and people he or she would otherwise not know, and makes them all real. He makes you understand.

This is the function of his portraits of men like Johnny Shines, a friend and contemporary of Delta phantom Robert Johnson, who was perpetually overshadowed by the legend of his former companion.

He is no less acute and moving when he turns his attentions to better-known figures like Howlin' Wolf or Muddy Waters, who at least achieved enough recognition for their titanic musical achievements to be able to make a living from their art.

But the men of whom Guralnick writes have already lived their best days: "I could holler pretty good," recalls Shines. "Oh, I could scream like a panther. You think I can sing now. Christ, you should have heard me back in my thirties."

And, most affecting of all, Muddy Waters when asked if he had any regrets: "I'm sorry that the world didn't know me before they did, because I think I worked hard enough for them to know me. I worked very, very hard to get to where I am, and it just looked like I was late getting to the point where mostly the whole world know someting about me. They could have come around a lot earlier, you know. When I was younger and could have put out more."

That's the whole ball game. *Feel Like Going Home* brings it back alive better than any book of its kind ever published.

Charles Shaar Murray

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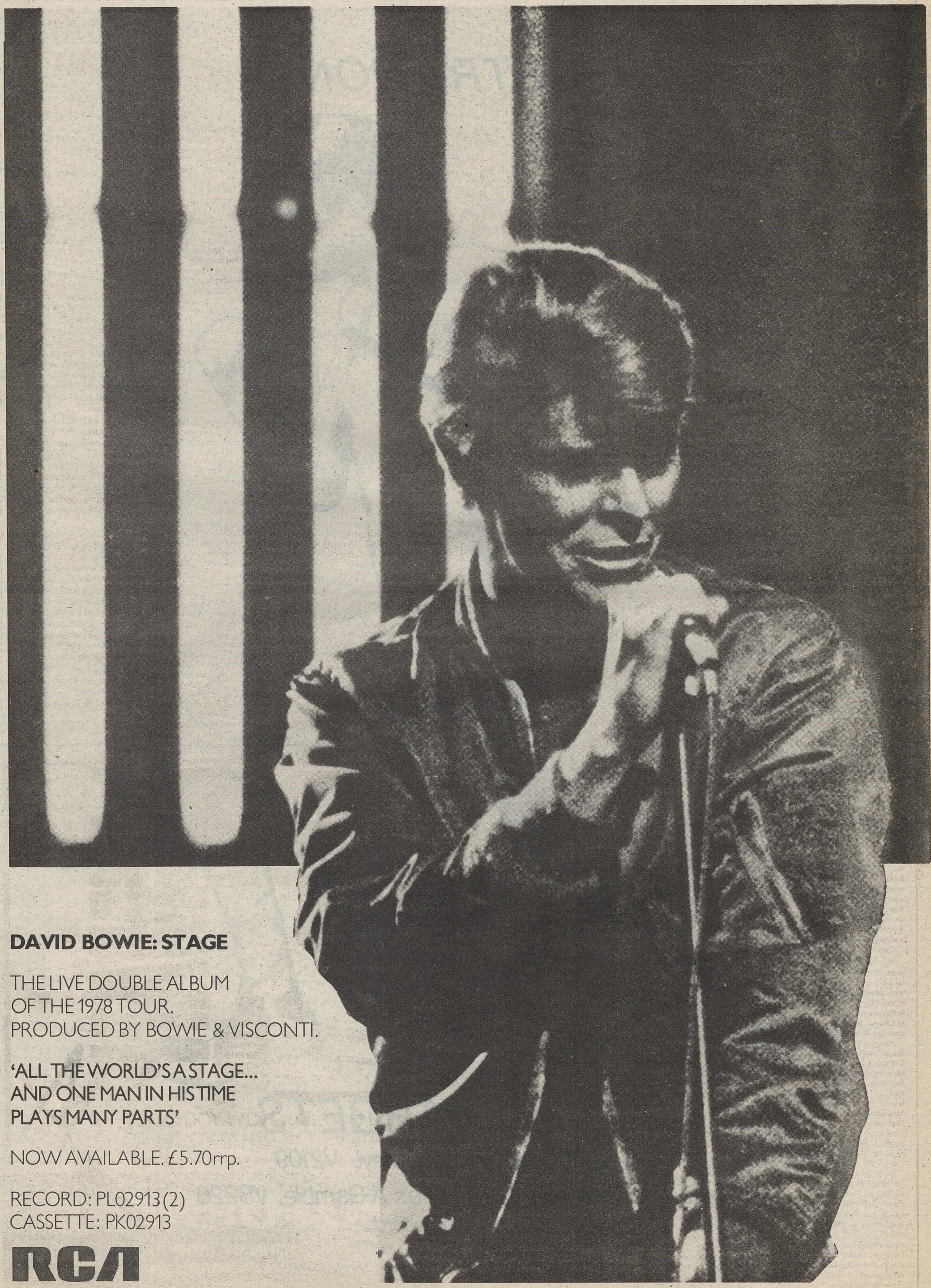

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RCA

SILVER SCREEN

The man who fell from grace with the sea

RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN in Weir's THE LAST WAVE, eerily recalling the Bowie/Newton pose.

The Last Wave

Directed by Peter Weir
Starring Richard Chamberlain and Olivia Hamnet
(United Artists)

ONE AMONGST the jostling multitude of unusual and untoward occurences that make *The Last Wave* Peter Weir's most compelling and unsettling achievement, a broken rainbow holds uncertain station in the glowering sky above Sydney, Australia . . .

Readers of a Biblical persuasion will hardly need reminding that God first hung the rainbow to seal his new covenant with Man in the person of Noah in the wake of The Great Flood. But now the bow is broken — and this, all ye of little faith, is IT, the apocalypse now, The Final Flood.

Regardless of whether or not Weir intended the rainbow so literally, it's still a potent image. Even nature is unnatural; all is definitely not well on earth below. Both *The Cars That Ate Paris* and *Picnic At Hanging Rock* gave Weir ample opportunity to invest land and landscape with awesome power and presence, but here he's aimed higher and, correspondingly, the rewards are greater.

Had *The Last Wave* been made by Americans in Amerika, it would probably be a disaster of a disaster movie after the dire and dreadful manner of *Earthquake* or *The Towering Inferno*. But it wasn't, and it isn't. Weir's film makes a mockery of the Hollywood method. There are no conveniently assembled casts of famous character actors to populate the disaster zone and to lend a vestigial element of 'human interest'. There are no mass demolitions to keep Special Effects in work. There isn't even a disaster as such. It merely *impends*.

Merely? Not really. No stranger to spine-cracking suspense, Weir maximises both motion and medium by ditching conventional narrative in favour of somehow playing and plying his material forwards, backwards and sideways at once. A Chinese box-you think you understand; you never do.

A paranormal film about the paranormal? It makes para-perfect sense. Not content to keep toes twisted with hail crumping out of cloudless skies, rains of oil and rains of frogs, Weir takes the terror into the hitherto cosy suburban home of urbane corporate lawyer David Burton (Richard Chamberlain) and wife Annie (Olivia Hamnet). Water is obviously a prime wellspring of mixed metaphor and mystery throughout, but have you ever been scared witless by an overrunning bath? Believe it when you see it.

And if this (is nothing normal?) weren't enough, Weir takes a leaf from the storehouse of Australian Aboriginal myth and reels the film into Dream Time, an area of hyper-reality (pardon my pretention) that co-exists alongside our everyday reality and can, for example, be perceived in predicative dreams. So Burton, becoming ever more befuddled and bewildered, starts dreaming what may or may not be.

And if all *this* weren't enough, those involved in this metaphysical maelstrom have to struggle against conflicting loyalties. Burton has to weigh his love for his family against the terrifying future-present of his dreams, Charlie (Nandjiwarra Amagula) and Gerry Lee (Walter Amagula) their respect for their tribal traditions against the exigencies of living a rootless existence in urban Sydney.

Both dramas are tellingly told and tangled, especially the second; Weir's portrayal of the Aboriginal predicament is deeply affecting and anything but patronising. And Chamberlain is *very* credible (forget Dr. Kildare and remember Ken Russell's *The Music Lovers*).

To have assimilated all this in a mere 1 hr. 46 mins would in itself have been enough to place Weir in the Panavision pantheon. But there's more, much more.

All considered, this is a film of the moment. It weights new man against old man, rational sophistry against irrational faith. You don't have to see *The Last Wave* to see the signs and make your choice, but it helps.

Angus MacKinnon

FLAT OUT

The Boxer

Directed by Shuji Terayama
Starring Kentaro Shimizu
(Marquee)

THE BOXER is a load of baloney.

This geezer, Temma (played by Japanese pop star Kentaro Shimizu), wants to be a boxer, even though he's got a weak ankle. One day his girlfriend throws him over for a workmate, and Temma immediately offs the guy by accidentally dropping a used car on him from a great height.

This annoys the guy's brother, who happens to be an ex-boxing champ, and stirring himself from his customary alcoholic stupor, he heads out for revenge. However, the Oriental David Essex instead persuades the old champ to help him train for the East Japan New Junior Featherweight title, which — surprise, surprise — he wins, come the last reel, in the most ludicrously unconvincing boxing match in the entire history of world cinema.

Meanwhile, there's a lot of mysterious sub-plot going on to convince you the film has ***significance,*** *maaan. Then there are a couple of scenes which feature a load of wierdos in a cafe to prove the film is arty with it and the message seems to be illusions are destructive, but life is pointless without them — so there's no escape, and we're all gonna die anyway, especially boxers etc., etc.*

Oh, there are also nice shots of sunsets and a beach.

Graham Lock

The Legacy

Directed by Richard Marquand
Starring Katharine Ross and Sam Elliott
(Columbia-Warner)

GIVEN THE RUN of a stately home, a hefty bedget and a witchcraft scenario by ex-Hammer veteran Jimmy Sangster, it fair makes one's flesh creep how often *The Legacy* resembles a bumper omnibus edition of Pearl & Dean.

For example, there's the same discontinuity of story line which is presented in a witlessness of fits and starts, alternating between the bottled wasp and the mailbag in tempo, and a complete absence of momentum.

Maggie Walsh (Katharine Ross) and her boyfriend, Pete Danner (Sam Elliott) leave LA for a mysterious job offer in England. Colliding with a vintage Rolls Royce in a leafy lane, they recuperate in Jason Mountolive's ancestral home. Five other guests arrive, and it soon becomes clear, or clearish, that some supernatural circle is now complete.

Each of the guests gets bumped off, while their host, shuttling between 40 and 400, handles the predestination angle. Maria drowns in the pool when the surface solidifies. Clive (an oafish performance by Roger Daltrey) chokes on a chickenbone and fails to respond to tracheotomy with a table knife. Karl burns before the hearth, and is fed to the dogs, and Barbara's mirror explodes.

DALTREY and ROSS share THE LEGACY

By now, Maggie realizes that she is Margaret Walsingham, burned as a witch by Good Queen Bess, and the mother of the sumptuously-named Mountolive J. On his deathbed, he explains that she now incorporates the damned souls of the deceased, and it only remains to have Nurse Adams downstairs — where she becomes a housecat — bung up Jacques' shotgun so that he assassinates himself, and come into her own.

With all that lot going on, it seems crass of director Richard Marquand to drag in so many false emphases to startle — a door opening, a hand drawing a blind, the sidelong look, the secret smile. Daltrey's death is foreshadowed in close-ups of a chicken and a knife, but by then there had been such a posse of abortive clues, that I wan't sure that he wasn't doomed to shut his head in a door.

Anything-goes editing, and a fatal inability to give anybody anything to do in between finding bodies and dying, combine to make this almost terminally boring. Sam Elliott's role as the normal exception is thankless enough. "I don't believe this!" and "They can't get away with this!" were never off his lips. Mine neither.

Brian Case

MODERNE MAN

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Be Bop Deluxe

Tilt your fedora and listen as BILL NELSON slings away the official script, defies D-Notices and reveals the secret of RED NOISE. Our man BOB 'PINCHER' EDMANDS scribbled this furtive report on the back of an envelope.

"PEOPLE shouldn't come along and expect guitar solos just because the band's called Bill Nelson's Red Noise," says Bill Nelson.

"In fact, there are going to be less guitar solos than ever. With the songs I've written so far, there no guitar solos at all. Zero. Zilch. There are saxophone solos, and there are keyboard solos, but that's it."

Bill Nelson is sitting in the cavernous offices of his manager in London's West End after travelling down on the train from Wakefield. The aim of the interview is to talk about the final Be-Bop Deluxe album due out shortly.

It's a retrospective album called "The Best And The Rest Of Be Bop Deluxe", and Bill Nelson is under strict orders to retrospect and say nothing about the new band he's putting together.

"I was even given a copy of the press release on the Be Bop album, so that I would say the same thing in the interview as they say in that," he says.

He produces it from his pocket. His name is written and underlined in thick black ink on the top.

"I ask you," he says. "In this day and age. . ."

BILL NELSON split up Be Bop Deluxe earlier this year because he says it had become too confining.

It wasn't a question of "personal differences". He has no criticism at all of his fellow musicians in the band, insisting that he couldn't have wished to work with a better bunch.

"I wanted to split Be Bop a year ago, because I hate this syndrome of repeating past successes. People very kindly used to shout out for our old numbers like 'Yorkshire Landscape' and 'Sister Seagull' at our gigs, but those are songs that belong to the past. God help me, if I'd got to go on playing the same songs for years.

"It had reached the stage where the ideas coming out of my head were no longer the same as those I was playing on stage.

"Now, that sounds a very corrupt thing, and in a way it is. But it's due to the way the business is structured. By the time people latch on to your songs, by the time they've even come out on record, you've moved on as a writer.

"It's already happening with the new band. I've got 18 songs, and some of them are six months old now, and there's not due to be an album until next year."

Bill Nelson's Red Noise — that's the band's official title — will have a totally different approach to Be Bop Deluxe, as you'll have already gathered.

But a rock band, led by a guitarist, featuring no guitar solos?

"I'm basically playing chords," says Bill, "and there are some parts where I play unison lines with the sax player. The rest of the time it's songs, and odd songs at that. Silly songs, with silly time changes and discords.

"Things that sound like motor horns come in the middle of songs. Everything that I've always thought was over the top will be piled in.

"No, let me qualify that, not completely over the top — or it wouldn't be at all commercial.

"I've tried to blend accessibility with eccentricity. There are songs like 'Don't Touch Me, I'm Electric', 'Radar In My Heart', 'A Better Home In The Phantom Zone', 'Wonder Toys That Last Forever'.

"The titles themselves probably give you an idea of what it will be like. Surreal and trivial, but fun.

"I was going to say it will be like a Salvador Dali set to music — but that's a stupid statement."

The only musician other than Bill who remains from Be Bop is Andrew Clark, and Bill says "keyboard players that are good are hard to find".

Otherwise, the line-up will include Bill's younger brother Ian on saxophones and primitive keyboards, and a bass-player called Rick Ford. A drummer still has to be found.

Bill says that Rick Ford, who plays fretless bass will be "very good, provided I can knock the Jaco Pastorius influence out of him". Rick has done session work with Tony Visconti, and toured — Bill thinks — with Ike and Tina Turner.

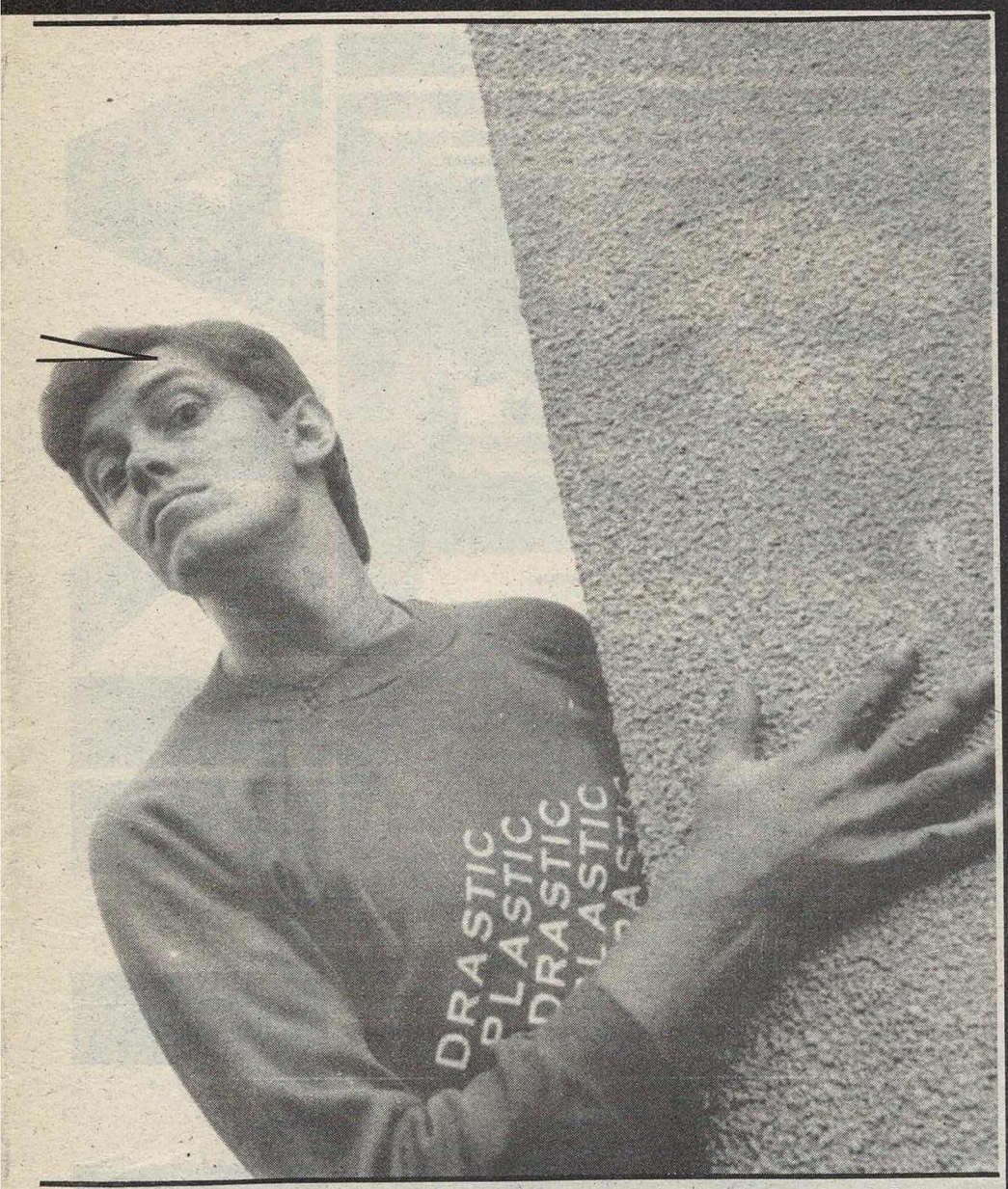
"We had an American drummer," said Bill, "and he was very good, but he didn't quite fit.

"There were a couple of things", he adds mysteriously.

"Anyway, I shall do some of the drumming on some things. My drum work has a certain naive charm. And when we need a proper drummer on other songs, I'm planning to use Dave Mattacks or Paul Thompson."

Red Noise are due to make their debut at a one-off concert in Sheffield in December. That's Bill's part of the world, more or less, and he thinks it'll give the band some confidence. But what if it's a shambles?

"It won't be a shambles. If it's not ready, we won't do it.



The real tour is supposed to be arranged for February, and I definitely wouldn't risk going on stage with a band that isn't ready.

"But we've had rehearsals that I've found far more stimulating than anything I've done in the last four years. I've actually smiled and giggled my way through some of the songs."

How did he come to choose the name, which sounds as though it's got something to with aggressive politics.

"Well, it has got something to do with politics, but the politics of music. I've become very militant in the past year about the way music ought to be played.

"I mean, the new wave have made a lot of advances, but basically they've not done a lot more than change their clothes and their hair styles.

"The old ideas have to be thrown out, and it takes a lot of guts to do that, but it's the only way to build something new."

What, though, if Red Noise is a disaster? Does Bill worry about that?

"I do, desperately," he says. "I'm in debt up to my ears.

"If it's just as much of a success as Be Bop and no more, then the worst I can end up with is £40,000 worth of debts, which is how I ended up with Be Bop."

How come?

"We were too extravagant. We put too much into stage shows and lights and equipment. We had too many in the crew, and their wages were too high.

"We had lots of drink in the dressing room. We lived like we were bigger than we were, really. We knew it, too, and we didn't give a damn.

"It was like, we may be washed up in a year's time, but let's go out in style."

IN BILL Nelson's opinion, too many people make too much money out of the rock business.

"The business has become too secure. With the majority of bands, you can't say they've got real talent. There's no art in it. It's just guys getting up and strumming guitars and getting money for it.

"In some ways it reminds me of when I worked as a clerk in local government. A safe job. You started when you left school, and stayed on until you were 65 and got your golden handshake. That's what rock music is like nowadays.

"On the other hand, there's no more irresponsible job. You can get wasted, drunk, and have as many women as you want, if that kind of thing appeals to you, for the least possible outlay of talent.

"I think there should be more risks and more penalties for rock musicians. If you had to go into hiding, and risked getting shot to perform, then we'd find out who really cared.

"There was a time when I had aspirations to introduce art into the music, but these days I'm just like all the rest."

Bill Nelson evidently adds the last comment so as not to sound too self-righteous. But his credentials are all too apparent.

Be Bop Deluxe were increasingly successful in the States, with the last few albums going Top 40.

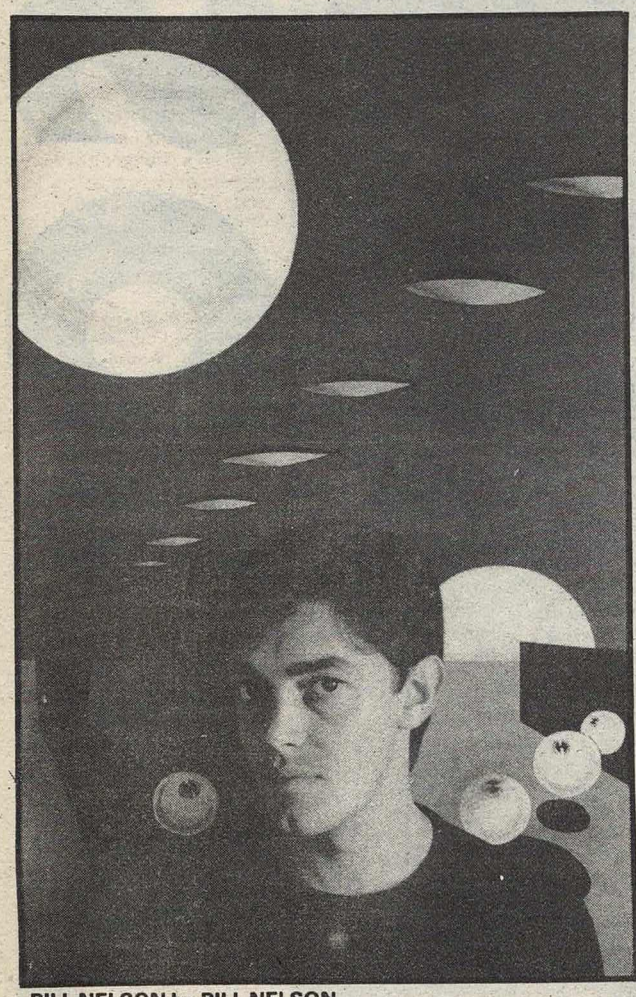
"If we had really been serious about America," he says, "we could have made more of a killing, particularly if I'd played up the guitar bit.

"We always got put on bills with people like Ted Nugent and Blue Oyster Cult. Everything that the British rock press criticised me for, I had to do 10 times more to get across.

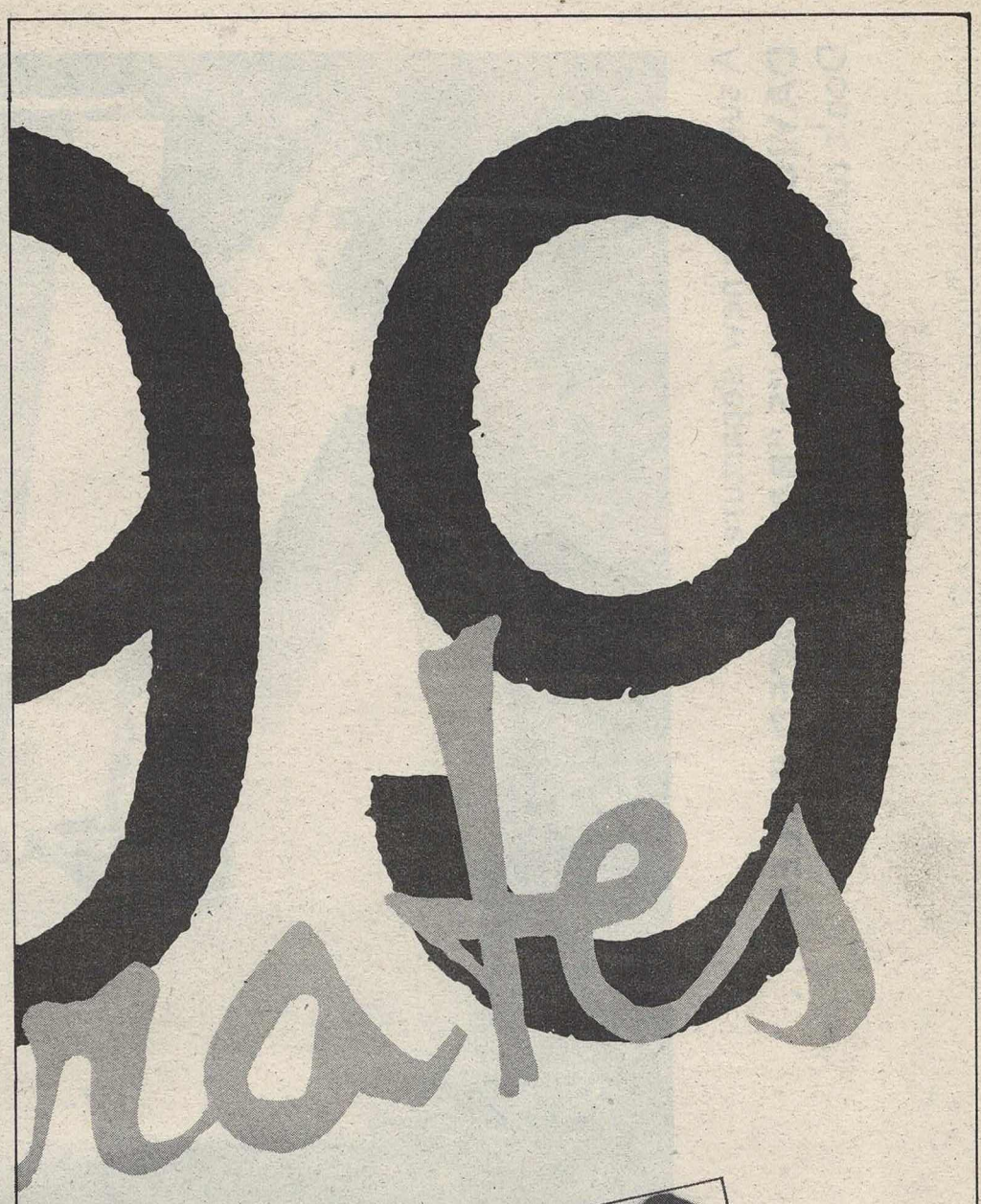
"I really had to hurl myself through the speakers every night. Go down on my knees and sweat buckets. It was so depressing.

"The biggest insult that was ever said to me was during an interview with an American journalist.

"He said: "Hey man, if you could have stuck with what you were doing at the time of 'Futurama', you could have been as big as Aerosmith".



BILL NELSON by BILL NELSON.



OCTOBER

11 EXETER, Routes
12 BARNSTABLE, Chequers
13 BATH, University
14 WEST RUNTON, The Pavilion
15 CHELMSFORD, Chancellor Hall
16 SWANSEA, Circles
17 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas
18 READING, Bones
20 GLASGOW, Queen Margaret Union
21 STIRLING, University
22 DUNDEE, Samanthas
23 DONCASTER, Outlook
24 MANCHESTER, Polytechnic
25 NEWPORT, Stowaway
26 PORTSMOUTH, Polytechnic
27 LEICESTER, University
28 LOUGHBOROUGH, University
30 KENT University
31 LEEDS, Fan Club

NOVEMBER

1 YORK, Pop Club
2 CARLISLE, Market Hall
3 PRESTON, Polytechnic
5 LONDON, Lyceum

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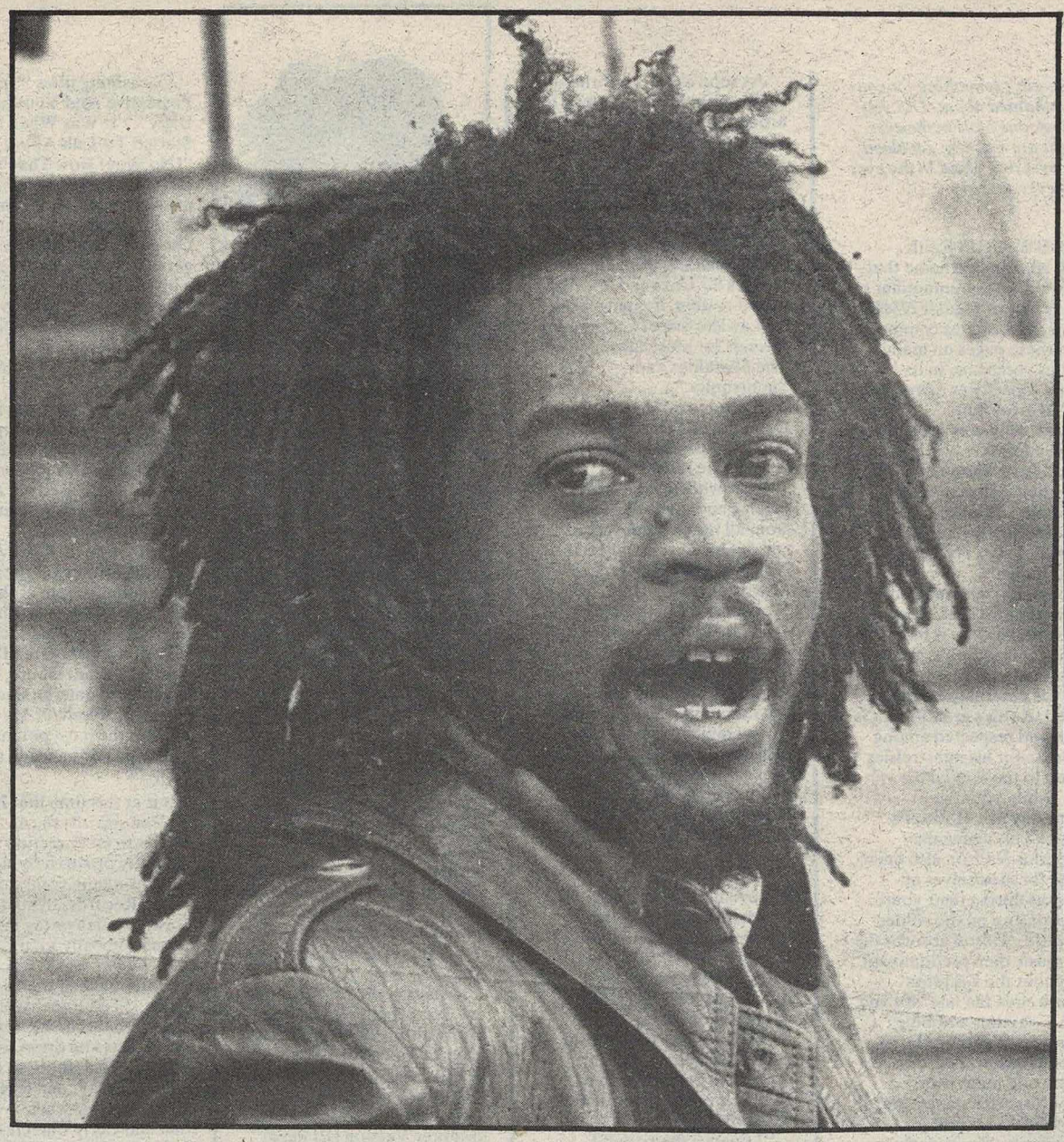

'UDSON. . . Pic: PAT GRIFFITH

THE KEITH HUDSON AFFAIR

A Dread Tale...

ONE NIGHT I am standing outside the Jamaican pattie shop in Portobello Road partaking of the same when a car pulls up on the street and from it emerge certain characters from Kilburn by the name of Militant Barrington, Tapper Zukie and Jah Lacy, which is by no means an unusual combination to see, as these are very intimate idren and frequently keep each other's company, except that now there is a fourth person with them, in the rear approach, one known as King Saul.

Now if I know in advance this King Saul is stepping in my direction I will not even be there at all, for King Saul is a guy I do not require to share an intimate, or any other, relationship with whatever. Furthermore, nobody else in this town requires the immediate co-existence of King Saul, except sometimes in the capacity of bailiff or bodyguard, as he is known locally and wide by one and all as an extremely callous integrity indeed.

In fact, this King Saul is a prominent personality in the federal agents' files on either side of the Atlantic, and is formerly an associate of Peter Rachman and Spike the Gypsy, around the time when the MP for Paddington East classified his manor the UK centre of crime and vice.

Many citizens express wonder that King Saul is not a deh in boneyard already, alongside such infamous Back O'Wall rude bwoys as Two Gun Keith, Ryging, Lance Scott, Woppi King and Bur O Boy, as he is generally implicated as being no backward a participant in the Western Kingston war effort — let me tell you say! — and is know often to hold a gun on his person, which he will sometimes produce to shoot at people if, for instance, he does not like the political party they favour.

The word is King Saul shoots many an innocent victim back in Jamaica, as well as others not so innocent, and it is not unknown for him to practice his skill with a ratchet in this man's town either, and the reason he is usually to be seen around artists of musical disposition is that some of the individuals in this field are as notorious wrongdoers as himself, and besides, King Saul allows it to be understood that he finds the escort of creative persons like Militant Barrington and Tapper Zukie and Jah Lacy a very agreeable and glamorous pursuit.

WELL, HERE am I disposing of a Jamaican pattie and debating whether or not I can cross the street and vanish into Tavistock Road before I am spotted when I hear a large "Wha' 'appen, Jah Reel!" and suddenly Militant Barry is striding over to me and pumping my right hand down and up in greeting.

"Iry," I reply, very tasteful. "The man cool?"

We stand there exchanging responses for a few moments, where I learn that the parties are out in search of food prior to negotiation of a Fat Man Hi Fi session at Phebes, but decline the patties upon discovering that these are filled with meat.

Tapper Zukie speaks for all with his declaration that he does not *nyam* deaders and describes a supermarket in Queensway from where ital vegetable samosas are obtainable, and to which he proposes we proceed, myself included.

It is also arranged that I am accompanying the said quartet to Phebes later on, in order to pay my respects to Keith Hudson who is just arrived in town from JA and scheduled to be in attendance at the venue with a selection of his new music.

Now, of course, I do not desire to go to Stoke Newington's Phebes Club, even to pay my respects to Keith Hudson.

More pertinently, if I do desire to go to Phebes I do not necessarily desire to go with Militant Barrington and Tapper Zukie and Jah Lacy and King Saul, particularly King Saul, as it is written: blessed is the man that walketh not in the council of the ungodly, and anyway, a guy is sometimes judged by the people he is seen moving with, especially around sound-systems, and King Saul is likely to be considered careless company.

But since my fellow travellers are of sensitive temperament and may easily form the impression I am putting the old bird's eye on their unquestionably generous invitation and take offence, I profer not argument nor resistance as I am squeezed into the back seat of Militant Barry's car and we head off.

By PENNY REEL

NOW THIS Phebes Club is a large, ungainly foundation, some three storeys high, that complies in each and every respect with the provisions and requirments of the Town and Country Planning Act 1962 and all regulations or orders made thereunder.

It boasts a somewhat uncertain patronage: on many occasions the place is funereally empty, with less than a score of citizens swelling its interior; at other times, particularly when a name act or top sound is billed, the house gets so *ram-up* that ordinary breathing becomes an extraordinary feat.

Prior to its dinge occupancy, Phebes is a casino cum night spot, specialising in sleazy Cantonese cuisine, Hap Ki Do combat courses and the Krays at the peak of their East End rule.

Before this, it is the HQ of the Hackney and Stoke Newington Jewish Lads' Brigade, given over to chess sessions, table tennis tournaments, physical education and — where the boys are! — a juke box containing the collected works of Connie Francis.

On this night of which I am speaking, Phebes is doing very brisk trade indeed. Fat Man controls a vast youth following in this part of town, where he is hailed the most celebrated Tottenham talent since Mr. James Greaves.

In the upstairs lounge his No. 2 set is regaling its crowd with morecut variations on the currently popular "Get In The Groove" rhythm, like Gregory Isaacs' "Slave Master" and Big Joe's "Natty Dread A The Curnal", as well as other commercial and lovers' rock plaints, such as customs approval with the close-moving couples that inhabit the dance floor.

Downstairs in the basement the No. 1 sound, as toasted by A Roy the Humble Lion, is mixing up the medicine in most Phensical dispensation and bawling *awoah* fe poor Rameses.

It is a very large room, and full of smoke, with a small stage at one end and the sound-system perched on the edge of this stage; and around the sound, in a frenzied display of natty

● Continues next page

MILITANT BARRY. Pic: MURPHY/HERSHMAN.

The boys on the town. Frame 2 — TAPPER ZUKIE; Frame 3 — JAH LACY. Pic: LUCY WILLIAMS.

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KEITH HUDSON

■ From previous page

locks, is the entire population of North London roots and culture brethren, as well as a great number of transportine dreads from Brix and Lewisham, and various militants in the army of Ras Tafari.

They include personalities such as Pepe Judah, Festus Coxsone, Moa Ambassa, Sir Fray, Jah Superior, International King, Bro P Scorcher and Moody Judah, plus a proportion of characters of musical calibre like Errol Dunkley and the Man, Gene Rondo, Ason Gayle, Ras Elroy, Byron Otis and Kelso Christian, and these are wedged up against a mesh of samfie men, and soul vendors, and other stepping razors such as Bootleg Sammy, Pretty Bwoy Patrick, Keen Kenny, Freddy the Cat, Screwface Oliver, and many other high shots.

They are all compressed together and intent on this single figure cavorting stage centre, twixt A Roy and Fat Man himself, the man from Shooter's Hill, Mr. Keith Hudson . . .

"You never looked me in the eyes before. When it was time you turned yours away, as if you were ashamed. Why are you ashamed of us?"

Now, the object of this collective curiosity, nay homage, is a hatless individual with shoulder-length locks and hirsute chops described in an immaculate three-piece suit of delicate pastel, Mafiatone-style, the inevitable red, gold and green belt casually dangling around his waist, beringed fingers, and wide-soled dub shoes protruding from the hem of his bandalou-cut strides and with, on closer acknowledgement, a variety of mutable expressions gleaming from his proud, sometimes red eyes.

"We ain't something for you to be ashamed about. Did you ever look one of us in the eyes. My eyes are red. I've got blood in my eyes and blood in my eyes — my eyes are red . . ."

NOW, THIS Keith Hudson is a name that will be not unfamiliar to the majority of regular *NME* readers, as it excites comment within these pages on many previous occasions, in its owner's capacity as a producer and solo artist both.

In fact, only very recently reviewer John Gray includes the man from Shooter's Hill among half-a-dozen *"true* individuals in music," alongside Bob Dylan, Pete Hammill, Laura Nyro and Kevin Coyne.

In common with many of his contemporaries in the reggae field Keith Hudson is born into a family of traditional musical investiture.

On the paternal side, it is claimed, Keith's grandfather is known and respected among his people for his minstrelsies right up to the time of his death, while both the present-day Mr. Hudson's father and his avuncular Theophilus Hudson also make a name for themselves as musicians during their youth.

Growing up on the wilder side of life, 'Udson absorbs the rebel music then predominant throughout the Kingston ghettoes circa the late '40s and '50s: US rhythm-and-blues wailers like Wynonie Harris, Roscoe Gordon, Pee Wee Crayton and many more mostly-forgotten names inform the prodigal's earliest impressions; even though, as he remarks to me during one conversation, "I wouldn't say that I am really that much inspired by these people. I got this thing in my blood from time."

As soon as he is old enough to run with the pack, which is around the same time as Jamaica gets its Independence and the ska beat is being emasculated into a national tourist attraction — courtesy of Eddie Seaga and Byron Lee — Keith is a partisan follower of Arachnean Clement Seymour Dodd's Sir Coxone Downbeat sound-system, hanging loose on Lawless Street and running errands for musicians such as The Skatalites and Supersonics.

"I used to hold Don Drummond's trombone for him so's I can be in the studio," he recalls.

Meanwhiles, he watches, listens, and gradually learns from all the popular record stars of his day, man like Joe Higgs, Toots Hibbert, Eric Morris, Stranger Cole, The Wailers and Jiving Juniors.

His first instance at creating an entry in the musical arena is as a producer for Mafia Productions. Keith opens his account in spectacular fashion when employing established Jamaican vocalist Ken Boothe to serve interpretation of his debut arrangement, "Old Fashioned Way", which goes on to become a No. 1 hit in Jamaica.

He consolidates this achievement in similarly successful vein when the follow-up pair, "Never Will I Hurt My Baby" from that paragon of sentimental utterance, John Holt, and a medley showcasing "Run, Run, Run" courtesy of cool operative Delroy Wilson, repeat the performance of Boothe's predecessor in the best-seller lists.

"I finance them, and I produce them all. I like writing and if I write something good I won't jus' leave it like that, I record it, because I now have the money in hand. You don't even check how the earning is

going and you don't really have no togetherness, but it is really worth doing."

With DJ talkovers making their incipient appearance on disc, opportunist Keith Hudson takes King Tubby's popular toaster U Roy into the studio to cut a version of "Old Fashioned Way" — "Dynamic Fashion Way" — precedent to and in anticipation of U Roy's hitmaking career of classic recordings with the late Duke Reid.

He is also the first producer to record Dennis Alcapone, who is at this time toasting a Spanish Town sound dubbed El Paso, and is responsible for the exhortative gangster's debut trio: "Spanish Omega", "Marker Version (El Paso)" and — yeah, yeah, *yeah!* — "Ball Of Confusion".

His most fulsome accomplishment recording DJs, however, is reserved for Big Youth with whom he cuts "Ace Ninety Skank" — a version of his own vocal effort "True True To My Heart" — in 1972, and the biggest hit Jah Youth ever scored in JA.

"That is an experience you know, man. That day it is funny; I get up and me know say I 'ave a hit track. I go to Big Youth's house and wake him up, and we bring an S90 into the studio too. Then up to now, it is the only time I ever work with him."

FOR HIS first tentative foray into the UK market Keith leases his production to Trojan who respond with issue of an instrumental featuring the Soul Syndicate musicians and entitled "Riot", plus U Roy's "Keith Hudson Affair" (Green Door-1972), Keith's solo song "Jean You Change Everything" and I Roy's "Silver Platter" version of the same (Randy's-1973), plus a further pair of vocal outings, "Melody Maker" (sic) and "Uncover Me" (Summit-1973).

Very popular at the time too is a Kung-Fu cash-in, "Black Belt Jones" (Faith-1974), featuring an unidentified DJ reputed to the "the 'aardest talker deh a yard, but 'im nah really prefer fe work in studio," according to Tapper Zukie's testimony for my benefit on one occasion.

And this is followed by Hudson's own "Darkest Night On A Wet Looking Road" (Spur), and the two titles from Brent Clarke's Tottenham-based Atra set-up — "Wild Fire" and "In The Rain" (Mamba).

Meanwhile, Hudson has previously negotiated with the Stoke Newington reggae label Magnet — since pushed out of business by the pop company of the same name — for issue of his first UK album, "Entering The Dragon", dedicated to Mr. Felix Dennis. (A previous set — "Class And Subject" being released in JA only).

Containing titles "Too Possessive And You Know It Baby", "It Was When Friends Started To Talk About You", "(No Way) Now That You're Leaving" and the organ instrumental "Man From Shooter's Hill", "Entering The Dragon" begins the cycle of eerie and doom-laden ecstasies with which Keith Hudson finds *"the tempo . . . to keep you rocking, to keep you informed."* Rasta communication = $x^2 - y^2 = (x+y)(x-y)$ = the musicology!

Well-received in the reggae community, and still regarded as a classic set, the album precedes Keith's follow-up pair, both released via Atra, "Flesh Of My Skin" and "Torch Of Freedom".

Carl Gayle of *Black Music* cites the former LP the most outstanding album of the year, and Idris Walters, writing in *Let It Rock* magazine, claims: "Short of 'Natty Dread' (the most important album, black or white, to emerge since 'Sgt. Pepper'), 'Flesh Of My Skin' is perhaps the most potent reggae performance in a long while."

It is at this time that Keith Hudson records the 45 "Lost All Sense Of Direction", and promptly proves it by signing an eight-album contract with Virgin Records, flying to New York, and delivering his new record company a curious collection of music describing the rottenness of the Big Apple: "Too Expensive".

Prior to this he has leased Atra a bass and drum set of unemulated definition, entitled "Pick A Dub", and featuring the 11 Street Dreads — Family Man and Carly Barrett — plying the rhythms of Big Youth's "Ace 90" and Horace Andy's "Don't Think About Me"/Jah Woosh's "I'm Alright", among others.

I am very eager to discuss "Pick A Dub" with 'Udson at this juncture, and on the phone to Keith in the States question him about the details of the "Michael Talbot Affair" — re: U Roy's "Keith Hudson Affair" — contained in this exemplary set.

"I'd like to tell you something about the new album ("Too Expensive")," he peremptorily dismisses my question. "Right now I'm not interested in those old music. I got a four-year contract with Virgin, and I don't want my albums to sound alike. So I am jus' relaxing in New York here, waiting on Virgin to line up a gig, studying music, playing guitar. I've written 19 new songs: 'Manifestation', 'My Eyes Are Red', 'Barbican Heights'; making all my material more stranger."

"Too Expensive" has met with a mixed critical reaction.

"Yeah," he sneers. "Well I liked the concept for the time, you know. I'm not prejudiced against any type of music. There's a lot I'm learning from the people here in New York. What I like about 'Too Expensive' is that it is clean; there's a lot of sad people around and they need some good music to listen to. My album it clean; it's not protesting."

Well, following this, I do not hear anything more of Keith Hudson for some months, but one warm afternoon when I am kicking my heels along Harrow Road wondering where I am going to find the price of a meal, who do I run into but Delroy Washington, then still a Virgin artist in his own right, and he lets on that the record company have released the Rasta countryman from his four-year and eight album contract.

And now here am I in Phebes Club forgoing my sleep while the subject of this essay is keeping rocking and informed and *blacka* the congregated assembly to the tempo of his brand new dubs, or rather, new "Brand" dub.

"TALK TO ME, I'm your brethren, there's a lot more for us to learn — about reggae. . ."

Well, as I say, Phebes is well *ram-up* on this particular occasion when I walk into the room with Militant Barrington and Tapper Zukie and Jah Lacy and King Saul.

King Saul lets loose a hearty wha' 'appen as we enter, and the dreads all look around, and the next moment there is space cleared alongside Fat Man and company not only for King Saul but for Militant Barrington, Tapper Zukie, Jah Lacy and me, too.

It is really quite uncanny the way there is suddenly room for the five of us when there is no room whatever when we come in.

"King Saul! We have to communicate, we have to send the message so you brothers afar can understand what's going on ina communique, a communication. Reggae, this is reggae, reggae King Saul. And we will live through this eternity."

All the while Hudson is selecting from this assortment of slate — and to which A Roy prefaces each choice with a "Humble Lion" refrain — the Man from Shooter's Hill is dramatising the fruits of his genius in gymnastic exposition.

Breathing ital earthquake, fire and brimstone from his nostrils, and clenching his fist skywards in defiance of oppressors, the elegantly-attired dread steps and struts before the acolyte fraternity like the proverbial best-dressed chicken in Phebes, declaiming the wicked.

This continues for a number of hours until, around 6.00am, the patron of the establishment, a large guy by the name of Big Lance, squeezes his way through to the sound and announces that he is compelled to close the club at this time as Babylon deh pon street and would the idren please leave in peace and love and remember, each and every night all roads lead to Phebes, in tune to entertaining sounds from this sound, Sir Fray sound, Jah Shaka sound. One aim. One God. One destiny.

"Felt we felt the strain, Rasta took the blame that was handed down through a thousand generations. . . never changed me, never changed me. . ."

AS WE file into the bitter dawn Hudson stops me in the corridor and offers his own explanation of the Vernon's Yard affair.

"They tried to make a Bob Marley out of me," he harangues. "But Bob Marley is not me and I am not Bob. Bob Marley is my elder brother, he is a Reuben and I am a Joseph, so Bob mus' come first. It is written. I am given the instruction to go forward in my own way, not as Bob Marley but as Keith Hudson."

ON ITS RELEASE last year "Brand" is one of the most consistently played out dub excursions in this town, with tracks like "Felt The Strain", "My Eyes Are Red" and "Musicology" garnering relentless, even excessive execution at all the dread and dread affairs.

The finished vocal production of "Brand" — entitled "Rasta Communication" — is made available on US import only, earlier this year. It remarks the consummation of Keith Hudson's enduring inner journey through this tribulation and demonstrates his ever more subtle and proficient production technique.

When I look through my window in the morning, I smell the smell of herb and hear the laughter of my brethren. I was brought up on the wilder side of life.

Robin Trower

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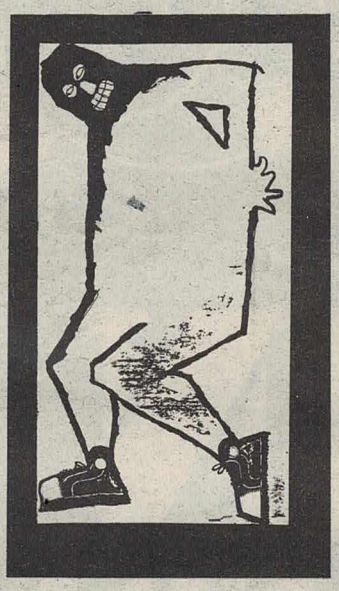

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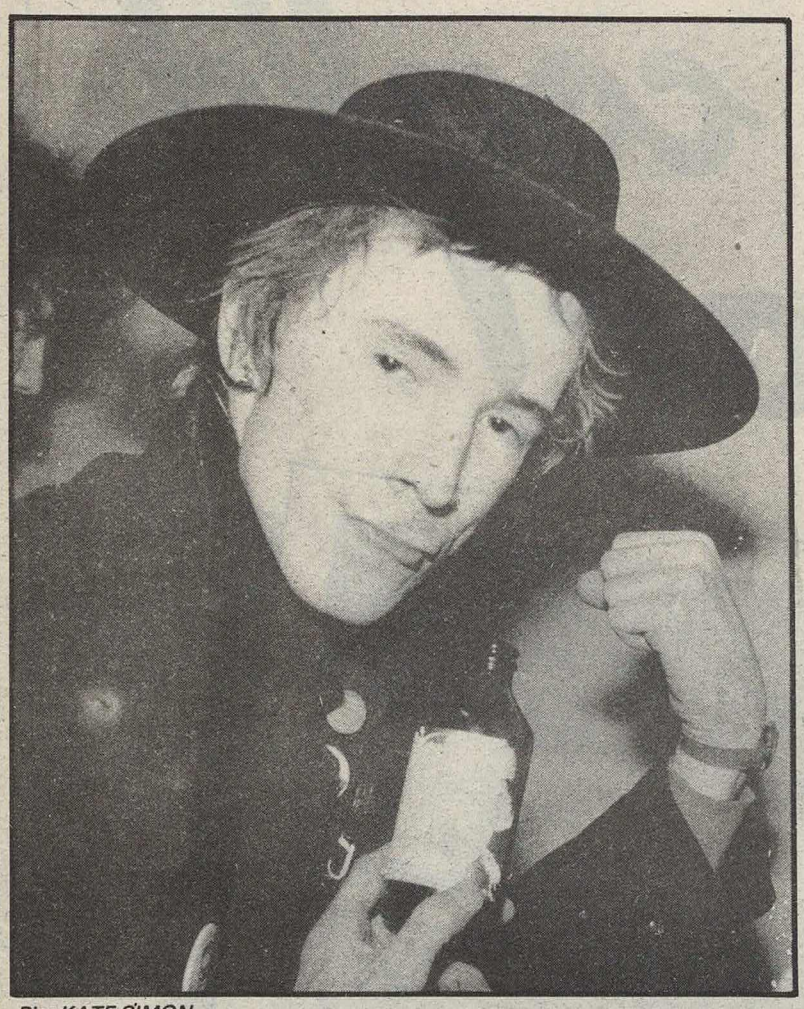
SINGLES

JR shows fearless face to world.



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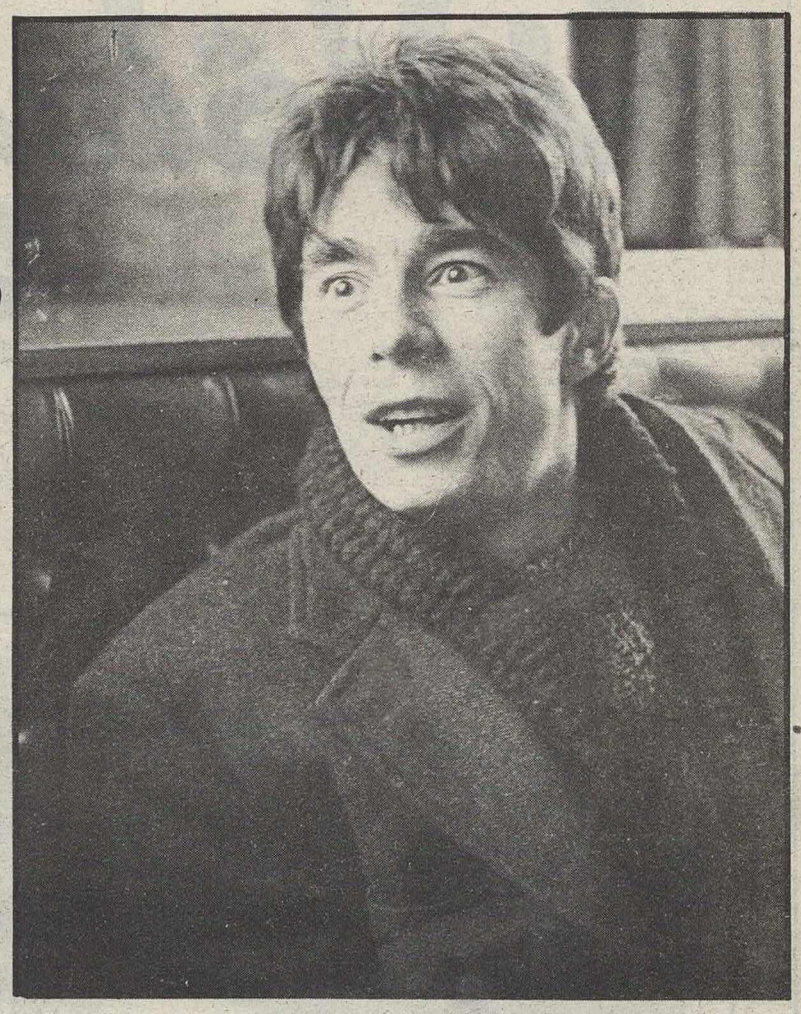

Pic: KATE SIMON

From Public Nuisance To Public Bar And Public Image

Reviewed by JULIE BURCHILL

● **SINGLE OF THE WEEK!!!**

THE JERSEY DEVIL: Fever *(Bruce Records).*
Without meaning to be all *Snouds Snobbish Staff's Collector's Corner* about this, "Fever" is the B-side of an American promotional disc that you might never get hold of in your life but I can't care because this shoves even Evelyn King and her "Shame" down into second best single of 1978. And anyway, I've just discovered Bruce Springsteen.

I am embarrassed almost to loathing by everything Springsteen cut before "Born To Run" and even find parts of that too sticky to listen to, so I'm so happy he finally quit rambling on about Spanish angels drinking beer on the hot street and writes sexy, friendly songs instead of sloppy ones.

"When I get home from my job I turn on the TV/But I can't keep my mind on the show/When I lay down at night I don't get no sleep/So I turn on the radio/But the only thing I hear is you whispering in my ear/Them words that you used to say/The days grow longer/The love just grows stronger/The fever/Gets worse/Every day . . . I got the fever for this girl . . ."

I think that Bruce Springsteen is the only argument for healthy heterosexuality that rockanroll has been able to manage since Tim Buckley, and before Buckley I don't reckon there was anyone. Springsteen is so hard and handsome, so tough and good; he would never dream of touting his crotch around some stage for the sake of quelling his own latent homosexual demons, nor would he write I'm-A-Man-So-I'm-Gonna-Kill-You-Bitch lyrics. He is romantic, but I bet he would bust every face in sight if he caught his girlfriend with someone else. And I *know* that's the kind of boyfriend all girls want in their poor neglected heart of hearts, under all the modern immorality and archaic guilt.

"Fever" is sultry, smoke-choked, ill-recorded, heart-breaking night-club music, cheek-to-cheek dancing-as-in-swaying-standing-still smooch; the torch-song to end all torch-songs, starring Bruce Springsteen as the one torch to work towards amongst an ocean of sub-standard money-making product.

NEVILLE WANKER AND THE PUNTERS: (Sing A Little Song For) The Boys On The Dole *(Lightning).*
SHAM 69: Hurry Up, Harry *(Polydor).*
Sham 69 have come on no end in two years, from wearing swastikas and supporting The Count Bishops in front of an audience of six to fooling most of the people all of the time, and, in one fell swoop with this latest single, becoming the undisputed Kings Of Gumbie-Rock. "Hurry Up, Harry" is surely the most atrocious record yet from a 'name' punk band. Everyone knows that Jimmy Pursey loses sleep over not being Joe Strummer and never being taken seriously by anyone other than skinheads, debutantes, the SWP and other assorted morons. This is why he approximates The Clash's warped vision of prole life as endless riots in tower blocks with his own more acceptable, simplistic, simple-minded version — going down the pub with the united kids with dirty faces. At 24, he's still trying to kid the world he's an under-age drinker smoking behind the bike sheds.

Never has a recorded voice sounded so cretinous, intoning a chorus of — *"Come on! Come on!/Hurry up, Harry, come on/Come on! Come on!/Hurry up, Harry, come on/WE'RE GOING DOWN THE PUB!!!/WE'RE GOING DOWN THE PUB!!!"* Never before has man expressed such "Love Divine, All Loves Excelling" joy about going down the pub with his mate. Jimmy, you may come from Surrey, but this is no excuse for your gross misrepresentation of the way the drinking-classes go about their business; you seem to have culled your impressions from *Carry On* films and the Monty Modlyn Show. Really, Jimmy, some of us even have inside lavatories these days.

Neville Wanker's punk parody is massively less off-target than Pursey's serious effort, catchy and endearing in the manner of peace-time Vera Lynn meeting Menace; its words make sad fun of a movement that deserves everything it gets if it makes Jimmy Pursey one of its figureheads.

● **ALL THEY WANT IS A LITTLE RESPECT WHEN THEY COME OUT**

THIRTEENTH FLOOR ELEVATORS: You Really Got Me *(Austin).*
CHRIS BELL: I Am The Cosmos *(Car).*
PENETRATION: Life's A Gamble *(Virgin).*
PUBLIC IMAGE LTD: Public Image *(Virgin).*
Four respect-able records, their makers having reputations that might deter people from dismissing their poorish product on first (or second, or fourth, or ever) hearing. Some got their reputation more or less fairly through slogging away all around the country and having artistic pretensions (Penetration), the others got it through being in bands that enjoyed a period of cult/nationwide hysteria and then hid themselves away for ages, getting their heads together and picking their scabs.

Even in the innocent old days when they sang "You're Gonna Miss Me" on "The Nuggets", the Thirteenth Floor Elevators and king-pin Roky Erickson in particular loathed and despised the majority of their "psychedelic" contemporaries for not being out of their brains on sugar-cubes a mere 25 hours a day. In the liner notes of their first album, they referred revoltedly to "those people who for the sake of appearances take on the superficial aspects of The Quest" — the apex of which was, apparently, to crank out 6.27 versions of "You Really Got Me". Recorded live in Austin, Texas, in 1967, this record is a good case against repetition and for shooting acid-debris and the man who invented the guitar.

Roky (who incidentally spent a long while in mental hospitals due to his abuse of hallucinogenics) by all rights should have been sent out to Saigon to get his scrambled brains blown out with the rest of them milk-fed mama's boy mugs, as should Chris Bell, naughty draft-dodging cult ex of Big Star. Big Star, of whom no-one with a bit of sense has ever heard, have recently been dug up and touted as hot news, "the premier American rock band, the group into which The Beatles never evolved". Irresponsibly encouraged, Chris has 're-shaped his monstrous masterpiece' "I Am The Cosmos" which goes *'Every night I tell myself/I am the cosmos'* and is appalling hippie rambling, moany and draggy with no tune, in which every instrument sounds like a cymbal. It's also the first record I've seen where the press release comes in acid-speak.

Penetration used to be all bang-thump-punk but these days they're quite musical apart from an awful guitar whose ego needs neutering. Pauline Murray has a pretty voice, just like a Grace Slick who never heard of cocaine, but she does write embarrassing words, all profound titles and gargantuan insights which ordinary people just take in their stride day in, day out. "Don't Dictate" was the same as this; no attempt to remedy problems or rout out new ones, just scream and point at things that stick out a mile. They aren't even a dance band, with that aimless beat like a fiend from hell on their back and Pauline's voice inevitably deteriorating into a fish-wife bawl. Essentially a band all worked up with nowhere to go.

Public Image have a lovely little sound, a long way from orthodox boring heavy rock with a punchy, light sound above that great bass and stuff. But oh dear! What crummy lyrics you've come up with, John Rotten, all whining about how your fans didn't do you right and how you want to be let alone etcetera. Rotten performs autopsy on Dead Pistols, full of lines about making his exit and not being the same as when he began . . . the record's only charm is when you hear it while thinking about everything Rotten started and what he's done, and then its charm is considerable. It will get in the charts, but only on reputation.

It's a shame, but Rotten will probably end up around 1988 like Iggy Pop, being touted around by some businessman on the strength of the outrageous band he used to be with, making offbeat records that impress a certain section of art-groupies and trying to play it straight to young audiences who were too young to be touched when he was good and now just want to see him hurt himself with cigarettes. Never mind, thanks for the memories.

TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS: Listen To Her Heart *(Shelter).*
There seems to be some kind of irrational public resistance up against Petty — maybe they put leaflets through the doors and missed us or something — causing his cheery, cheeky discs never to get past Number 30 in the cheery, cheeky charts. I don't know why all the normals amongst us haven't taken him to our hearts yet: he thinks ecology is a crock of shit, he doesn't take drugs, he goes through girls like tissues — all that modern, acceptable stuff. I don't know why he's so unpopular.

This is a lilting, rockabye, piggy-in-the-middle-both-lyrically-and-musically type thing, a good chart single, romantic and earthy in a wet kind of way, better than 99% of the crap that gets on the radio — and I salute the public for not making a non-ecological person a millionaire.

MELANIE HARROLD: Let's Spend The Night Together *(DJM).*
A gorgeous record, Melanie singing with a confidence in her conquering like the most beautiful girl on earth. Are we not Jane Asher? No, we are Joanna Carlin, folkie plodder given a perm and sent out into the world again under her real name. Still, this is the slowest, most stunning samba ever, assassinating the pathetic Rolling Stones boasting and even ripping off my sentimental attachment to Bowie's bombardment of it. Melanie is sublime, like nothing would be too much trouble for her — a soft sax, too. Quite beautiful and quite pointless.

● **FAILURES IN OTHER FIELDS TRY TO BREAK INTO DISCO, IT BEING RAVE AT THE MOMENT**

HEART: Straight On *(Portrait).*
SHERBERT: Take My Heart *(Epic).*
YVONNE KEELEY AND STEVE FLANAGAN: We Got Love *(Ariola).*
LEON RUSSELL: Elvis And Marilyn *(Paradise).*
MARSHA HUNT: The Other Side Of Midnight *(Magnet).*
The only reason anyone judged Heart as anything better than a third-rate heavy metal band was because Ann Wilson was such a fine figure of a woman. This is dreadful: some deep-voiced bloke (or else Ann's gone ahead and had the op) is trying to be a slinky dancefloor killer and making Mr Plod look like the fairy on the Christmas tree.

Sherbert (Heart should record a song called "Take My Sherbert", that would be quite funny) are the Australian gaggle who had a freak hit with pop for freak normals (well, *I* liked it) about four years ago with "Howzat". Here they attempt aforementioned slinky killer and fail as miserably as Heart.

Yvonne dumps last year's "Softly Whispering I Love Youesque" choral-torture that she utilised on "If I Had Words" with Scott Fitzgerald, who she's also dumped for Steve Flanagan. This is up-tempo and wants to be a Biddu record when any creep can tell that it was writ and produced by Pete Shelley (not the nice one, the old one). Yvonne, you may remember, is Steve Harley's dutch slice, and she's as shit-hot a box-office commodity as her better half.

Ancient hippie Leon 'Mad Dog' Russell collaborates with two fresh young artistes of his stature on this piece of boring disco-ised waffle-shuffle — Kim Fowley and his latest, plainest teen protege Dyan Diamond, known in Los Angeles demi-monde punk circles as Sex-Dog Diamond. God knows how Fowley has been able to hype himself such a "mad, bad and dangerous to know" public image when his song-writing is so singularly inoffensive and lame; *"Elvis and Marilyn never fell in love/Elvis and Marilyn never shared the stars above."* Three dogs who've definitely had their day, only I blinked and missed it.

Marsha Hunt is just the type of tall, vaguely "personality" black girl that Bellotte (but not Moroder) would be impressed by, and sure enough he's writ and produced this charm-free slab of show-biz for her. Even the secrets of a disco-studio can't build up Marsha's voice to anything very astonishing, and besides she's got too

■ Continues p. 73

Wish you could hear!

Summer Holiday

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BRUCE:

The Myth Just Keeps On Coming

By TONY PARSONS

Pix JOE STEVENS

GREETINGS from the New Jersey shoreline's omnipresent leisure industry of endless beaches, broadwalks, amusement parks, souvenir arcades, piers, clubs, pubs, bars and sideshow booths . . . greetings from small town life in Asbury Park, N.J.

Our story begins circa the early '60s. At a strict Catholic school, a strange, solitary boy of eleven has been caught skipping lessons. His punishment is being placed in a class of six year olds.

His arms and legs feel too long for his body as he sits at the dinky table and chair built for a mere mite. Stared at by the room full of curious Catholic ankle-biters — immobile Lilliputians to his awkward, embarrassed Gulliver — he grins self-consciously, his face burning.

The Sister of Mercy's voice breaks the silence.

"Let's show this young man", she intones, her eyes never leaving the boy, "what we do to children who smile in this class."

One of the six year olds stands up and walks over to where the big kid is sitting. Their eyes are level. Then the small child pulls back his fist and, with all the force he can muster from the spirit of the Holy Mother Mary, rams it home into the older boy's face.

"Very good", smiles the Sister.

Stunned with shock, shame and pain, the boy clutches his face, fighting back the tears.

"There's a dark cloud rising from the desert floor/I packed my bags and I'm heading straight into the storm/Gonna be a twister to blow everything down/That ain't got the faith to stand its ground/Blow away the dreams that tear you apart. Blow away the dreams that break your heart/Blow away the lies that leave you nothing but lost and brokenhearted/The dogs on mainstreet howl 'cause they understand/If I could take one moment into my hands/Mister, I ain't a boy/No, I'm a man/And I believe in a Promised Land."

Continues over

'Yeah, there's a lotta morality in the show, and it's a very strict morality. Anybody that works for me has gotta understand that. I know how I'd feel if I'd paid money to see a show and what I wanted wasn't delivered?

From previous page

SOME seventeen years later he's slumped in the dressing room at New York City's Palladium. After his usual three hour sound check that afternoon, where he personally covered every last inch of the 3,400 seater theatre to make sure that the sound was absolutely perfect for every kid in the house, he performed the greatest rock 'n' roll show that I will ever experience. It lasted for nearly four hours. It will be almost dawn before he finally leaves the Palladium.

Out back there's several hundred kids waiting for autographs, a chance to talk to him, an opportunity to thank him. None of them will go home disappointed. He's got time for all of them and he doesn't make a big deal about it. If you press him on the subject, he'll just get thoughtful and reply, "My music gave me everything that I got, I was *nobody*, I had *nothing* . . . I will never put anyone in the position of being humiliated. It happened to me for too long."

And if any other musician in the world said that to me — as you've no doubt noticed — I'd wait until I stopped laughing and then it would be news-sheet mince-meat time. But this geezer is unique; when Bruce Springsteen comes out with emotive statements like that I don't sneer, I BELIEVE.

When Springsteen played New Orleans on his last American tour a middle-aged woman reached up from the stalls and handed him a ring, saying that it had been her grandmother's engagement ring. There was a plethora of precious stones encrusted on the ring and it was obviously worth thousands of dollars. Springsteen thanked her for the thought, but said he couldn't take it. The woman refused to take it back, told him that she wanted him to keep it and disappeared back into the darkness of the auditorium. Shaken, Springsteen handed the ring to the hall's management after the show and told them to keep it safe in case the woman ever came back to claim it.

She never did.

"It gives you a feeling of responsibility, a real heavy feeling of responsibility," Springsteen reflects. "I had all these kids coming up to me all the time we were making the album and they'd say, *'We know it's gonna be great, we know you're gonna do it, it's gonna be great!'* . . . I don't wanna let the people that have supported me down. And it ain't good enough just *getting by*, I wanna take it all the way, every night . . ."

There ain't nothing else that he can do.

All duded up for Sunday night, the last of three Springsteen dates at the Palladium (all ten thousand-plus seats sold in under two hours) this is a partisan crowd, hard-core Springsteen followers since the early days. They're mostly in their late teens or early twenties; wild and loud but without the glass- chucking violence so beloved by the mob-handed morons with a mile-wide yellow streak down their backs who contaminate gigs back in the good ol' Yew Kay.

"These kids that come to my shows, they ain't here for trouble, they're here to have a good time," Springsteen tells me. "They get kinda noisy and excited but the last thing on their mind is busting somebody's skull."

Before every show he plays Springsteen talks to the Security and tells them that he doesn't want any rough stuff. He tells them that if there *is* any heavy-handed bouncer antics he'll do everything in his power to make sure the individuals responsible are looking for a new job in the morning.

What he doesn't tell them is that if they start beating up on the kids then they better be prepared to go through him, too; he personally dives into the audience to sort out Security-provoked aggravation. It happened time and time again on his last tour.

"You guys work here?" he demands. "These guys you're roughing up are my *friends!*" And his fans love him for it . . .

"But the Security at the Palladium are okay," he grins. "Never any trouble here. They know me."

About half of the crowd are from New Jersey and a lot of them remember Springsteen jamming in the Upstage club, which he remembers as "some of the happiest nights of my life".

"If there was ever a chance of any of us making a living through music, we figured it would be through Bruce", says his guitarist Miami Steve Van Zandt of the E Street Band.

SPRINGSTEEN had first picked up a guitar (for mirror-posing purposes) at nine, the day after gawping at Elvis on the Ed Sullivan show, but he didn't start playing until he was a friendless thirteen year old, two years after the nun's rough justice in the Catholic class-room. His distaste for organised religion ("The smell of the convent made me literally throw up"), his lack of self-respect ("I definitely did not dig myself") and his loneliness ("It was a very solitary existence, I didn't have the flair to be the class clown, it was like I just didn't exist") left a life of such awesome nothingness that he was soon practising eight hours a day to fill it . . .

"My sister, my youngest sister, she's sixteen and she's very pretty and very popular. There's no way that she's gonna sit in her room for every waking hour." He grins ruefully. "I didn't have that problem."

By the time he was fourteen he was in his first band, by sixteen he was so good that when he practised in a garage kids would stand on milk crates with their noses pressed against the window panes to watch him.

At first none of the countless bars and clubs in New Jersey would allow him on their stage because he refused to play Top Forty golden greats. Then he was given a chance to strut his stuff at the Upstage and struck while his plectrum was hot. From then on he packed out the club for four nights a week until he finally met his first manager, Mike Appel. They decided to be Elvis and Colonel Tom but it really didn't happen that way at all.

After the CBS contract in the early '70s came "Greetings From Asbury Park, N.J. and "The Wild, The Innocent And The E Street Shuffle", both in 1973, with only a handful of songs — "Lost In The Flood", "Spirit In The Night", "Incident On 57th Street", "Sandy", "Rosalita" — giving a clue to the quality to come, the rest of the records too verbose for comfort, Springsteen subsequently getting lumbered with one of the New Dylan albatrosses that in those days they were giving away instead of Green Shield stamps.

Springsteen went into the studio for a year or so to record his third album, co-producing it with Appel and *Rolling Stone* scribe Jon Landau, and when he came out again the shit was already poised to splatter against the proverbial fan, man. "Born To Run" was grandiose, heroic, magical, worthy of some unholy alliance between Phil Spector and Leonard Bernstein, a romantic fantasy of sleazy street-life, enormously accessible.

As the hysterical hyperbole of the CBS publicity machine went into overdrive, Springsteen played ten sold-out dates at New York's Bottom Line to consistently ecstatic audiences, "Born To Run" became a platinum album and the single of the same name broke into the American Top Twenty. Top of the world, Ma! Then everything began to fall to pieces . . .

Jon Landau had written an incisive, sensitive, trenchantly subjective article on Springsteen for *Rolling Stone* in which he succeeded in expressing the unique brilliance of the man in intensely personal terms; Landau spoke of his love for his girlfriend asleep upstairs as he worked at his typewriter, of what the music he had grown up with had meant to his life and how witnessing Springsteen that night had been the purest exposition of the rock 'n' roll spirit that he had seen in many years. Landau's piece remains one of the best articles on Springsteen.

But CBS instigated all-out critical backlash by latching on to one quote from the article — "I have seen the future of rock 'n' roll and its name is Bruce Springsteen" — taking it completely out of context and using it as the masthead for the hard-sell marketing technique overkill that rebounded on the record company and Bruce himself with a vengeance. "At Last London Is Ready For Bruce Springsteen!" was another one, and I remember sneering at it as I walked down City Road, N.1, on my way to work one night late in 1975.

In fairness to Springsteen, no-one was innocent when it came to the extravagant claims being made on his behalf except for Bruce Springsteen himself. As soon as he saw the "FUTURE OF " quote screaming from a "Born To Run" advertising billboard he was on the blower to the Fat Cats telling them to cut the crap. And when he discovered gratis *I Have Seen The Future etc"* badges being handed out at one of his gigs, well ...

Meanwhile, back in the boardroom, Appel and Bruce were having the initial argument over the distribution of the newly aquired wealth that would eventually degenerate into a permanent rift twixt manager and musican, both parties filing million-dollar law-suits against the other alleging breach of contract.

Jon Landau became Springsteen's new manager and Appel filed an injunction preventing Landau from entering a studio with Springsteen and preventing Springsteen entering a studio at all. There followed nearly three years of lay-off and litigation. When Bruce should have been out on the road consolidating the "Born To Run" victory (he loves touring, says he's always fascinated by what his hotel room will look like, how big the bed will be, what colour the carpet and wallpaper will be, if there'll be any weird pictures on the wall. Ain't he a lovely bloke?) he was in front of the legal bar.

The basis of the disagreement between Appel and Springsteen is rooted in Bruce's naivety when it comes to contracts and Mickey's when it comes to same. Appel had always told Springsteen that he paid the E Street Band far too much money but it wasn't until the royalty cheques for their first hit album began getting delivered by the truckload that Bruce realised how little say he had over the fruits of success he and the boys had been working towards for the best part of a decade . . .

"We'd suddenly made all this money and contracts we'd signed three years before became important. It wasn't so much the money . . . I wanted *my songs*. Mike had the publishing rights to all my songs . . . when I signed those contracts I didn't even know what publishing *was!* That whole period was just a time in my life that seemed completely out of my hands. Business is something that I'm pretty easily intimidated by . . ."

Remarkably, Springsteen holds no grudges against Appel.

"Even when we were in court . . . he was still a guy that I kinda liked and knew that he kinda liked me."

The final proof that Springsteen survived all the hype, the two years in court and the *looooong* time in the wilderness of enforced retirement is "Darkness On The Edge Of Town". He has returned with infinitely more maturity, power, soul and fire on his fingertips than he ever had in his life.

"That album . . . it's about people refusing to let go of their humanity. No matter what they go through, no matter what life does to them, they never let go of their humanity."

"BROOOOOOOOSE!!!" from three and a half thousand throats and the lights go on as the E Streeters hips the opening chords of "Badlands": the same epic, awesome waves of invigorating beautiful noise as before; but Springsteen, striding the planks grinning, his Fender hanging loose on his back, gripping the hand mike tight in both hands, dapper in black jacket and strides ... once he starts spitting out the lyrics, makes it plain where he's been all this time, how he's not the same anymore . . .

"Lights out tonight/Trouble in the heartland/Got a head-on collision/Smashin' in my guts, man/I'm caught up in a cross-fire that I DON'T UNDERSTAND!/BUT THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW FOR SURE, GIRL!!"

"I was disappointed that the reviews of the album said it sounded depressed," Bruce told me later. "I spelled it out for 'em on the first track . . ."

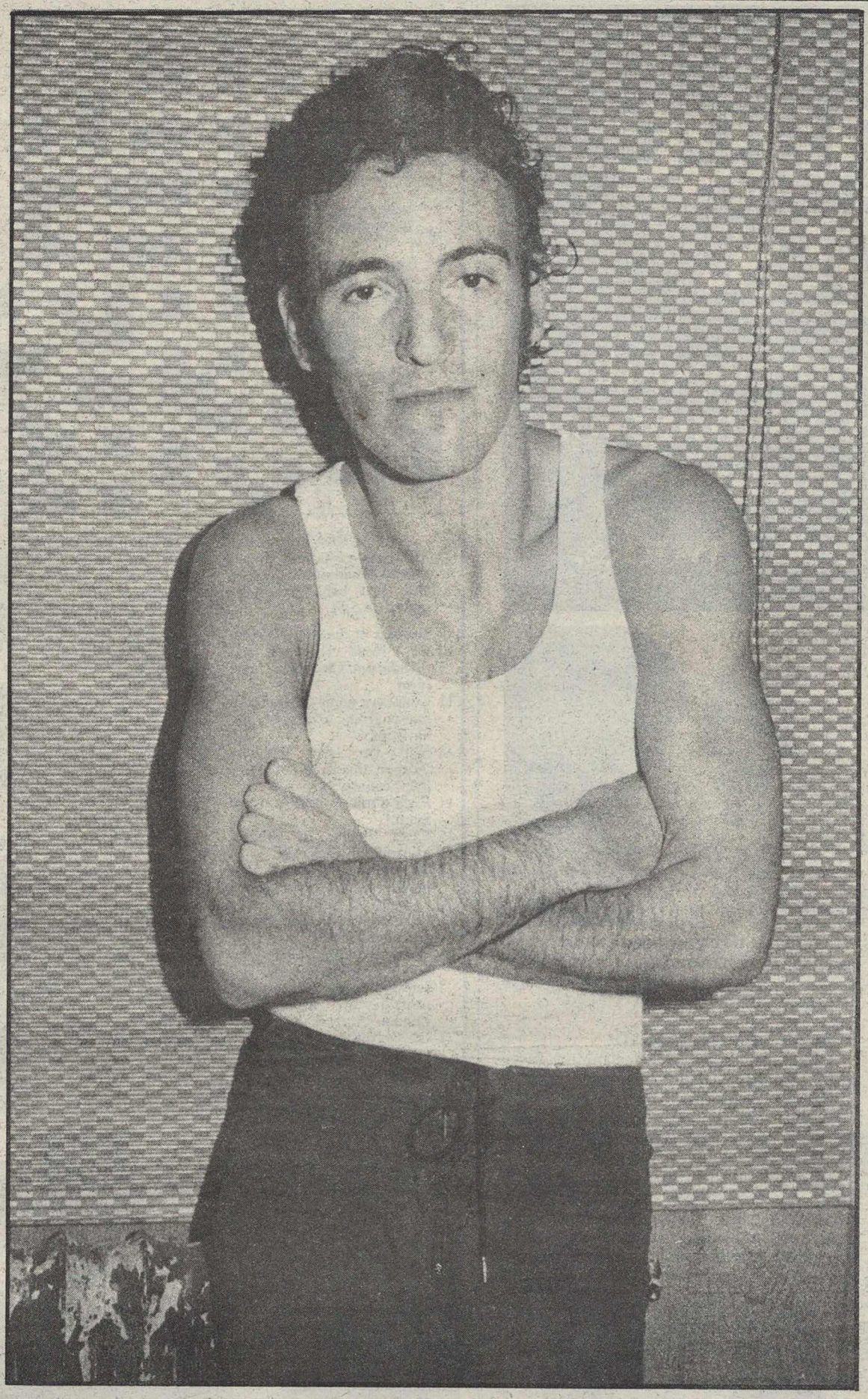
"I don't give a damn for the same old played out scenes/Honey, I don't give a damn for just the inbetweens, Honey, I - want - the - heart - I - want - the - soul - I want - control right now."

Raw, exhilarating, inspirational . . . the superlative dictionary is right down the dumper, John. Springsteen — be it in conversation, on record and ESPECIALLY on stage often appears too good to be true. You look for the catch, the flaw, the giveaway. And you look and you LOOK and you keep looking until you finally concede that there isn't a catch. He's the one.

After two years of showbiz decadence, all the free albums and concert tickets, Springsteen is the only geezer I'd actually pay money to go and see. He's the only person who makes me feel like a fan again.

"I believe in the Love You gave Me/I believe in the faith that can save me!/I believe in the faith and I pray that someday it may raise me . . . above these . . . badlands!!!"

This is joyous, optimistic rock music. It's what rock 'n' roll should have been about and rarely was. He's not, unfortunately, the future of rock 'n' roll; he's so good, so vital, so



honest that he shows the majority of the rest of 'em up for the squalid cretins they are. The day he quits is the day the music really dies . . . this guy, this rocker, has actually got some backbone to his work, some MORAL FIBRE.

"Yeah, there's a lotta morality in the show, and it's a very *strict* morality. Anybody that works for me has gotta understand that. I know how *I'd* feel if I paid money to see a show and what I wanted wasn't delivered. It comes back to the responsibility thing . . ."

I've seen great gigs before; The Clash at Harlesden in '77, The Who at the Rainbow in '71, Bowie in Newcastle earlier this year, the Pistols on the Jubilee boat trip or at the two *Screen On The Green* dates, but what Bruce Springsteen does transcends all of those without a photo-finish. This ain't just the best gig I've ever seen in my life, it's much more than that. It's like watching you're entire life flashing by and instead of dying, you're dancing.

Springsteen sings a love song and he doesn't make you smirk the way you would at some fat-zero axe-hero mucho macho man; he makes you ache for the girl you love, he makes you remember her and wish she were here tonight so you wouldn't have to go home alone and without her. I didn't know music could do that to you.

And Springsteen documents the conflict between father and son better than anyone since Steinbeck in *East Of Eden*. There's the raging "Adam Raised A Cain" but the real killer is the unrecorded "Independence Day", possibly the most poignant, moving ballad he's ever written. I was close to tears. At first I thought it was because either I'm too sensitive or else I'm getting soft but then I realised that rock 'n' roll rarely gets this *real*.

"Well, Papa, I don't know what it was with the two of us/We chose the words and, yeah, we drew the lines/This house, no how could it hold the two of us/I guess that we were just too much of the same kind/So say goodbye, it's Independence Day,/All boys must run away . . . come Independence Day/Oh say goodbye, it's Independence Day/All men must make their way/Come Independence Day . . ."

You want it, you take it you pay the price . . . Springsteen, apart from everything else, is also a born performer, frequently jumping off stage and running into the heart of the auditorium, one hand on the mike and another wrapped around a kid in a display of genuine affection.

The E Street Band is a revelation; Danny Federici on organ and Roy Bittan on piano, Steve Van Zandt on guitar, the golden sax of The Big Man Clarence Clemons as always the most important instrument after Springsteen's impassioned, howling voice and with it all nailed down solid by the relentlessly strident rhythm section of Garry Tallent on bass and Max Weinberg on drums. The sound is as full and vibrant as on vinyl but Springsteen's meticulously perfectionist attitude to sound checks and the electric urgency applied to performing live by everyone on stage takes Springsteen's music to awesome, unprecedented extremes of excellence.

"Something In The Night" and "Streets Of Fire" were both recorded for "Darkness" in just one take. The latter is yet another gem on stage, Springsteen alone at the front of the darkened stage, haunted, tortured, agonising like some tormented Prince Of Denmark yet totally believable.

"When the night's quiet, and you don't care anymore/And your eyes are tired/And someone's at your door/And you realize . . . you wanna let go/And the weak lies and the cold walls you embrace . . . "The vocal building, the bitter bile of undiluted fury rising in his throat. *"Eat at your insides and - leave - you - face - to - face with STREEEETS OF FIII-RRRE!!!*

And "Factory", possibly the most accurate recording of the drab, dull, soul-destroying boredom of working-class existence ever put on black plastic. Kraftwerk, Devo and all those other industrial-togged turds … do you *really* believe — and you can add your darling Davie-poo to that list — that their product is "industrial factory folk-muzak of mass-man in the machine-age" *undsoweiter*. You *do?* You poor, deluded git. I bet you never done a day's work in your miserable life.

"Early in the morning factory whistle blows/Man rises from bed and puts on his clothes/Man takes his lunch, walks out into the morning light/It's the work, the working, just the working life/Through the mansions of fear, through the mansions of pain, I see my daddy walking through those factory gates in the rain/Factory takes his hearing, factory gives him life/It's the work, the working, just the working life/End of the day, factory whistle cries/Men walk through these gates with death in their eyes/And you just better believe boy/Somebody's gonna get hurt tonight/It's the work, the working, just the working life . . ."

I love that song. But then I'm still a bit mutt 'n' jeff from Distiller's so then I'm biassed.

Springsteen performs *all* of "Darkness On The Edge Of Town", *all* of "Born To Run", early songs like "Spirit In The Night" and "Incident On 57th Street".

He performs great songs that he gave to other people — "Faith" (Robert Gordon), "Fever" (Southside Johnny), "Because The Night" (Patti Smith) — all of them cutting the cover versions to shreds, smouldering lust paeans, love bites back . . .

That's Bruce's one fault to my mind — he's too GENEROUS: nobody else in the history of rock 'n' roll has given songs of that quality away. Still, I guess he can afford it, the geezer is a genius, after all.

And when he's played for nearly four hours and it's way past midnight and the houselights have been on for over half an hour but we just won't go away, we refuse to leave the auditorium, we just stand on our seats and scream BROOOOOOOOSE!!! MOOOOOOORE!!! BROOOOOOSE!!!' he comes back and plays on, all old Juke Box giants, Buddy Holly songs, "Quarter To Three", "Devil With The Blue Dress On" and many, many more (no, I didn't take notes). And then you're heart sinks because it's all over.

What can I tell you, kid? God, I wish you could have been there.

"BRUCE has collapsed," his manager Jon Landau tells me thirty minutes after the end of the show. "We'll have to cancel the interview. He's in a state of exhaustion. He can't talk to anyone now."

Usually, I'd know that I was getting served bullshit and the rock star I was ready to interrogate had pissed off back to a gram of coke in the Ritz and was at this moment writhing around in the back of his limo with leather strides around his ankles and a big, fat groupie sitting on him.

With Springsteen it's different; all I can think is . . . Christ, I hope he's gonna be all right.

But I stick around inside the Palladium, just thinking about the gig. Shit, I got a plane to catch early in the morning so I might as well stay up all night. I couldn't sleep after a show like that anyhow.

"You can come backstage and meet Bruce if you want to," Landau tells me and my heart starts a-pounding. Kid, I've met 'em all . . . Led Zeppelin, The Rolling Stones, the Pistols, Mike Batt, you name it. Never in my life have I felt awe at the thought of meeting a musician before … Well, I was afraid I'd be let down. Of course, I wasn't; he's exactly what he seems to be — open, honest, warm, personable, friendly, funny, probably the most likeable geezer I've met in my life.

Five feet nine inches with a muscular, tanned, athletic build, an easy smile and a hoarse, rasping laugh, he's relaxed and talkative, ready to listen and you feel like you've known him all your life.

As you've no doubt sussed, I was meant just to say hi and split but me and Bruce got talking and we just couldn't stop. He talks about the album for a while and when he asks me what I think of it and I tell him it's nowhere near as accessible as "Born To Run" but after repeated playings it stands up as by far the best thing he's ever done, he actually breathes a sigh of relief.

"Phew, *that's* good . . . that's what we want people to react like when they hear it." But, Bruce, surely you ain't *worried* about it . . . *you* must know how good it is . . .

"Ah, people tell ya so many different things . . . I just want the people who *care* about me to know what I'm trying to do. See, it couldn't be an innocent album like 'Born To Run' because things ain't like that for me anymore. The characters on the new album ain't kids, they're older — you been beat, you been hurt — but there's still hope, there's always *hope*. They throw dirt on you all your life and some people get buried so deep in the dirt that they never get out. The album's about the people who'll never admit they're buried too deep to get out."

Bruce talks about the three nights he sold-out Madison Square Garden in the summer. "I don't usually like playing places that big but that was for all the long-time supporters, so they could all get in and see us . . ."

On the first night he brought his sixteen year old sister Pam on stage after dedicating "Sweet Little Sixteen" to her.

And before the final encore on the last Garden date he was dragged back on stage by his Italian mother Adele (his father, Douglas, is Irish, once a factory worker in New Jersey and now a bus-driver in Northern California). Bruce was screaming in protest as Adele dragged him to the mike, "Aw, Mom! I can't do anymore! I just played four hours! I can't do no more!"

The Garden dates were typical Springsteen gigs; intimate and chaotic both, more like a great party than a rock 'n' roll show, yet paradoxically the greatest rock 'n' roll show in the world.

I inform him that I was at Madison Square Garden a few days ago, standing out front and trying to sell two ELO tickets that CBS had given me. After getting hassled by the local spivs and unable to unload the tickets I decided to take a look inside and use the tickets myself. After seeing that the Garden was just another Wembley and reluctant to watch an ELO show, I decided to leave. But though, the Garden was geared to take thousands upon thousands of people *into* the auditorium, there was no provision for letting people *out*. All stairs, all halls, all escalators were strictly one way. Travelling in the opposite direction just wasn't allowed. Eventually, I got out. I had to get thrown out by the cops, Bruce.

But this fat cop called 'Heavy' was very nice about it, he only bounced me on the pavement once and waved his nightstick at me but never hit me with it.

Bruce cracks up with laughter. "Hey, I never thought what would happen if somebody wanted to get OUT of one of my shows!!"

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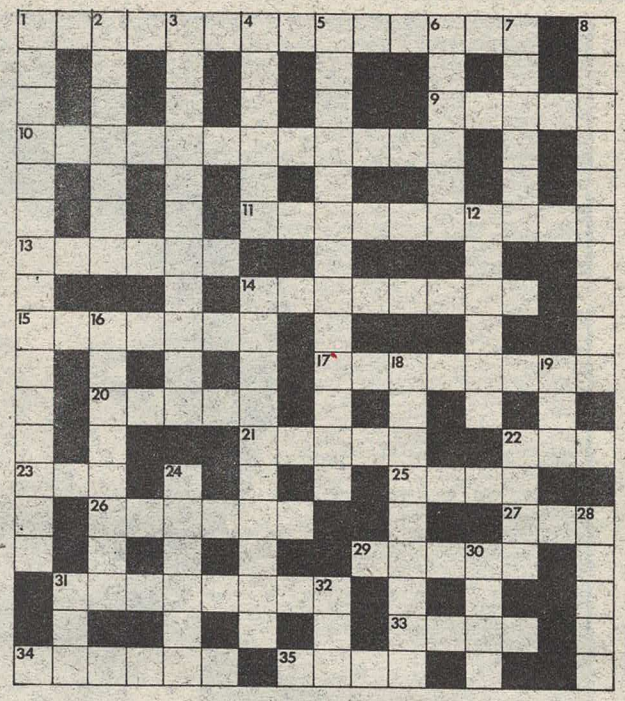

ACROSS

1 The bespectacled one's second album, fully equipped with seat belts and T-reg plates! (4,5,5)
9 Singular of the Pre-fab Four
10 Of "Road Runner" and "Abdul and Cleopatra" fame (6,6)
11 Collective name for mid-'60s music from Liverpool and environs
13 Not Pat the Gunners 'keeper, this is a lil ol' hard-livin' country boy
14 Rock'n'roll's answer to Cyril Smith!
15 Faces album, or Froggie exclamation (3,2,2)
17 Two-thirds of Moptops first movie (4,4)
20 Talking of Moptops, one's currently involved in swings and roundabouts!
21 Contemporaries of The Who and the Stones — and still functioning — they were formed by two North London brothers
22 Olivia Newton John Travolta's label
23 Bowie LP
25 A Hot Chocolate No. 1 — and girl's name
26 Label which helped pioneer reggae in UK
27 & 29 Legendary LA group whose early albums included "Strange Days" and "Waiting For The Sun"
29 See above
31 & 8 Most Promising New Band in the 1977 *NME* Readers Poll (5,3,3,3,4)
33 See 14 Down
34 Disco outfit who had a hit with "From East To West"
35 Stupid kind of drug!

DOWN

1 & 28 In which The Cracked Actor took on the role of extraterrestrial crackpot Thomas Jerome Newton (3,3,3,4,2,5)
2 Is he to Dalston, Plaistow and the Sarfend Arterial Road what Chuck Berry was to Memphis, St Louis and all points south on Route 66? (3,4)
3 1972 Carly Simon hit which was said to be about either Mick Jagger or Warren Beatty (5,2,4)
4 Suitable label for singer/writer fruitcakes!
5 16 Down's Greatest . . . erh . . . Hit! (6,7)
6 Surname of U.S. R&B singer who had hits with "Ride Your Pony" and "Holy Cow"
7 Stunted Eva or Shortass River Band don't have quite the same ring!
8 See 31 Across
12 Consumer tests show that nine out of ten people prefer this jazz-rock combo to a packet of soapflakes! (5,1)
14 and 33 Ranks with CBGBs as a semi-legendary New York rock niterie — the Velvets had a residency there (4,6,4)
16 They were to Notting Hill what the Dead were to San Francisco — they've amended their name for their current, big-production tour
18 Not to be confused with UK manufacturers of nobs' cars, this lot are U.S. manufacturers of silky soul singles (4,5)
19 A techno-rock offer you can't refuse! *("Go on, try!" — Ed)*
22 Carriers of disease and pestilence, this strain arrived in UK via boat from Ireland!
24 Airborne like the Burritos
28 See 1 Down
30 Kris' missus
31 His recent production credits include Devo and Talking Heads
32 Like Hall and Oates, Otway and Barrett, Morecambe and Wise, etc.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK. LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: 1 "My Generation"; 6 George Melly; 8 Ziggy Stardust; 9 Bernie Leadon; 13 "Night Moves"; 15 The Tubes; 17 "Annie (Hall)"; 19 Stevie (Nicks); 20 Ian Hunter. **DOWN:** 1 Magazine; 2 George Benson; 3 (Keith) Emerson; 4 Average (White Band); 5 (Suzi) Quatro; 7 "You Make Me Feel (Mighty Real)"; 10 Righteous (Brothers); 11 "In The City"; 12 (Stevie) Nicks; 14 Roadie; 16 USSR; 18 "Fire".

"STATELESS"

LENE LOVICH 'STATELESS' RED VINYL SEEZ 7

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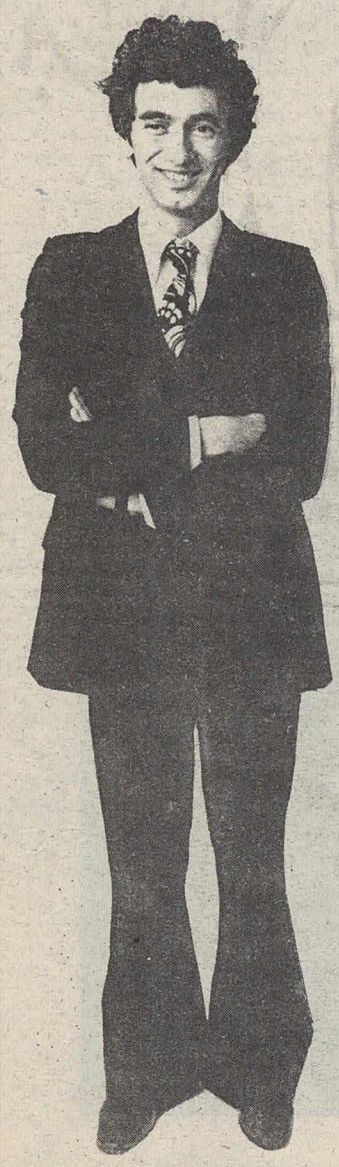

JONA LEWIE 'ON THE OTHER HAND THERE'S A FIST' YELLOW VINYL SEEZ 8

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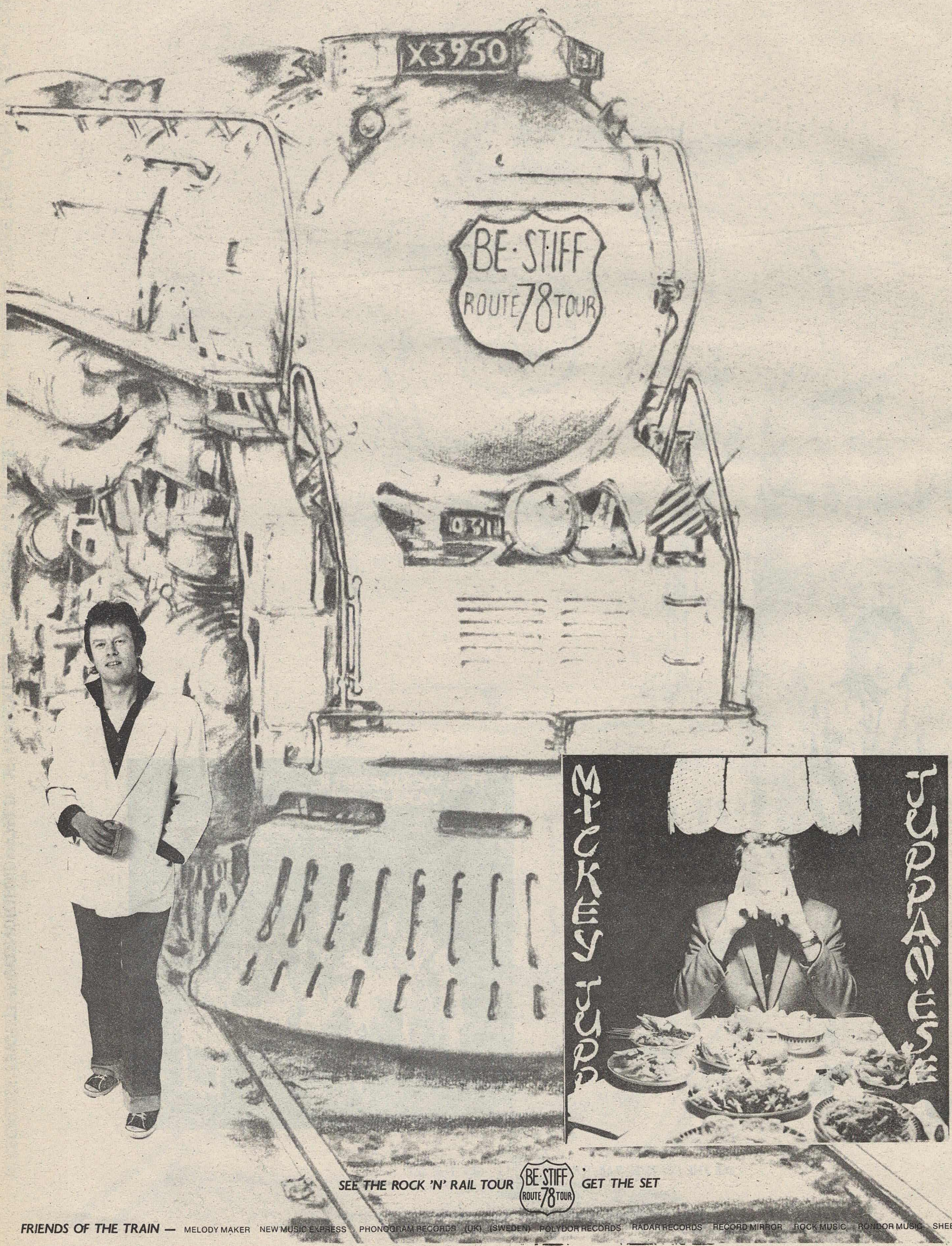
"JUPPANESE"



MICKEY JUPP 'JUPPANESE' BLUE VINYL SEEZ 10 NEW SINGLE — 'OLD ROCK 'N' ROLLER' OUT NOW — BUY 36

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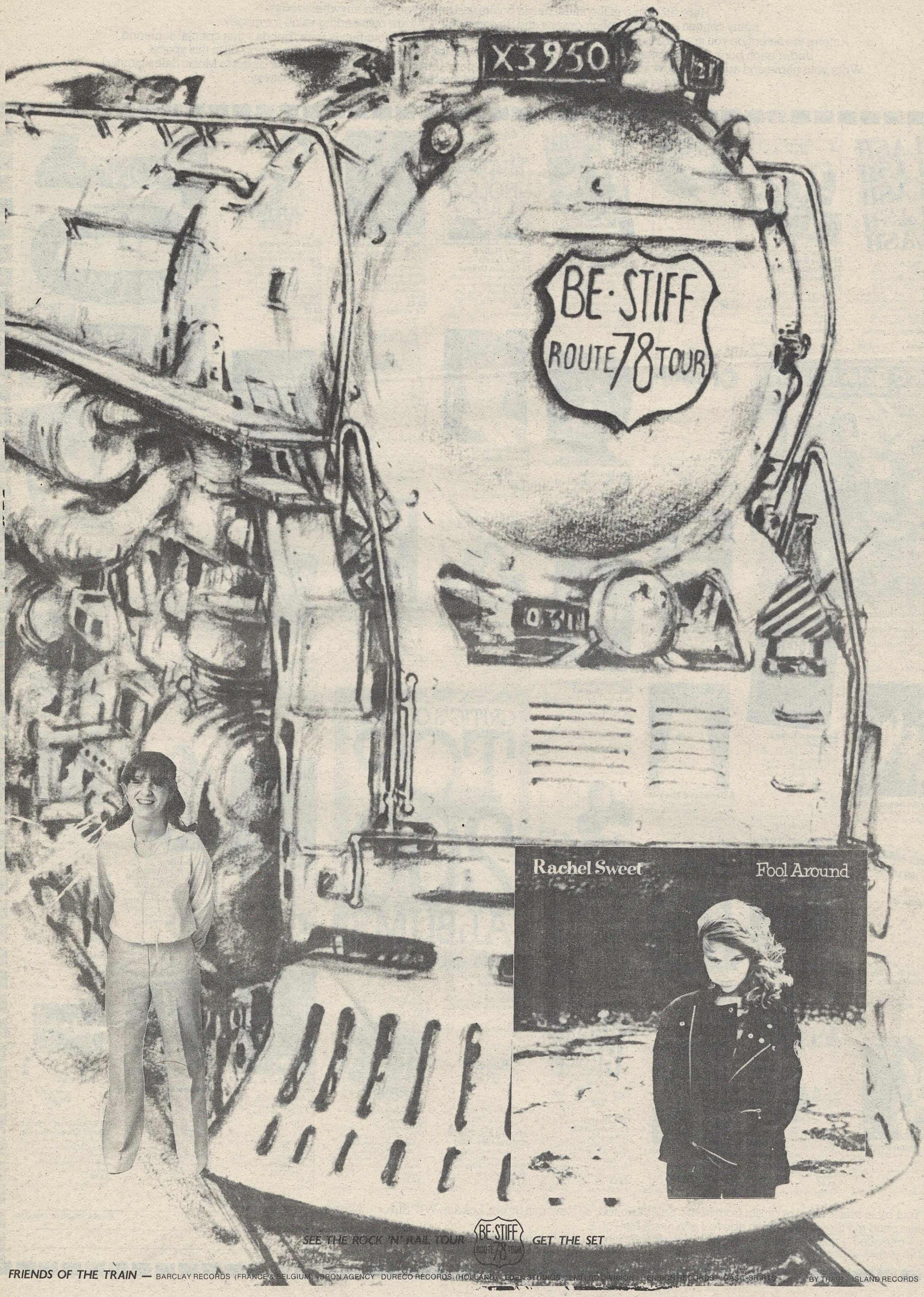
"FOOL AROUND"



RACHEL SWEET 'FOOL AROUND' WHITE VINYL SEEZ 12

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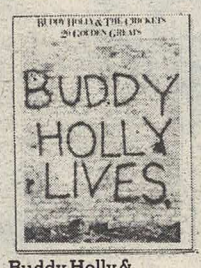

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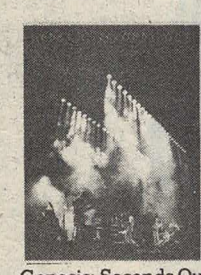

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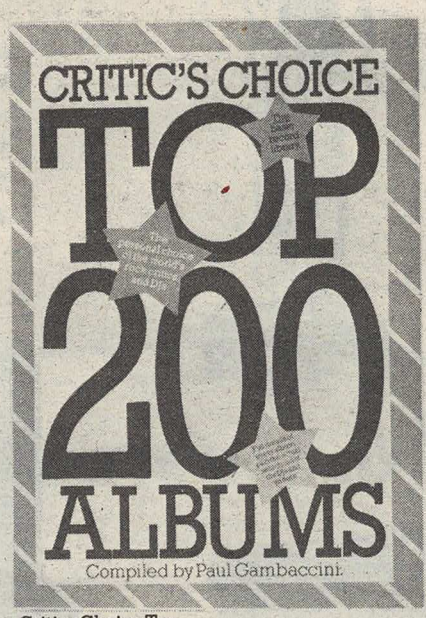

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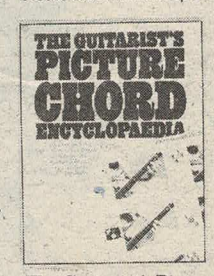

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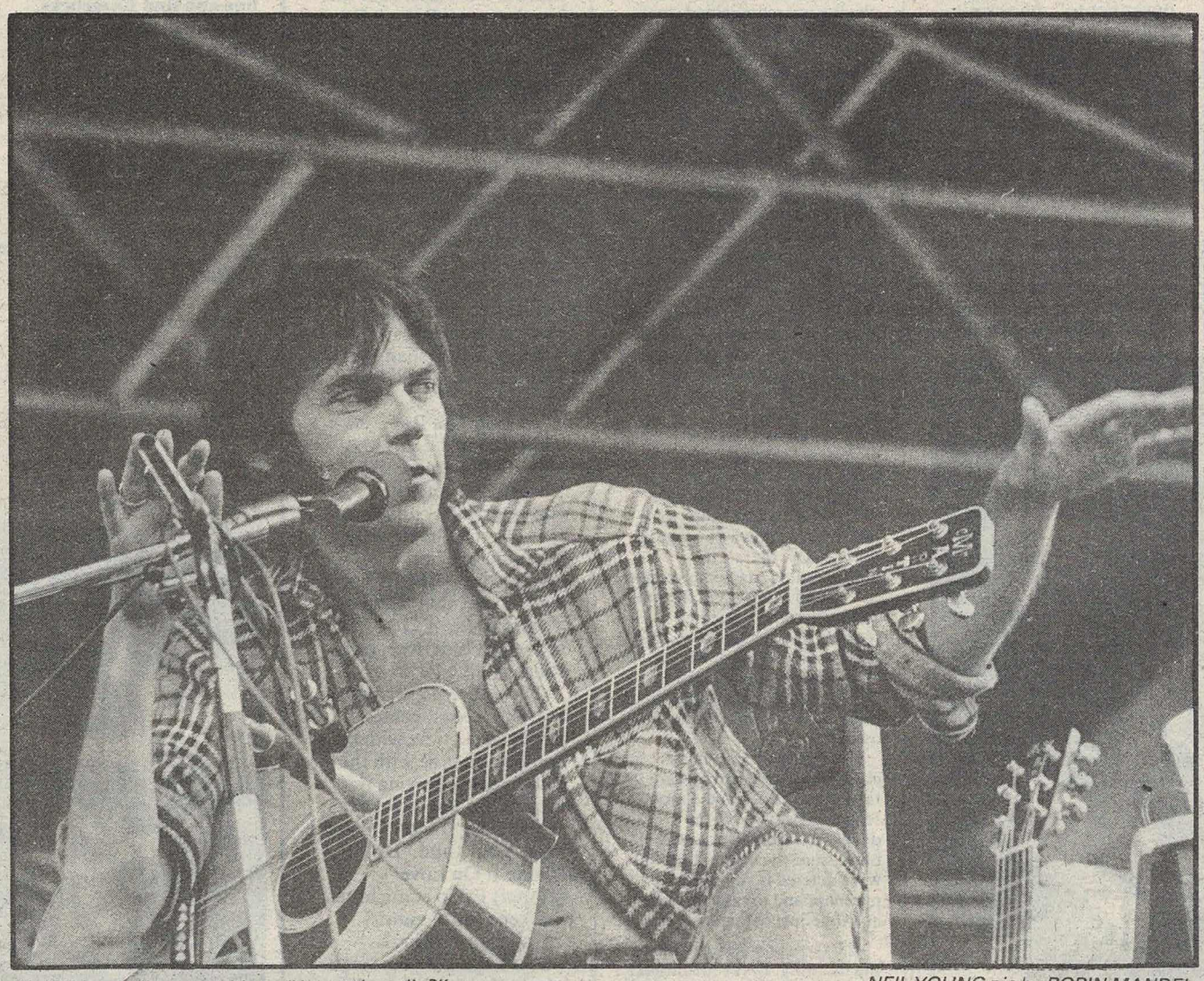

"And this one'll grow as big as 'Harvest', ya dig?" *NEIL YOUNG pic by ROBIN MANDEL*

NELLIE YOUNG COMES A CROPPER

NEIL YOUNG
Comes A Time (Reprise)

THERE EVEN comes a time when Neil Young has to get up off his raggy backside and release an album.

Just as some people spend a lot of time waiting for Joni Mitchell's annual confection, so some of us avidly follow the receding release dates and inexplicable wranglings that inevitably herald Neil Young's new out-pouring.

But as a rule of thumb, Young's best albums always arrive out of the blue ("On The Beach", "Zuma") and this has been due since July. Bad pressings, problems over the proposed title of "Gone With The Wind", and God knows what else, held it up till now.

"Gone With The Wind" hinted at a re-run of Young's pet fascination with American native (Indian) and imported (black) oppression — the Confederate lynch-mob scenery of "Southern Man" rides again. A glance at the cover dispells the thought. Last year's "Stars'n'Bars" had Young unconscious on some bar-room floor, his head squashed against a spitoon.

"Comes A Time" finds him grinning benevolently at the prospective purchaser. It's by far the most commercially viable album he's made since "Harvest", as ordinary as Neil Young is ever likely to get.

Which is no great crime. His scheme of things has incurred these moments before and no doubt will again.

I suspect they occur whenever Neil Young is especially confused and depressed. Sometimes he couples this to ruthless soul-searching and makes records like "On The Beach". Other times he just. . .well, you guessed it: Neil Young is feeling sorry for himself again.

Roughly half of the ten tracks may be dismissed as the kind of archetype whining lovelost Young fodder that has such a terrible effect on 14-year-old boys, and causes much uncomprehending sniggering from 14-year-old girls.

"Goin' Back" (not the Goffin/King tune), "Comes A Time" (first performed with California bar band The Ducks), "Lotta Love" (previewed two years back), "Human Highway" (the title of his film, written in '73) and "Four Strong Winds" (an old Ian Tyson folk ballad) are sugary and ingratiating, maudlin sentiments pleasantly expressed (if you accept that Young's voice is remotely pleasant) and no more.

Recorded in six different locations with the Gone With The Wind Orchestra, featuring stalwarts Ben Keith and Tim Drummond and amongst others no less than eight acoustic guitarists and an occasional 16-piece string section. It sounds clean, lush and crisp and often unbearably soggy. Only two cuts depart measurably from this overall primness of sound.

One, "Motorcycle Mama", a lascivious tale of biker lust that begs for Ritchie Hayward to pull the right kind of downstrokes, spotlights one Nicolette Larson's countrified tones in counterpoint with Young. More strongly than their handful of duets elsewhere, it recalls Ms Emmylou Harris' crowing with the Greivous Angel on the album of the same name.

The other, "Look Out For My Love", is one of two that employs the support of Crazy Horse and benefits immensely from same. The urban nightmare imagery of "Ambulance Blues" gets resurrected while Young tangles scenes of himself as midnight prowler skulking about his girl's neighbourhood evils. Heady stuff, and solitary evidence of his fabled debauched fretboard style.

Every once in a while Young gets to grips with subjects most songwriters would pad timidly around. So with "Peace Of Mind", a song of resigned emotional compromise — the kind that allows you to forgive "Already One", wherein the second-hand tune of "Long May You Run" props up a mawkish good-bye to ex-wife Carrie Snodgress.

And then every now and again he manages to fame his excesses with a little cheeky perspective. As when he follows "Already One" with a deliberately tawdry admission of minting his divorce — and milking this album — because *"in the field of opportunity, it's ploughing time again."*

But don't let his environment and past associations cause prejudice. The frazzled, gum-chewing Orang-Utang keeps mostly well away from the somnambulent paths of his contemporaries. Few of them, for instance, even acknowledged the punk blemish. Young, meanwhile wrote a song about Rotten.

I make this point of Young's tenacity because it's easily obscured by the goods here. Whereas "American Stars And Bars" was often bad, this is often worse — it's often bland.

He'll pull through though. After all, pessimists are often the biggest rascals. And only a rascal could smirk like Neil Young.

Paul Rambali

Beach Boy Blooze

BEACH BOYS
M.I.U. Album (Reprise)

OLD SURFERS never die, they meditate instead. M.I.U. stands for Maharishi International University, which is where this album was recorded. If the ancient giggling one was hoping for a dose of free publicity, he's come unstuck with a vengeance. This record is awful, and the message is clear — if this is what TM does for you, you need TM like you need a hole in the heart.

"M.I.U." starts off promisingly with "She's Got Rhythm", gorgeous candyfloss romanticism in vintage Beach Boys style. It's the only good track until the middle of side two and the simple desolation of "My Diane". Which about wraps up the good points.

Well, "Wontcha Come Out Tonight" is alright in a goofy kinda way, and there are still touches of the old harmonies and arrangements every now and again. Two oldies, "Come Go With Me" and "Peggy Sue" receive adequate treatment, though neither is exactly necessary.

The rest is dreck. Brian Wilson's "Hey Little Tomboy" is embarrassing, as is the closing "Winds Of Change", which has the informative lines *"Worlds in motion endlessly/cosmic ocean flows into my heart."* **Oh boy! Are there still people stupid enough to use the word "cosmic" and** *mean* **it?**

Other tracks are silly or banal or both. "Matchpoint Of Our Love" has Mike Love lyrics which compare a love affair to a game of tennis. "Pitter Patter" is about rain going, uh, pitter patter. "Belles Of Paris" has lines like

● *Continues over page*

BRIAN WILSON pours scorn over the keyboards

● *from previous page*

"c'est tres jolie en Paree in the spring." La plume de Mike Love est responsible again.

Now I know the Beach Boys have never been renowned for their lyrical brilliance, but they've never sounded so phoney or deliberately cutesy as this before. What makes it worse is that the tunes, arrangements and production rarely have the old flair either.

All Brian Wilson gets is a share of the vocal arrangements (with Al Jardine) and a billing as Executive Producer. Real Producers are Al Jardine and Ron Altbach. In fact, these two, with Mike Love, totally dominate the album — and totally ruin it. Couldn't you guess that they're the TM faction in the Beach Boys camp?

Time to clean out the sandbox, Boys. Sexy Sadie's made fools of you for long enough.

Graham Lock

BRIAN means the Maharishi, kids, but he forgets things these days.

SKIP JAMES
I'm So Glad (Vanguard)

SKIP JAMES scares me.

That hollow, spooky guitar tuned to D minor, that echoing, lonesome falsetto, those desolate songs. When Nehemiah "Skip" James told a young fan "Skip has been to and gone from places you will never get to", he wasn't laying down any arrogant mysterioso jive: he was just being as straightforward and truthful as he always was in his own music.

Skip died in 1970. He'd recorded a few songs back in the '30s, never got paid for them and retired until John Fahey and Canned Heat tracked him down in the mid-'60s and got him back in the studios. Cream cut one of his songs "I'm So Glad" on their first album and the $6000 he made out of that just about paid his hospital bills with a little left over to pay for his funeral. Same old story, happens all the time, another man done gone and that's all.

This reissue brings together two Vanguard albums from '66 and '67: "Skip James Today!" and "Devil Got My Woman." He was an old man then and shaky. His eccentric timing (country bluesmen, used to playing unaccompanied, took liberties with time and phrasing that would have been inconceivable with a band) had grown more extreme through the years. His guitar and piano playing stop and start; the length of the verses expands and contracts at will. The rhythms are in his head rather than in his music; it wasn't until modern jazz that this kind of timing got organised enough to make sense to the casual listener.

When discussing the work of lesser-known bluesmen for a rock audience, it is customary to list compositions of theirs which have been moved into the mainstream by blues-influenced rockers, or to enumerate the rock stars who have drawn stylistically on the bluesman's work. It doesn't exactly take a lot of time and paper to run down Skip James' rock legacy: there's the aforementioned Cream version of "I'm So Glad", and the only rock artist who was even vaguely like James was Canned Heat's Alan Wilson, whose high, ghostly singing owed a hell of a lot to Skip. Other than that, James was out on his own.

Four sides of Skip James' chilly desolation can be hard to take if you're not in the mood. However, anybody who's developed a taste for country blues since the original albums were deleted is advised to purchase and to take one side at a time just before bedtime.

If it doesn't work, call me in the morning. In the meantime, Pye are to be congratulated for continuing to release records like this. The prospect of continued releases by obscure bluesmen is the only factor that prevents me from saving up to take out a contract on Brotherhood Of Man.

Charles Shaar Murray

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
Along The Red Ledge (RCA)

COOL COVER, cool title — why, even Robert Fripp plays on a track or two! Maybe he produced it! Maybe they give away free cucumber sandwiches with the first three thousand copies.

An airy, conditioned muzak, to fool those who want to be, who want to soak in the airtight production, Philadelphia-eyegloss swoop and glide, the endless heartaches.

John squirts shampoo at Daryl in the sauna. Millions swoon.

"Along The Red Ledge" comes after the shoddy studio "Beauty On A Backstreet" and the cop-out clause "Livetime" live album, and cleverly manufactures an impression — that it is what it has to be, that being a 'return to form'. Its seduction is perfect, no stains at all.

The entire population of the West Coast come perfectly, in time with one another, in tune with the radio station playing the meticulous FM-poke "It's A Laugh", "I Don't Wanna Lose You", and "Don't Blame It On Love" (Robert Fripp contributes five seconds of guitar).

Superior F Muzak — worth buying if your head was boiled for four rather than three minutes.

Ian Penman

PENETRATION
Moving Targets (Virgin)

THIS YEAR a line formed. At one end Penetration, and from there through Joy Division, The Mekons, The Slits, The Fall, The Passage, The Pop Group, The Prefects, to Siouxsie and the Banshees. Zig-zag off the line and find Buzzcocks, Magazine, Subway Sect, The Soft Boys, or peer past the Banshees and spot Perry, This Heat, Cabaret Voltaire.

Penetration to Siouxsie and the Banshees, and a little bit beyond. It is at the moment unimportant whether we refer to this line as a cosmic force, an archetype, an ideal, a universal process, an energy level, or a path to enlightenment. Verbal labels always were shadows of the experience — that could be an alteration of consciousness. If you handle your *NME* Book Of Modern Music with care, you'll understand the drift.

PAULINE: "Is Morley mad, or what?"

The line is crucial, everything that is important revolves around it. Penetration define its closest limits, with a rock sound that is traditional yet magnificent. Stunning, chiming, charging guitars, and Pauline Murray's gorgeous vocals. An elusive, erotic, emotional blend. "Moving Targets" is proud and exhilerating.

I was getting really bored of 'rock' groups with drummers until this sublime long player proved to me it need not necessarily be prison to rely on the Premier or the Ludwig. The trap(s). The suffocating beat. It needs something awesomely sexual or transcendent to smash out of this base enclosure.

Penetration with a sense of wonder, an essential childlike trait ("Moving Targets" is undeniably wish-fulfillment) avoid the laziness and security offered by the beat. Their music is conventional rock that is not mundane or blase, but an intense, joyous experience, fired with the sheer glory of motion. Motion, and an unconscious impressionism, specifically transparent and sensual textures, are major parts of the record's compelling aura. This music moves like nothing you've heard in rock. But it is rock'n'roll and consistently so like nothing since patches of "Horses", which saw in experience visions this music sees in other ways. Other threatening ways.

You scoff. Bully for you.

Ignore the packaging, especially the embarrassing luminous vinyl. This collection needs coloured vinyl like a Pynchon novel needs a nude on the cover. *(Pynchon novels always need a nude on the cover. — Ed.)* **Don't worry about any 'weirdness'. There are the straightforward tactics of hard rock impact and thrust, but other factors, most noticeably a chilling spatial and temporal sense, lift the music somewhere special. There is great mystery at work here.**

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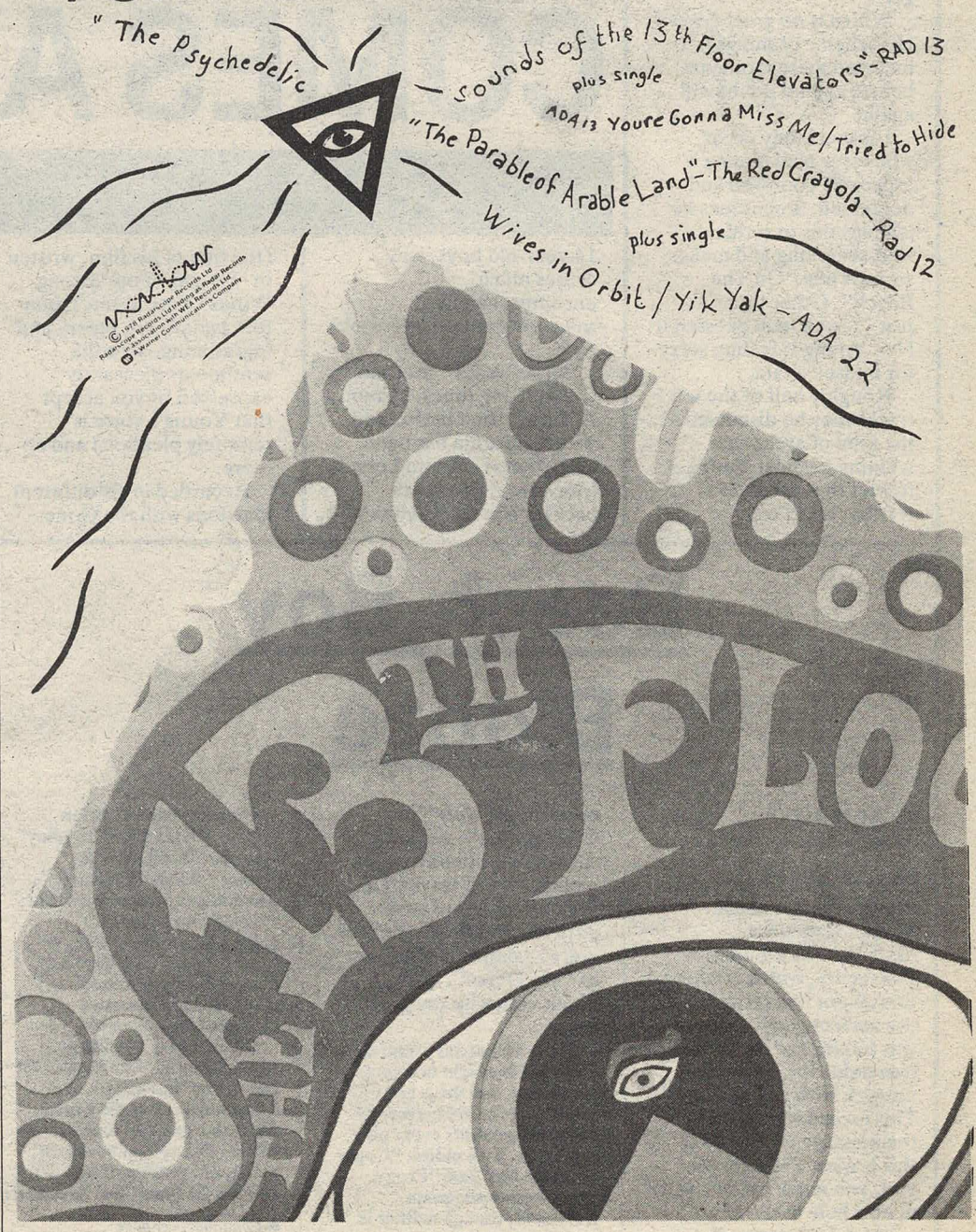
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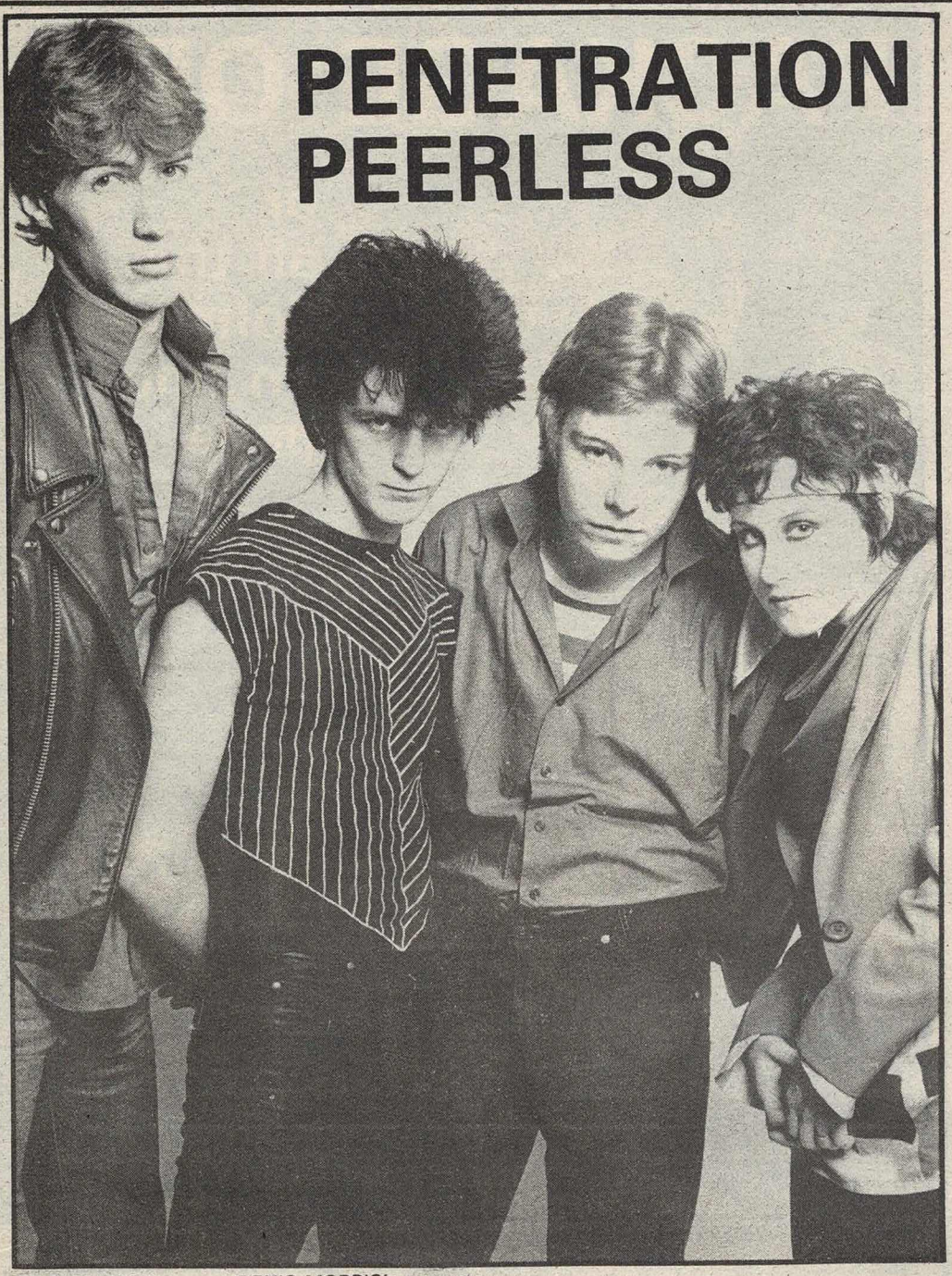


PENETRATION peer at DENIS MORRIS's camera.

Definitely the edge of greatness.

All parts fall in during Patti Smith / Lenny Kaye's "Free Money". It draws itself out, explodes, folds, filters — the shape, drive and pattern of the version pure Penetration, proving how much they got from the diviner parts of the Patti Smith Group and how much they've used it, not depended on it. It also points to how sophisticated and versatile Penetration as composers have become. The "Free Money" hook is not the best on the record, its turns and bursts not the most memorable. It closes the album, leaving things open.

Before "Free Money", a Peter Shelley song, the full, vivid "Nostalgia". A small part of Shelley's grammar of living that suits Penetrations naive, inverted optimism. Elswhere, nine successful songs. Those that move most are side one's opening three cuts, the rapid and wonderfully raucous "Future Daze", the exquisite new single "Life's A Gamble", the teasing "Lovers Of Outrage"; and side two's opening three cuts, the wild "Movement", the insidious "Too Many Friends" and the drifting "Reunion".

The messages and meanings are simple and obvious, freedom right there at the top, but form constantly transcends the content. Performance by Pauline is often breathtaking, and the playing of guitarists Neale Floyd and Fred Purser, of bassist Robert Blagmire and drummer Gary Smallman, is assured and sensitive. The production, shared by Mike Howlett and Mick Glossop, is perfectly co-ordinated.

Straight rock music was easily as tame and predictable as a Stiff hype until this record. Don't deprive yourself of it for another instant.

Paul Morley

999
Separates (United Artists)

AND YES, this unfortunately is where it separates. 999's second album — always a fateful thing — and the illusory packaging hides a regression.

This record, this sleeve, have a MOR feel to them — a disturbing, all too symbolic shift. On the first 999 album cover, UA's graphic arts dept. were in such a rush to present the boys as poppy WOWEE Disneyland punks (caricatures?) that they forgot to list the band members. That was cruelly representative, but this . . .

This time the song titles have been forgotten, and *that* is even more cruel than the last error.

Because these songs show that all along 999 weren't what they wanted to be, only what we wanted them to be, only what UA let them be. Here they are on "Separates", and they could be singing "Communication Breakdown" for all it matters, they're happy to be on a Martin Rushent produced album in the window display. Old riffs are polished, so you can't place them — this is 999/Rushent's craft, and/or craftiness.

The voice is a rock voice, the titles are rock titles, the name is a rock name. "Feelin' Alright With The Crew", "Homicide", "Crime Parts 1 & 2", "High Energy Plan", "Out Of Reach", "Subterfuge" . . . '999'. It all fits. Like Lego. Anyone can want this to be 1978 rock music enough for it to be so; if it was, then other people would have the perfect right to say that 'rock' is 'dead'.

Take it home to mum and dad, they'll pretend to 'pogo', probably. Hum, whistle, pretend to break chairs over each other's heads. Write away for the free 12" single. Everything's safe in the deposit box, everything's sharp in the window display.

It looked good in the window display, didn't it?

Ian Penman

AL STEWART
Time Passages (RCA)

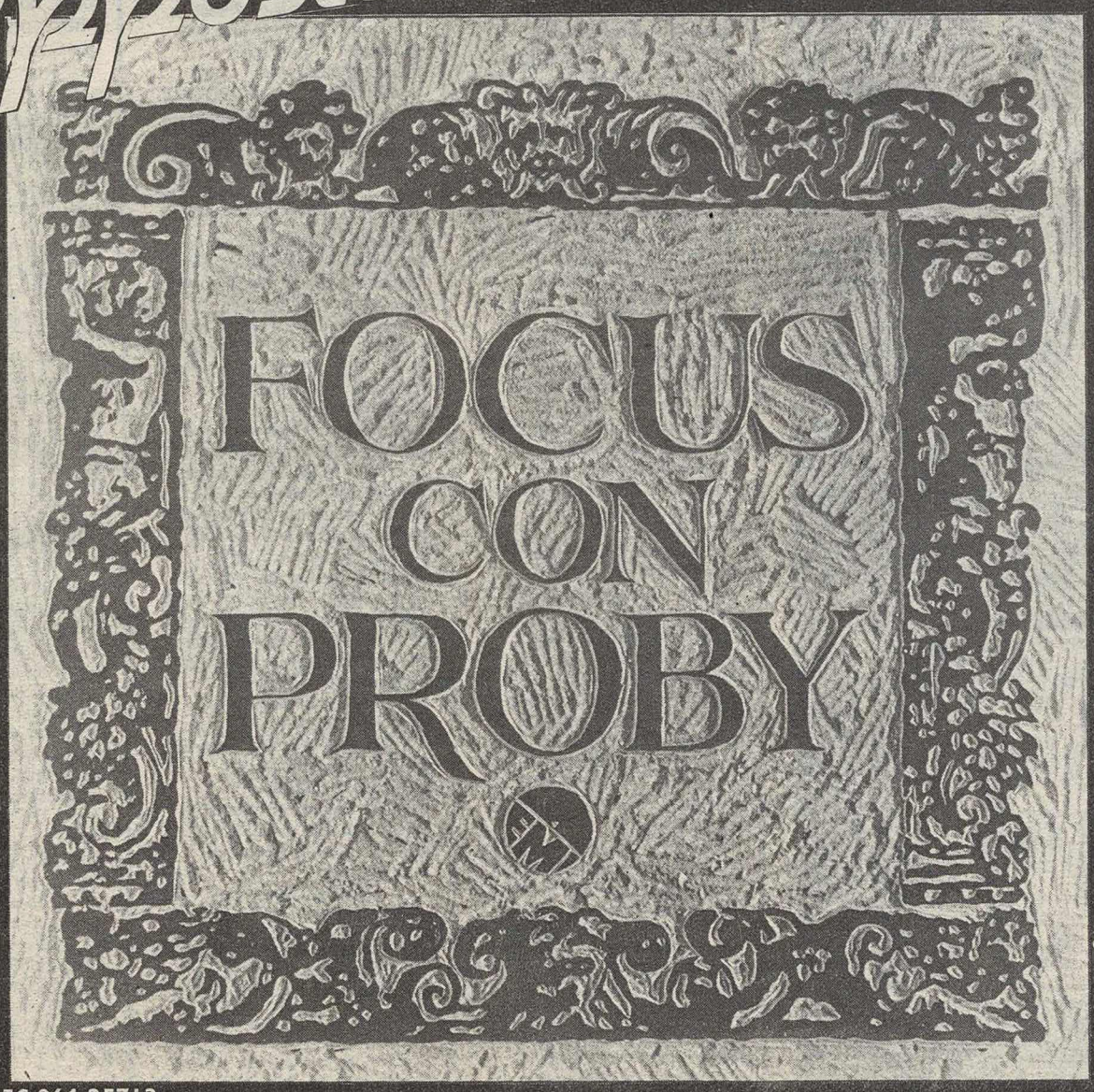
Now I *like* Al Stewart, bought all his albums, and rated him as a lyricist and individual talent. Even if "Year of the Cat" wasn't his best effort (his 1973 "Past, Present and Future" takes some eclipsing) it brought him the public attention he's merited. But that was two years ago, so "Time Passages" is the one to substantiate his reputation. Or is it? Well, not really.

Recorded in LA and suffering somehow from that city's pernicious softness of approach, it's an album lacking in depth and substance. Stewart's never had a strong voice, but has ably covered that deficiency with a perceptive lyric and attractive melody, sadly lacking here.

The lengthy "Life in Dark Water" is a sort of emotional Journey to the Centre of the Record but lacks a substantial metaphor at its core, and it's a shitty tune. There's a look over his shoulder to his better, earlier work, notably on "Palace of Versailles" (with some strong guitar from Tim Renwick) and "Man For All Seasons" at least shows Stewart trying to tackle something of more than marshmallow significance. But the remaining tracks are Stewart at his most self-indulgent and shallow, failing to strike a responsive chord in this particular listener.

Patrick Humphries

Opposites attract-



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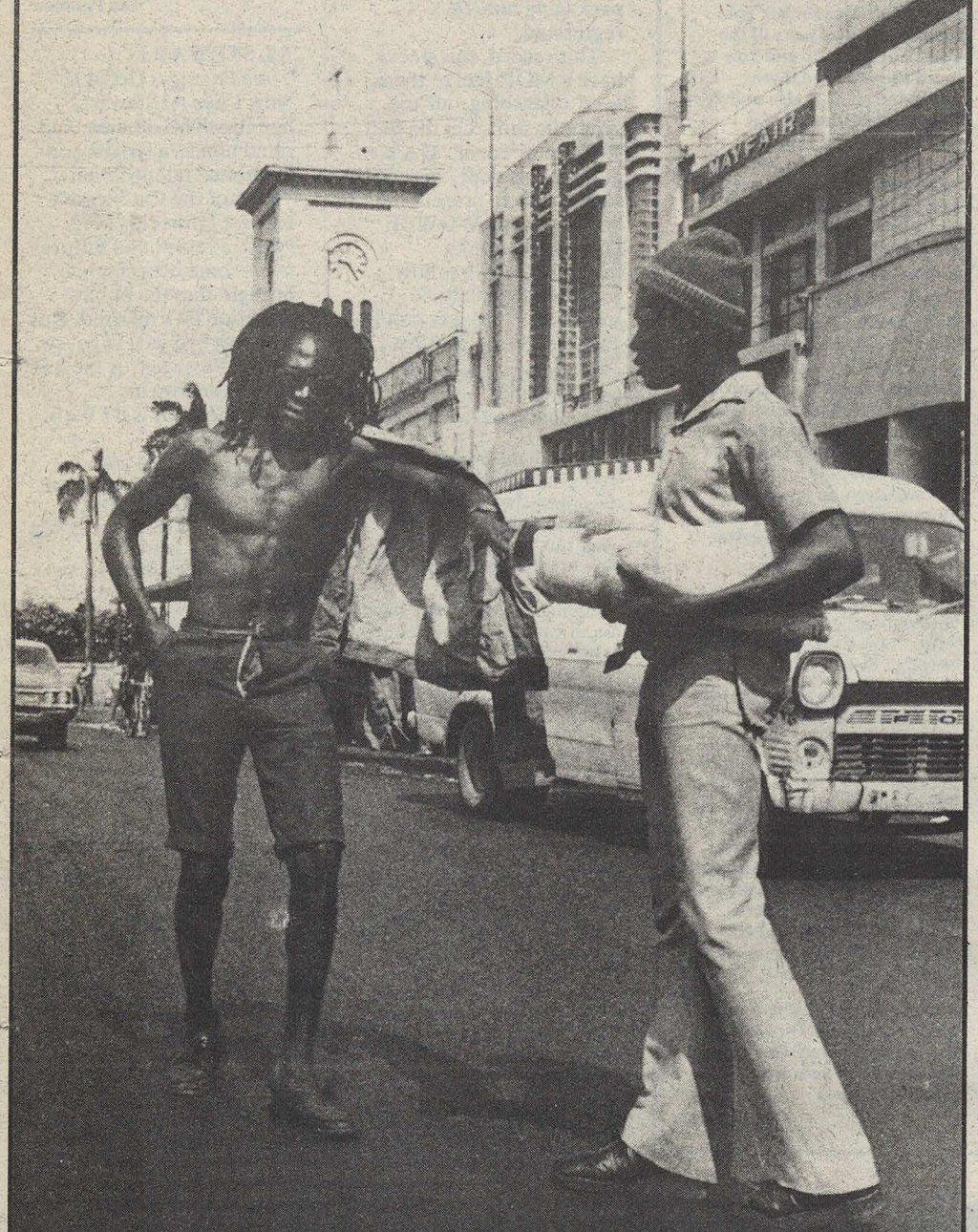

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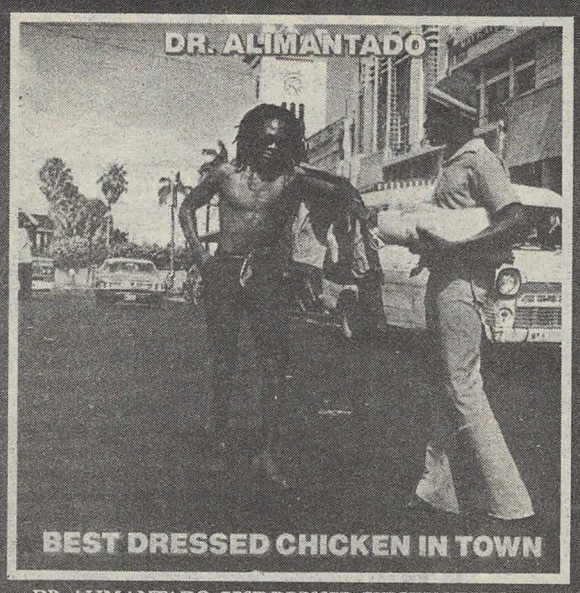

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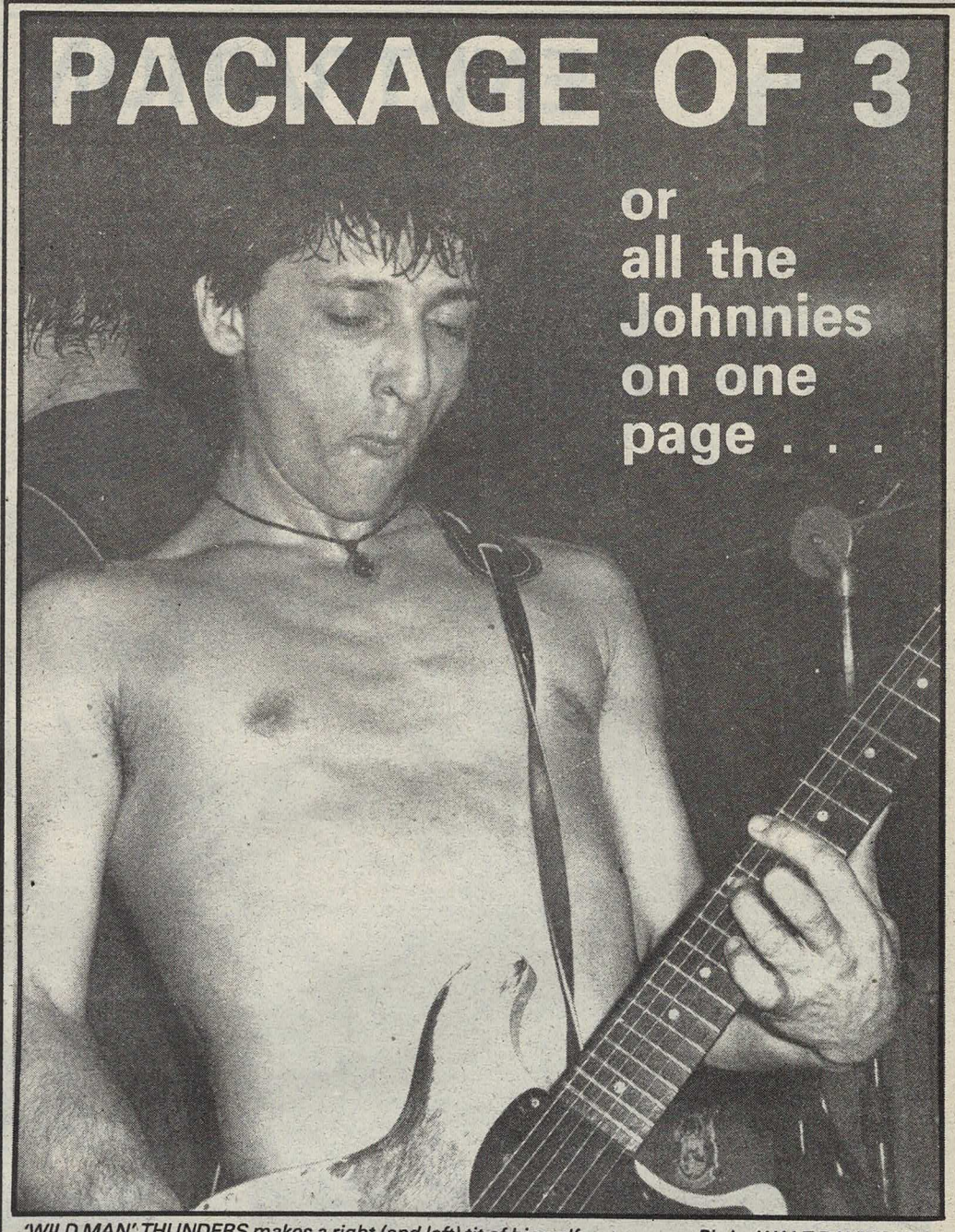


'WILD MAN' THUNDERS makes a right (and left) tit of himself. Pic by WALT DAVIDSON

JOHNNY THUNDERS
So Alone (Real)

TURN TO side two track one for the real scoop going on around here.

Johnny Thunders used to do Derek Martin's "Daddy Rolling Stone" with the NY Dolls in their hammer and sickle days, so you'd think he'd be well enough acquainted with it to at least give a creditable performance. The song *is* given a creditable performance, but it's not Thunders who's at the helm this time.

He kicks off what turns out to be a three part affair with strangled laryngitic vocals while the pulsebeat is provided by Steve Jones' pumping rhythm guitar and Steve Marriott on piano. Second verse and it's Phil Lynott injecting the song with the pimp-flash razzledazzle it needs. Finally, third verse and Steve Marriott barges in, separating the men from the boys for good'n'all with a searing, blinding splice of vocalese that kicks the song into four-wheel drive 'toot-sweet'.

Talk about stealing the show! But that's not the question that needs asking here, so much as whether J Thunders is aesthetically capable of pulling off a solo album. Unlike David Johanssen, who at least kept the ghost of the Dolls well dormant when he did his splendid solo, Thunders seems to need the old Dolls' mojo — their magical ghost — to flesh out his project.

Thus we have a pretty sloppy "Give Her A Great Big Kiss" — the Shangrilas fave that the Dolls turned into a speciality — with Pat Palladin from the overrated Snatch on call and response, adding nothing to the messy proceedings. Likewise, "Subway Train" from the first Dolls album is pretty tardy fare, despite infinitely better production. But this "Train" ain't going nowhere and it's all a little depressing when you consider how far Thunders has travelled, using the two versions as lynch-pins.

On the up-tempo minefield there's "London Boys", an amusing riposte to Johnny Rotten's slag-off of Johanssen on the Pistols' "New York" which, after a few listenings, deteriorates into the puerile mess the song which inspired it always was. Jones and Cook grant Thunders their finest shot when they rage into the Chantays' "Pipeline", throwing all caution — and those odd touches of fretboard finesse noted in the original — to the wind as they drive on through a rivetting performance.

On a more pertinent level, Thunders proves at least he's furrowing ground well away from the old surrogate Eddie Cochran turf when he turns to mid-tempo balladeering. Fortunately, he's found the perfect foil here in The Only Ones' Peter Perrett who, along with colleague Mike Kellie, grants Thunders a decent backdrop on which to craft the worldly-wise angst of "You Can't Put Your Arms Around A Memory" and even "Ask Me No Questions", though the latter, turgid as hell, doesn't cop for dreaded self-pity. Probably best of all, "She's So Untouchable" has a downright catchy chorus and melody, and like "Memory" stands out in exactly the same way that "It's Not Enough" did on the Heartbreakers' pitifully produced "L.A.M.F."

Ultimately, the last three are great because they don't kow-tow to Thunders' desperate image of himself as rock'n'roll wild man, cool junkie, an Italio-Brooklyn Jack the Lad.

As a whole, "So Alone" (and that title is a joke) proves that Thunders isn't ready for a solo album. But given some more cold, hard stares in the mirror like "Memory", he'll at least survive in this cut-throat world.

Then, and only then, will his perceptions be right for a straight solo rock'n'roll album.

Nick Kent

JOHNNY BRISTOL
Strangers (Polydor)

JOHNNY 'GUITAR' WATSON
Giant (DJM)

AT A TIME when nearly every 'black' album is awash with space bass, moogs, birth signs and one-track-a-side disco work outs, any album rooted in short songs that stem from just vocal and piano must appear to stand as much chance of fame as Whistler's father.

But Johnny Bristol has made one of the only albums by a solo artist that can bear the handle 'soft soul' and not be mere coffee table crooning for the Night Flight set. "Strangers" has ten tracks, seven of which are truly good, with enough warmth and melody to make the Johnny Mathis crowd hang up their falsetto teeth.

Anyone who can write songs like "How Sweet It Is", "Ain't No Mountain High Enough" and "Love Me For A Reason" has to be considered SERIOUS, and though Bristol must be pushing forty he's looking well and on tracks like "Waiting On Love" and especially the mighty "You Can't Have Love (Without Complications)" shows the door to stroppy upstarts like the appalling Floaters.

Unpretentious arrangements never foul up basic tunes, in fact some are startlingly sparse and the lyrics often have more depth than the usual 'wonderland of sweet lerv' scope. On "Don't Stop It Now" we find ol' John in the unusual (especially for male soul singers) position of having been used by his girl as a quickie sex vehicle. (Maybe she had to sing "Hang On In There Baby" for *him* last night). Then there's "So Proud" which is sung to his new wife's chavvie (by a previous marriage), or "When It Comes" which is a Philly hymn to the second coming ('cos JC don't leave like people do!).

Alright, this album ain't gonna turn the world (nor the charts for that matter) on its ear but it's all enjoyable, refreshingly free of gimmicks, showing confidence in the songs — and what with everyone replacing peace/hate love/war with new nonsense (which at this time, 1:55, concerns being Moderne Mass Man), "Strangers" looks positively adventurous. What a good record.

Fellow senior citizen Johnny 'Guitar' Watson has no such luck on his plate though. He's still stuck in the style that brought him his last hit in 1976, "I Need It".

Since then he's made three or four albums and they've all been making much the same noises. For a start he could lose that throw-away vocal delivery with no ill effect, and oh, but if only he'd toughen up that guitar attack.

The introduction of synthesizer to his line up shows he's aware what the box office laps up, though it's hardly used with much imagination. The album does have one worthy cut, however, in "You Can Stay (But The Noise Must Go)". Good as it is, though, it'd be far better (but of course, less commercial) as a hard, slow blues.

Elsewhere on "Giant" we have War dropping in to repeat their last single with JW on vocal ("Baby Face") but it works no better than it did with just them. The rest is simply forgettable. Come on John, mate, either turn up or turn it in.

So there you go. Two artists with eighty years at least in total, but only their colour and names keeping them grouped together. I'll repeat that: Watson (0) 1 Bristol (4) 7.

Danny Baker

BRIAN ENO
Music For Films (Polydor)

"I'M NOT really interested in the quality of the film, what they furnish is an excuse to do some music . . . they're areas where I can experiment in a way that I wouldn't do in my own work . . ."

Brian Eno, 1978

"Music For Films" — an aural scrapbook, a diary, a reaction and selfishness record (glued to a screen).

Find a starting point and arrange provocations around it. Provide pictures, elemental clues, mirthless self-critiques. Ha ha: a media misrepresentation of the calculated pitch for impression and information.

Creative people. Ho ho: more Devils than vast Hell can hold. Hang onto relegion, chemical, politics, cosmos-vision . . . pah! Hang onto *yourself:* Eno is the true existential hero — honour thy self and thy self alone. Hero.

From machine-gun for Ferry's mirthless myths, inclination fell into machinehood, some would say falsehood (all his cybernetics' blather). At best when producing cans of modal muzak. It's not so much the music that is 'important', more the manipulation that has gone on behind it. Musing and, why not, leeching upon a medium.

His best work has been that which was created when he confined himself to working objectively with musical images considered as objects to subtly shine into private moods. A single note or noise or position ("No Pussyfooting", "Discreet Music") separated, opaque and dissonant, clinging and distant, often elongated, frequently 'treated'.

And to jolt these object-sounds against each other is to create an aural medium for the listener in the same way that cinema does for the viewer — the produced landscape is not separate from life, but finds the primitive disposition of things through this processing of objects.

Hold shapes of transparent Eastern recession, or arch melodic foreground; dum dum bullets of funk-jazz (plucked string doodles) and a nonsense of gimmick instruments. What we consider *musical* noise, what we consider arbitrary and outside.

In very much the same way as the new German filmakers fish about for submerged patterns — ripples are important — utilising a range of non-stylistic devices: people (actors/musicians) considered as cyphers, and set up in detached, indefinite, conventionally inconsequential situations. (A recollection and sequence test).

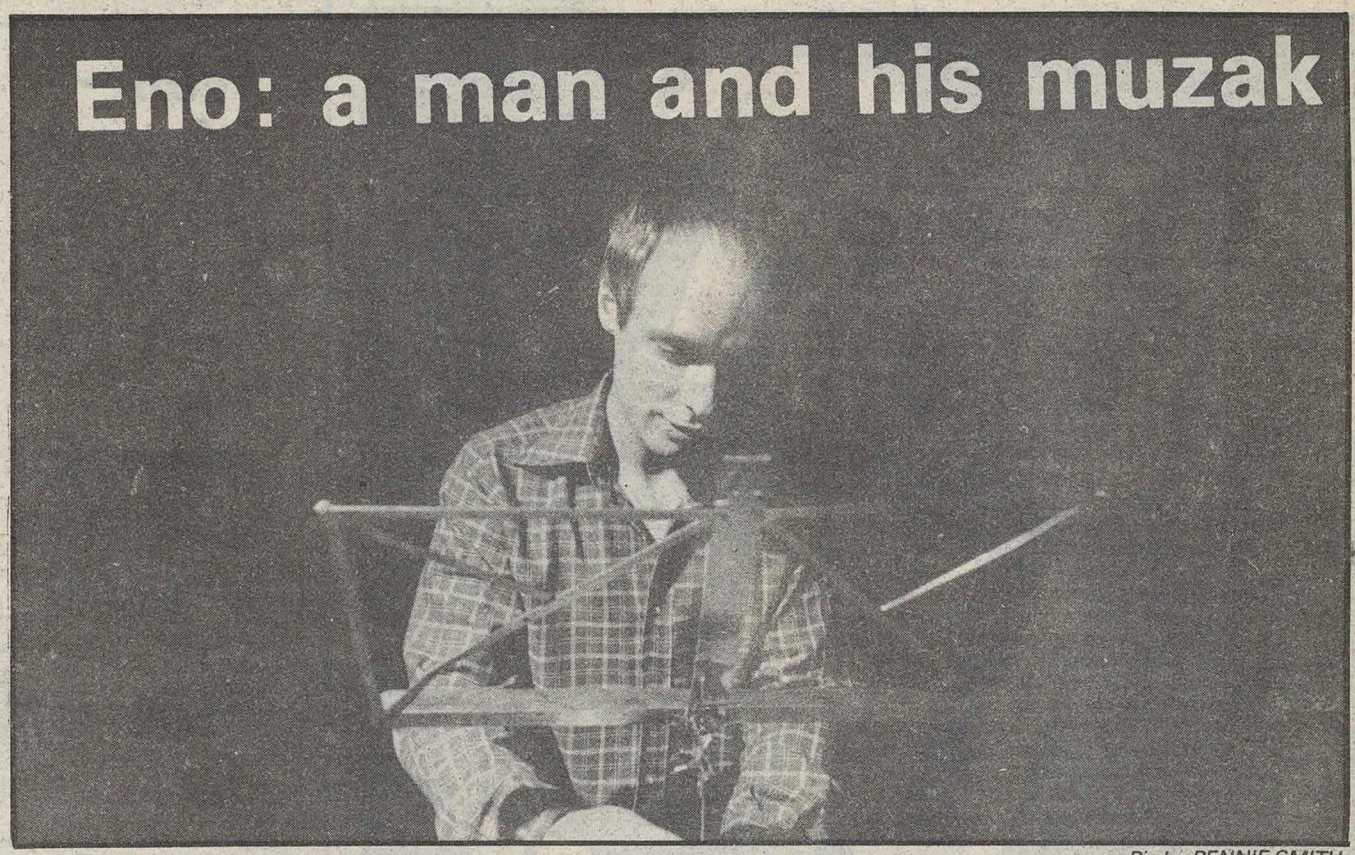
Do you 'criticise' muzak? Do you 'criticise' a film in which all the actors are under hypnosis?

The evocation is left up to you. As with "No Pussy-footing", "Evening Star", "Discreet Music", "Cluster/Eno", and bits of "Another Green World" — i.e. free from the laboured whimsy of Eno's contentious lyrics. Anonymous, pretty, brief, evocative — much more so than Bowie's plastic-tablecloth kitchen tone poems.

We need perspective on this thing, it *is* soundtrack music — Can, Popol Vuh, Bernard Herrmann — name your favourite. Background — but not to say unimportant or insipid. Think about your mind!

Ian Penman

Eno: a man and his muzak



Prodigy BRIAN studies his ectoplasmic sheet music before going for the big one. *Pic by PENNIE SMITH*

OL' LAING SIGNS UP NUTTERS

R.D. LAING
Life Before Death (Charisma)

ONE OF THE strangest phenomena of modern times is the psychological condition which we doctors call discophrenia, or the compulsive desire to make records. What makes this malaise so difficult to understand is that, very often, those afflicted have no musical ability whatsoever and come from a totally different walk of life.

David Soul and Tim Curry are well-known sufferers. A third is the case before us now. The patient — let's call him Ronnie — was a well-known psychiatrist, a successful author. Then, one day, discophrenia struck, and Ronnie found himself committed to a recording studio with long-term sufferers, Ken Howard and Alain Blaikley.

In Ronnie's case, though, the condition was mild rather than chronic. He didn't try to *sing* the lyrics, he merely spoke them. But a common symptom of discophrenia — delusions of artistic grandeur — *was* manifest. Ronnie thought he was a Poet. He wrote formal verse structures, with stilted rhythms and a lot of trite rhymes. He asked Important Questions: *"Are we aware we can't remember who / We are? Does it require great fortitude / To live ataxic and aphasic through / An un-anaesthesised decrepitude?"*

While Ronnie was undergoing a course of 'headphone' treatment, Howard and Blaikley were under the delusion they were providing music for his record.

Synthesised muzak - cum - Bach decorated with a variety of inappropriate instruments, tootled away in thebackground, pretending to be a valid musical contribution. Many doctors argue that severe treatment, even the complete removal of the 'brain', is the only way to help such people. Others point to the fact that this treatment has made no difference in many cases — Max Bygraves, Melvyn Bargg, Rhodes Boyson.

Psychiatrists and DJ's disagree about whether Ronnie was bio-chemically determined to make this record, or whether it was the result of social conditioning. My own diagnosis points to the combination of an unhappy childhood and living in a late capitalist society which encourages the helpless individual to make money by every method available.

My only hope is that now his discophrenic tendencies have been fully expressed, Ronnie will not 'regress' into a recording studio again. If he does so, there is serious danger of a fully-fledged discochosis, in which the patient believes he can sing, dance and star in musicals.

It is believed that nearly one in three people have this delusion at some point in their lives.

Graham 'Doc' Lock

Patient RONNIE looks into all souls

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
Skite (logo)

IT'S THE chaps!

Weird, wild, whacky, wonderful, pretentious, hilarious, boring, off beam, on target, in sync, out of phase, pointed, blunt, witty, facetious, courageous, committed, moving, cynical, sincere, hard, taut, flabby, virile, arrogant, obtuse, acute, feeble, ballsy, whimsical, vain, humble, terrifying, hilarious . . . this are just some of the adjectives that I have read in various books, magazines, newspapers and cereal packets over the last few months.

Some of them may even apply to Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias, whoever they may be, and to their new elpee "Skite, whatever it sounds like.

What does it sound like? You may well ask. Let me count the many ways. There's a track that sounds like Abba *("Set me free/I want my tea")*, there's the infamous doo-wop version of "Anarchy In The UK" (bit of a damp squib in the studio, that), the reggae version of "Where Have All The Flowers gone" with its accompanying dub on the other side (bloody funny, actually), the daunting "23" which shows the marks of producer/arranger Chaz Jankel's medium-to-heavy-handed touch more than anything else on the album, and of course the already legendary "Heads Down No Nonsense Mindless Boogie", the greatest permutation yet of the "In The City"/"Holidays In The Sun" riff with that ludicrous organ sound and . . .

. . . and . . .

. . . then . . .

. . . along came "Peter Parker" (which would seem to refer neither to the British Rail person nor to your friendly neighbourhood Spider-Man and invites unfavourable comparisons with National Lampoon's "Art Rock Suite" off the "Goodbye Pop" album and a few pokes at Nick Lowe (who's a grown man and can take it) and . . .

"Skite" is well-played, almost inspired and killer funny. I'm not sure how many plays it'll stand before it starts to get boring, but that's the breaks.

Charles Shaar Murray

ANDY MACKAY
Resolving Contradictions (Bronze)

MUCH OF Andy MacKay's new music was inspired by a holiday in China, and it reminds me of a chip shop I used to frequent in Newcastle Upon Tyne. The speciality of the house was "Curry Rolls", and when I asked what they might be, the chippie replied: "Curry rolls? You know — Chow Mein."

This comparison is no doubt entirely unfair. As an intellectual sort, MacKay is presumably well able to distinguish between cultures. But, on this occasion, his eclectic approach has produced something of an abnormal mixture.

Parts of this album recall the soundtracks to those Maoist propaganda films that you sometimes see on TV. Other bits suggest background music in a provincial Chinese restaurant. The difference is that MacKay has transplanted the Chinese style into a modern rock idiom, and oddly enough, it seems to work.

MacKay obviously liked what he saw on his guided tour. One track is called "The Loyang Tractor Factory" and, despite what you might expect, it is not a dirge. Inevitably, there's an element of patronage in MacKay's response. A collectivist tractor factory might well be just the job for Chinese workers, but hardly the thing for bourgeois rock stars.

But let's not be churlish here. MacKay's enthusiasm rubs off after only one listen, and his album is an engaging project that largely succeeds.

It may be a set of saxophone instrumentals, but in its way it's more articulate than many wordier offerings.

Bob Edmands

Prancing JIMMY ALBERTO: "Why Can't I look like that tough geezer up there on page 50?"
Pic by ALAN JOHNSON

Well — it's one for the money, two for the money, another one for the moo-lah . . .

FRANK MARINO plays guitar and acts sincere. Pic by GUS STEWART

VARIOUS ARTISTS
California Jam 2 (CBS)

IT IS almost indecently appropriate to notice approximately two and a half sides through this heaving monstrosity that the initials CBS not only stand for "Columbia Broadcasting System" (the communications megalith that owns the label as one of its many assets), but also for "Corporate Bull Shit."

"California Jam 2" was recorded at one of those open-air gigs that featured as many civilians as World War II and probably made as much noise and is a straightforward cross-section of Middle American corporate rock as represented by the artists of CBS Records and associated labels like Epic and Portrait.

You get two numbers apiece from Santana, Dave Mason, Heart and Ted Nugent and no less than three from Aerosmith (all of whom are CBS recording artists and get their pictures on the sleeve) plus two from a band called Rubicon (who were licensed from 20th Century Records and therefore *don't* get their mugs on the cover) and a large chunk of Jean Michael Jarre's "Oxygene", a studio recording leased from Polydor (don't even ask what it's doing on the album).

All are ample evidence that between the death of Duane Allman and the birth of The Ramones, America didn't possess one decent homegrown rock band.

Santana and his mates fribble away on their congas and synths while Carlos himself demonstrates the noble art of beatifically sustaining notes for as long as his amplifier will allow, and Dave Mason sings weary adult songs with the sort of self-indulgent suffering that Bob Harris must play when he gets home from work. Heart parade their updated folkrock grandiosity in a fairly irritating manner, but any mild feelings of annoyance that they may arouse are less than zero compared to the titanic efforts of Ted Nugent.

A fast-fingered numbskull who believes that in some obscure way a man's virility is somehow linked to the size and wattage of his amplifier, Nugent may well be a healthy alternative to joining the Green Berets as a means for channelling the bloodlust of the All-American Bozo, but I'd rather listen to even the crappiest British punk band extant (and I'm naming no names in case someone takes me up on it) than endure further dosage of Nugent's unique brand of musical buffalo poop.

By comparison, even a competent but thoroughly average bunch of Stones pastichists are a godsend, so Aerosmith's mediocre graunchings are almost painless, and the Jarre interlude is pleasantly ignorable in the most modern discreetmusik tradition. Not so Frank Marino.

Young Frank almost won me over by announcing, "Y'all dig the blues? Y'all dig rock and roll? We gonna mix the two togethuh . . ." as a prelude to a medley of Slim Harpo's "I'm A King Bee" and Howlin' Wolf's "Back Door Man" (the latter best known through The Doors' version). He then lost me by simultaneously dancing on the graves of Harpo, Wolf, Jim Morrison and Jimi Hendrix by playing the most ludicrously brainless dweedle-zoop-boinnng guitar imaginable and then messing over Chuck Berry's "Johnny B. Goode". What with that and Ronstadt's "Back In The USA", Chuck's had a bad month despite all the royalties. If Jimi Hendrix was still alive to hear Frank Marino, I bet he'd've been in there chucking toilet rolls like a good'un.

That leaves two completely forgettable tracks by Rubicon, a band who should be thankful that they live in the USA, since they probably couldn't get work if they were starting out over here.

All in all, "California Jam 2" is a hideously depressing artefact: proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that the only hope for American rock is the continued success of brilliant oddballs like Randy Newman and Ry Cooder on the one hand and The Ramones on the other (and listen — don't take no shit from no-one, "Road To Ruin" is an album of almost unflawed brillance, containing songs that would have been inconceivable back in the early days while still remaining quintessentially Ramonic).

America, you're in trouble. The megalith beckons.

Charles Shaar Murray

IMPORTS

WHILE BRITISH rock gradually eases back on the throttle following the high-speed joy ride to glory of '77, its American counterpart would appear to be generally bogged down in a Sargasso of slicked-up MOR. A Seger or two apart, it's flapjacks with cream all down the line.

Valerie Carter's "Wild Child" (ARC/CBS) is a case in point. In no way is it a bad record. In fact, if you logged up the points, it would probably stack up well on the goody-graph. Apart from having a name like Carter — which can't be bad since the advent of Camp David — the ex-back-up singer (that's her, alongside Lowell George on James Taylor's "Angry Blues") possesses both an attractive and flexible voice plus the ability to construct melodies that Pooh would find easy to hum. Add a portion of other well-shaped ditties by the likes of Phoebe Snow, David Batteau, Eugene Record and Andy Fairweather-Low and you have an album that's not at all hard to live with. But the cream-puff funk of some tracks, allied to James Newton-Howard's excessively string-laden arrangements and super-plush production techniques ensure that "Wild Child" ends up as fodder for somnabulists to samba by. Sometimes even a V.C. can't win through.

Across the 49th parallel, things have been jumpin' slightly more. For not only has Toronto's **Rough Trade** recorded a direct-cut album (the first true rock band to do so?) but **Battered Wives,** who hail from the same city, have grabbed themselves a slice of "surprise" vinyl (a euphemism for red) on the Bomb label, distributed here by Pacific. The Wives are one of those band that have their eight feet stradded across a wide rock'n'roll canyon. Their sleeve is kinda Devo-cum-disco, their music is Stones-based with enough new-wave knobs on to get a "punk" accolade in *Bomp* and they have vocalists with both Canuck and Willesden High Road accents. Their debut album — called, enterprisingly, "Battered Wives" — is a halfway good affair, displaying a fair amount of energy, some humour (best exemplified in "Uganda Stomp", a daft ditty about Idi Amin) and a songwriting ability that ranges from interesting to dire — does anybody *really* write songs titled "Angry Young Man" in these inflationary times? So it isn't the greatest and it isn't the worst. But it's still on "surprise" vinyl and it plays at the right speed. Amen.

Old established greasers will be gratified to learn that Bonaparte have lugged in a Capitol double titled **"Esquerita!",** on which the Little Richard lookalike from New Orleans, romps and screams his way through a stack of tracks that include a dozen previously unreleased items.

Fred Dellar

VARIOUS IS THE SPICE OF VINYL

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Big Wheels of Motown (Motown)

TO TAKE up an aggressive stance when faced with a compilation of any kind is an almost instinctive reaction. After all, we could all do a better job given half a chance. And, when you stop to consider the staggering choice the Motown catalogue affords, the temptation is doubly great.

But my advice to you is forget it. Some people are paid to fix your teeth, some people are paid to build your house and some people are paid to compile albums like this for you. If you dig the tracks buy the album, if you don't spend elsewhere.

What we have here are 20 tracks from the Motown Golden Period (1964 to 1970). They may not be better than any other 20, but they'll do. As nearly as I can tell, all the tracks here present are currently available on the multitude of Motown compilations already released, so what logic lies behind this endeavour is beyond my ken. Yet by virtue of the sheer excellence of the material present, this is a superb album.

John Hamblett

"Reach out!" — THE FOUR TOPS and the Three Bints, believed to be Big Wheels. Pic by SKR INTERNATIONAL

THE ABYSSINIANS
Arise (Virgin Front Line)

Another impressive signing for the Front Line; another Jamaican outfit who deserve a stable contract; another less than essential recording . . .

Were this a mainstream rock release, we would have to conclude that it's pleasant but lean on themes and that they must try harder. But far be it from me to advise The Abyssinians — Bernard Collins, Linford Manning, Donald Manning — that their thanks and praises to Ras Tafari need more attention or effort.

This is just a good case of a perfect (some would say), light reggae consummation which followers will lap and love up, but which cannot really be recommended to a wider audience's wallet.

Like disco music, reggae is a matter of function, present, and — the two combined — day-to-day activity. Far harder things have been released and not reviewed in the past month (not to say week) . . .

Where do you draw the line? More to the point — who draws it?

(To whom it may concern: in my unhumble estimation, nothing on "Arise" has the deep appeal of "Satta Massagana" or "Forward Onto Zion", both of which can be found as the opposite sides of an inexpensive Klik 45).

Ian Penman

ABYSSINIANS here we come. Pic by P POLE

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Live: A Week At The Bridge E16 (Bridge House Records)

I'D HEARD that Canning Town's Bridge House could get a little, uh, heavy. "Grown men have been known to bite their own heads off, rather than go there for a drink," whispered my landlord, glancing nervously over his shoulder. "But you'll probably be alright, just so long as you don't *look* at anybody."

On the record, though, it sounds a thoroughly entertaining hostelry, another rock and roll good-time pub. "Live" is an album plus 12" EP which features several of the pub's regular giggers — Filthy McNasty, Roll Ups, Salt, Gerry McAvoy Jam, Remus Down Boulevard, Jackie Lynton's Happy Days — and is produced by Filthy's lady singer and guitarist, Chris Thompson.

The bands play a choice selection of hard rock and da blooze — songs like "Move Over", "Hip Shake", "I Can't Get Next To You", "Walking The Dog" — and they attack them with the beefy vigour and enthusiasm you'd expect from seasoned pub performers. My favourites are Salt, Filthy McNasty and — best of all — Remus Down Boulevard's "Only For You", but it's one of those albums where everyone will have their own.

It's curiously dated music. They could have been playing it ten years ago (maybe they were), but it's done with an affection and a spirit that makes up for the lack of subtlety, for the patches of mediocrity.

Greasy, gritty rock and roll is alive and doing very well down in E16.

Graham Lock

ROGER McGOUGH
Summer with Monica (Island)

ALMOST ENTIRELY a rare pearl this, a record I love completely by a poet I admire hugely.

Roger McGough commits "Summer With Monika" to vinyl: a tale of youth and love and growing older and the jealousies in between told simply, with love and wry black humour by a poet who could only have come from Liverpool.

In the main the music stays where it belongs, in the background, and only occasionally does it ever threaten to intrude and then only fleetingly. A word or two of congratulations must also be spared for Peter Blake — the illustrator of the book from which this record evolved — for the superb cover art, without doubt the best I've seen this year.

Much could be said about Roger McGough and his poetry, and undoutedly will be elsewhere. But when all is said and done, the only sane way to approach this kind of poetry is to put it on, listen, turn it off, sit back and wait to see if you get a hit off it.

I did.

John Hamblett

the SM!RKS

"Always had that je ne sais quoi!"

THE TOUR

Smirks against Travolta

Friday 6th October **PLYMOUTH** Polytechnic
Saturday 7th October **READING** University
Wednesday 11th October **LONDON** Marquee
Thursday 12th October **LEEDS** Polytechnic
Friday 13th October **NEWCASTLE** University
Saturday 14th October **MANCHESTER** University
Sunday 15th October **BRADFORD** Royal Standard Hotel
Monday 16th October **WARRINGTON** Carlton Club
Wednesday 18th October **LONDON** Marquee
Thursday 19th October **NOTTINGHAM** Sandpiper Club
Saturday 21st October **PORTSMOUTH** Polytechnic
Thursday 26th October **NORWICH** Boogie Place
Friday 27th October **BRISTOL** University
Saturday 28th October **LONDON** School of Economics
Monday 30th October **LONDON** Marquee
Tuesday 31st October **BIRMINGHAM** Aston University
Wednesday 1st November **HUDDERSFIELD** Polytechnic
Thursday 2nd November **MANCHESTER** Russell Club
(2 shows – 6 pm & 9 pm under 18's only 50p)
Friday 3rd November **SHEFFIELD** Limit Club
Saturday 4th November **HALIFAX** Good Mood Club

Agency James Tod 01-439 9096

THE RECORD

Rosemary

BZZ 23

IMMINENT

Beserkley
"Home of the Hits"

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

Elcaset crosses a new frontier

***ROY CARR** examines the product — and concludes that the future of compact cassette recordings starts here.*

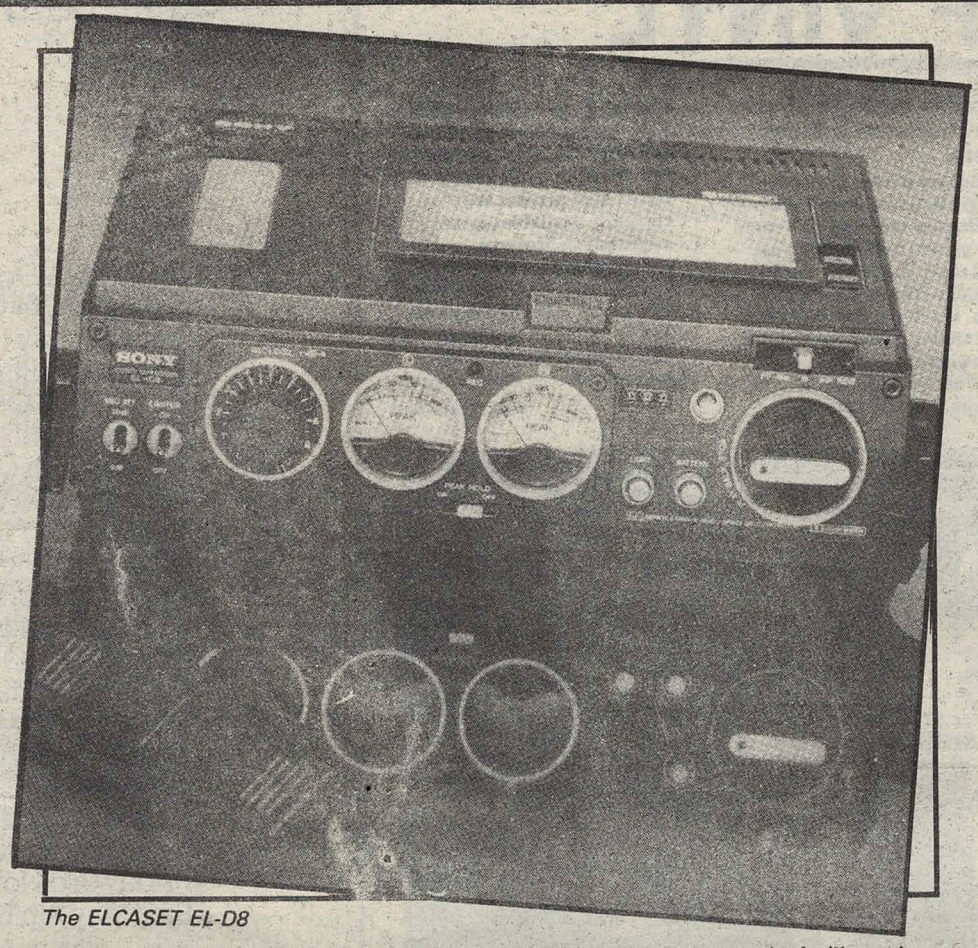
OF ALL THE items of professional-standard hi-fi equipment that have passed through my inquisitive fingers over the last year or so, without any doubt the one item that has solicited most reader feedback has been Sony's exquisite EL-7 Stereo Elcaset Deck.

To refresh your memory, the Elcaset "system" can be seen as the most important breakthrough in compact cassette deck technology.

Basically what Sony's inscrutable sorcerers did was to take the universally-accepted cassette design introduced by Philips in the '60s and adapt it to meet the high quality sound reproduction of open reel-to-reel tape machines.

This they achieved by first enlarging the dimensions of the regular "sealed" compact cassette to 5" × 4⅛" × ⅝" while at the same time replacing the ⅛"/1⅞-ips tape with a much more flexible ¼"/3¾-ips tape.

In other words, the 4-track/2 channel Elcaset stereo system combines the convenience of the compact cassette with the signal-to-noise sound quality of



The ELCASET EL-D8

open reel tape and speed.

Until the introduction of Elcaset the main drawback of the compact cassette was the lack of ample tape/multi-head room to adequately accommodate the three-head system. And the fact that the actual recording tape was guided by a built-into-the-shell tape-guide roller frequently interfered with the stability of the sound.

Any slight inaccuracies in both the manufacture and assembly of the cassette directly affected the quality of performance.

Having expanded the size of both shell and tape, Elcaset's compact cassettes function perfectly on the three-head system. As the illustration (right) demonstrates, the tape is automatically pulled out and held stable by the recorder's transport mechanism. Such tape/head contact eliminates any instability that could possibly occur should the shell be slightly faulty.

Naturally this greatly improves such characteristics as wow and flutter, modulation noise, cross-talk (that old familiar leakage from one channel to another), level changes and all those other gremlins which made so many hi-fi buffs shy off transfering their vinyl to magnetic tape.

However, having established many of Elcaset's credentials, it must be said that its immobility was a drawback. In its original manifestation the EL-7 Stereo Elcaset Deck was very much a home component.

But that was last year.

Having breached the frontiers of cassette tape recording with the EL-7, Sony have, within the space of a year, taken the "system" out of the lounge and into the street. So may I now present the **Elcaset EL-D8** — the portable model.

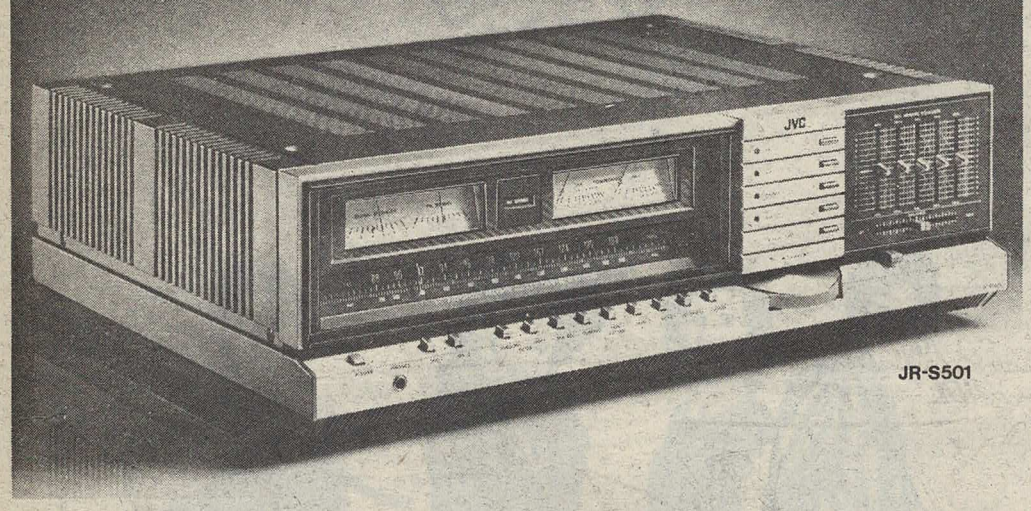
Whereas the EL-7 weighed 28lbs and measured 17" × 6¾" × 12⅝", the EL-D8 portable checks in at a comfortable 11lbs 8oz (including battery case and shoulder strap) and measures an ultra-compact 13⅛" × 4" × 11¾".

Furthermore, as a bonus, the EL-D8 incorporates a 70mm monitor speaker, together with all the gadgets originally found on the Mothership.

However, like the EL-7, it is primarily a recorder, and for the ultimate playback results should be used as part of an existing hi-fi system. When test-driving the machine I hooked it up to a **Pioneer SA606 Stereo Amplifier** and a pair of **Pioneer HPM-40** playback speakers. You should come around one evening and admire the cracks on the wall!

First, a few more technical

The deeper you go into JVC's Integrated Stereo Receivers



JR-S501

...the more you'll discover your kind of sound.

Your kind of sound is hearing what you like, where you like, as perfectly as possible. So if you want to listen lying full-length on the floor or curled up in a corner – or if you want to bring up the brass when the recording engineer has concentrated on the fiddles – that's what the SEA Graphic Equaliser in every JVC SEA Integrated Receiver is for.

And if you find some of your kind of sound on old favourites, recorded when quality still had a long way to go, you can use JVC's subsonic filter to clean them up and bring out their best. Then you can switch the SEA Recording Switch and put your cleaned-up sounds onto tape.

But to make a sound truly your own, it must also be reproduced as powerfully as you want it, while staying as clear and pure as modern technology can get it. Which is why you'll find the advanced design of JVC's DC Amplifiers in all these Integrated Receivers.

And – important note for Radio 4 fans – JVC's 201L Receiver has 3-band reception, including Long Wave.

But if you want to go deeper, go along to your JVC dealer.

He'll go as deep as you like into creating your own sound with JVC hi-fi.

JVC

ANOTHER STEP CLOSER TO REALITY

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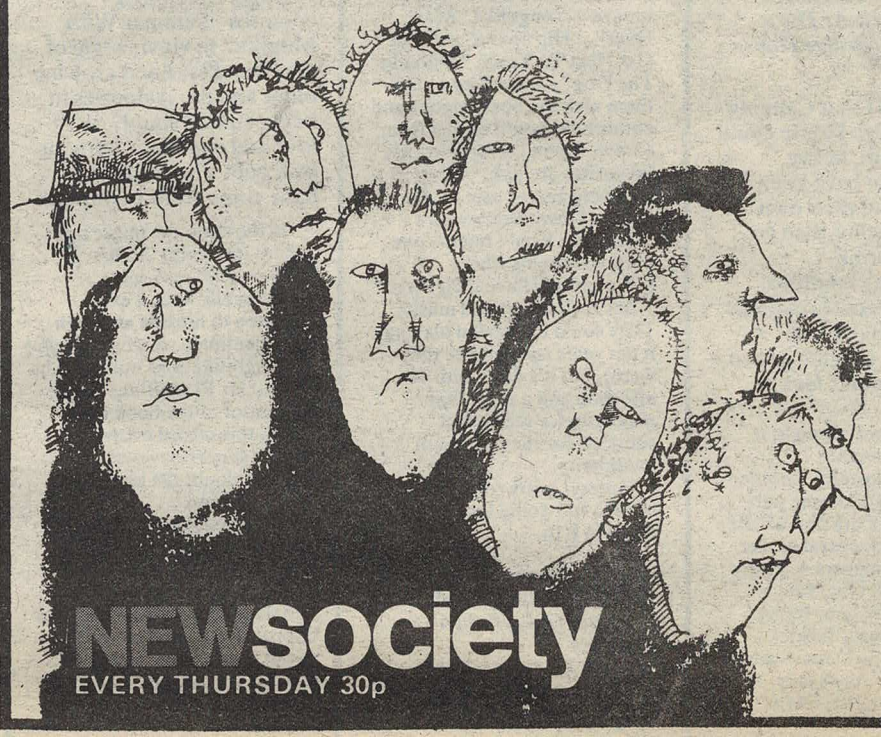
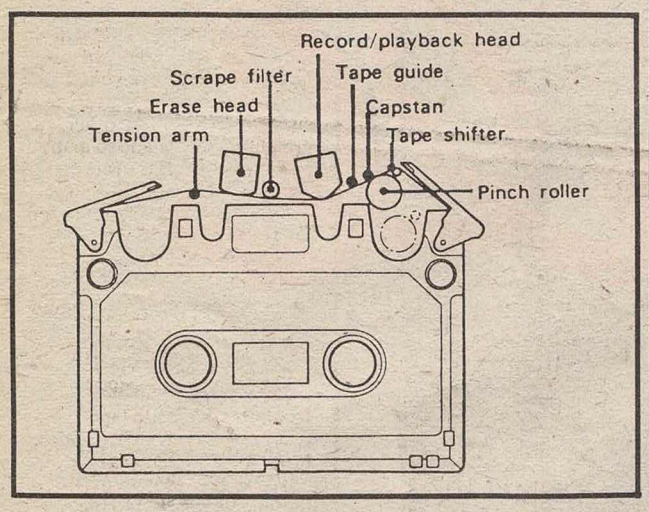
THE REAL STREET-FIGHTING MEN!

In America there's a whole mythology surrounding teenage street-gangs. You've got to dress right for a rumble and carry the right weapons – from zip-guns to molotovs. You've got to select the right area for a confrontation with a rival gang. And quite often you've got to tip off the police so they can break up the fight before anyone winds up dead.

New Society went to New York and Chicago. We interviewed members of the Sex Boys, the Savage Skulls and other under-age mobster gangs. If you want to find out what life on the streets is *really* like read part I of Youth Gangs of America in this week's New Society.

Starting this week, New Society incorporates Society Today, a pull-out supplement for O and A level students of sociology. This will be published fortnightly during term-time, and the theme this week is 'Voting Behaviour'.





pointers.

The EL-D8 can be driven on any one of four different power sources: batteries (four hours are guaranteed with Sony Super SUM-1S and up to 16 hours of continuous use if loaded with eight D-size Ever Ready Alkaline No. E-95), house current, a rechargeable battery pack or a 12v car battery.

What else! There's an MPX switch (for obtaining quality FM radio recordings), a MIC ATT switch for live rock concert recordings or close encounters and a LIMITER switch which automatically attenuates high-intensity peaks and holds recording levels below distortion).

A couple more extras are (a) an automatic tape selector (bias and equalisation) and (b) a Dolby NR system detector lamp.

With regard to the latter, when an Elcaset cassette tape with the Dolby NR system detector tabs removed is inserted in the tape deck, recording / playback will take place automatically with Dolby NR.

As the EL-D8 is portable, the controls have been designed for one-hand operation. No push-button panel board on this little cookie. To record, push in the dial and turn (clockwise) to the *record* position. Return it to its normal position to stop. Move it anti-clockwise for an instant playback. Just above the dial there's a FF/REW lever. And that's it!

A headphones jack input allows you to either monitor a recording or, if you're on the road and don't have access to an amp and speaker stack, the opportunity to enjoy a top quality playback.

No name, no number, no packdrill, but I humped the EL-D8 along to a gig, took a line off the p.a. mixer and the reproduction — with a little bit of surgery — could easily produce a commercial-quality live album.

Truthfully, it's possible to attain the same degree of quality as many expensive multi-track mobiles.

Once the Sony magicians get around to incorporating sound-on-sound into the Elcaset system, the possibilities will be endless.

My second test run involved linking a Sony one-point stereo electret condenser microphone (Model ECM-99) to this box of tricks and recording a couple of home demos utilising five instruments.

Obviously, with just one microphone one had to rely on natural group balance, but if a small sound-mixer and a few well-positioned microphones are used (I did precisely that when test-driving the EL-7) quality control is assured.

Finally, it was disc-to-tape time and — to push it to the limits — I restricted my play-list to nothing but 12-inch (promo or commercial) disco cuts: Joe Farrell ("Night Dancing"), Thelma Houston ("Don't Leave Me This Way"), Evelyn 'Champagne' King ("Shame"), David Bowie ("Fame"), Ramones ("Don't Come Close"), Norma Jean ("Saturday"), Kraftwerk ("Showroom Dummies"), Herbie Hancock ("I Thought It Was You"), Burning Spear ("Civilised Reggae"), Gladys Knight ("It's A Better Than Good Time").

And the playback was, was . . . tell you what — drop by your local hi-fi specialist and demand a demonstration.

The future of compact cassette recordings begins here.

Suggested retail price £459 — but as usual try shopping around.

"If you want to be really Professional, protect your records with Sound Guard"

Says Graham Canter, DJ at Gullivers Disco.

Graham Canter—known to the customers as "Fatman"—is the DJ at famous Mayfair nightspot Gullivers. This disco is the meeting place of international stars who want to hear their special kind of soul music. And when you're playing records for stars like Stevie Wonder, Smokey Robinson or the Four Tops, the sound quality has to be nothing short of perfect. But this presents great problems because, as Graham Canter says: "A DJ in a busy club like Gullivers is under constant pressure and just does not have time to take good care of his records. All the golden rules of record handling go by the board, inners get lost, sleeves get mixed up and so on. When a friend in the business first told me about Sound Guard I was frankly sceptical. 'Sprays' had been recommended to me before and none of them were really effective. However, I gave Sound Guard a try and was extremely impressed by the results. My records still sound in mint condition after being played time and time again. If you want to be really professional—use Sound Guard".

A by-product of research into dry lubricants for aerospace applications, Sound Guard record preservative puts a microscopically-thin (less than 0.000003") dry film on records to protect the grooves from damage. Yet, remarkably, it does not degrade fidelity. Independent tests show that Sound Guard preservative maintains full amplitude at all audible frequencies, while at the same time significantly retarding increases in surface noise and harmonic distortion.* In other words, when applied according to instructions, a new record treated with Sound Guard preservative and played 100 times sounds the same as one in "mint" condition played the first time! Sound Guard preservative comes in a kit (complete with non-aerosol pump sprayer and velvet buffing pad). It is completely safe and effective for all discs, from precious old 78's to the newest LP's including CD-4's. The complete Sound Guard preservation kit is available through Hi-Fi and Record Stores at £4.99 inc. VAT.

*For complete test results write to Pyser Ltd. at the address below.

Please send full details

Name ..... Address .....

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Sole UK Distributor: Pyser Ltd., Fircroft Way, Edenbridge, Kent TN8 6HA.

Telephone: Edenbridge (0732) 864111 (8 lines).

Sound Guard

BRITAIN'S TOP ANGLER

Ivan Marks

FISHES WITH **ANGLING TIMES**

WEDNESDAY—

NOW THE COD SEASON'S HERE, SEA ANGLERS ESPECIALLY WILL NEED ANGLING TIMES THIS WEEK. THERE'S A GREAT COLOUR GUIDE WITH MAPS OF LIKELY COASTAL HOT SPOTS AND THE BEST BAITS AROUND.

AND YOU'LL GET ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND TOP ANGLERS' TIPS. LIKE THOSE IN MY SHOTTING SERIES, WHICH SHOWS YOU HOW TO VARY WEIGHT AND BALANCE TO IMPROVE YOUR CATCH WHEN LEGERING.

FIND OUT WHERE TO LAND MAMMOTH ROACH AND PUT THOSE LEGERING TIPS INTO PRACTICE.

DICK WALKER TELLS YOU HOW TO GET THE BEST RESULTS WHEN FISHING FROM HIGH BANK POSITIONS. AND MIKE GEORGE'S PROBLEM PAGE ANSWERS YOUR FISHING QUESTIONS EVERY WEEK.

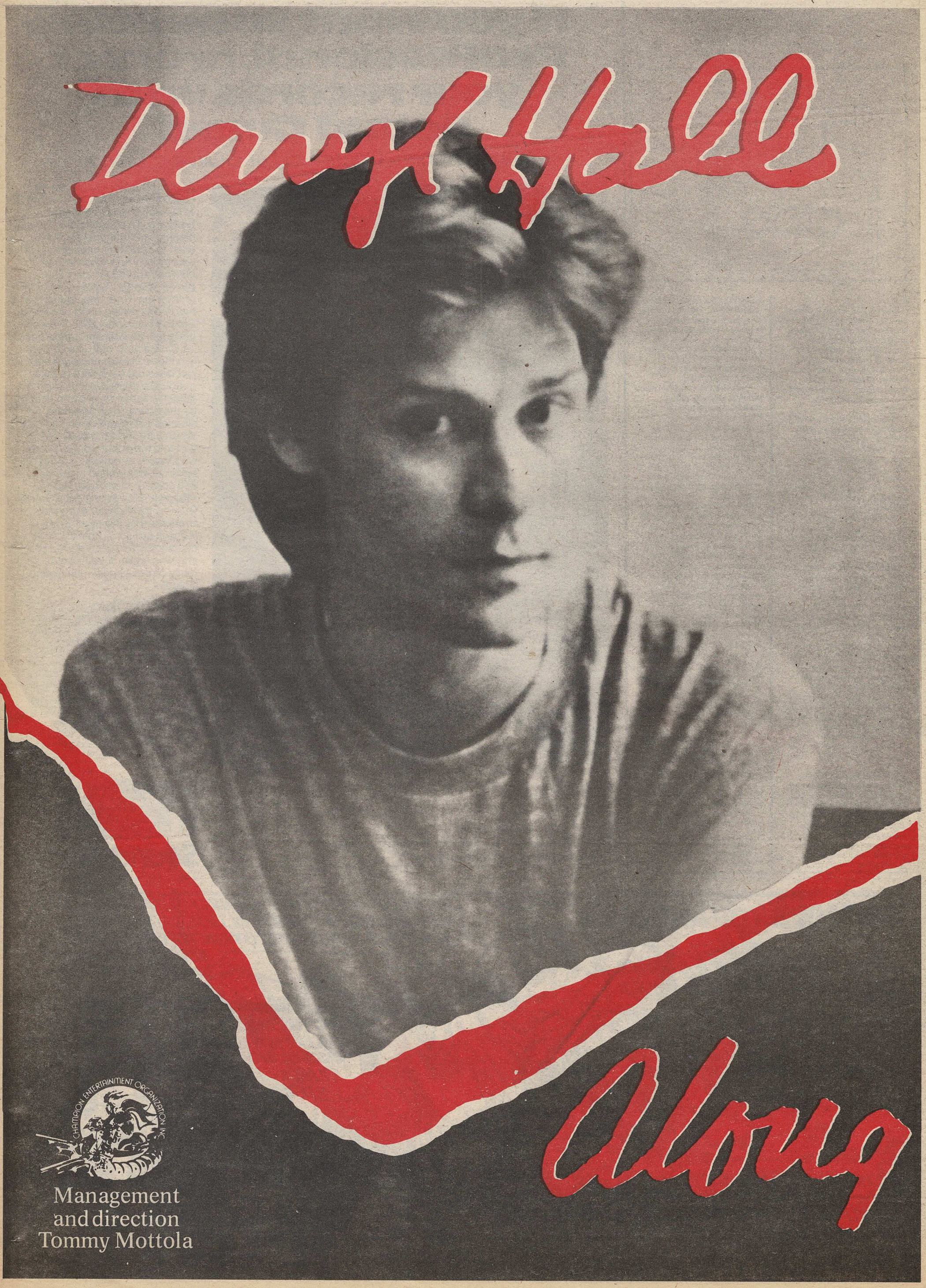
Angling Times

REAL VALUE

OUT NOW

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST SELLING FISHING NEWSPAPER

Daryl Hall



Along

CHAMPION ENTERTAINMENT ORGANIZATION INC.

Management
and direction
Tommy Mottola

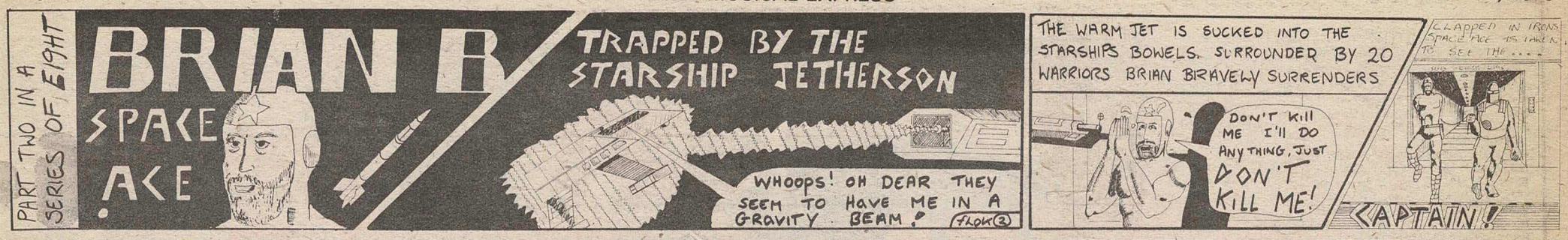
John Oates

Produced by David Foster.

The Red Ledge

The new album: Along The Red Ledge. Record: PL 12804. Cassette: PK 12804.
Includes the single; The Last Time (PB 9324).

RCA


PART TWO IN A SERIES OF EIGHT
BRIAN B
SPACE ACE
TRAPPED BY THE STARSHIP JETHERSON
WHOOPS! OH DEAR THEY SEEM TO HAVE ME IN A GRAVITY BEAM!
FLOYD 3
THE WARM JET IS SUCKED INTO THE STARSHIPS BOWELS. SURROUNDED BY 20 WARRIORS BRIAN BRAVELY SURRENDERS
DON'T KILL ME I'LL DO ANYTHING, JUST DON'T KILL ME!
CLAPPED IN IRONS SPACE ACE IS TAKEN TO SEE THE....
CAPTAIN!

marquee

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OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thur 12th Oct (Adm £1.25)
WE WELCOME FROM HOLLAND
GRUPPO SPORTIVO
Plus Guests & Ian Fleming

Mon 16th Oct (Adm 85p)
HI FI
Blue Screaming & Jerry Floyd

Fri 13th Oct (Adm 85p)
ZAINE GRIFF
Plus Friends & D.J. Ian Fleming

Tue 17th Oct (Adm £1.50)
CHELSEA
Plus Guests & Joe Lung

Sat 14th Oct (Adm £1.00)
WARREN HARRY
Plus Support & Ian Fleming

Wed 18th Oct (Adm £1.00)
THE SMIRKS
Plus Support & Joe Lung

Sun 15th Oct (Adm 85p)
ERIC BELL
(Ex-Thin Lizzy)
Plus Friends & Mandy H

Thur 19th Oct (Adm 85p)
AUTOMATICS
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Thursday October 12th & Friday October 13th £1.00
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Sunday October 15th £1.00
THE YACHTS

Monday October 16th 75p
ERIC BELL + JOE JACKSON

Tuesday October 17th £1.00
THE BISHOPS

Thursday October 19th 75p
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY + Cyanide

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Friday October 13th in the Kingdom Room

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY + THE EDGE

Tickets 80p in advance, £1.00 on door

Next Friday: **THE ADVERTS**

Tickets available from Social Secretary and City Electronics.

Nearest tube: Uxbridge. Buses 204, 207, 223, 224

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184 Camden High Street.

Saturday October 14th
8.30pm — 2am
MICK FARREN & THE GOOD GUYS
featuring Larry Wallis
+ Chas and Dave
+ The Addix
Admission £1.50p

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM

184 Camden High Street.

Thursday October 12th
8pm — 2am
In aid of Amnesty International
THE POP GROUP
Nico
Linton Kwesi Johnson
Cabaret Voltaire
Tickets £1.50 in advance from Virgin, Rough Trade, London Theatre Bookings. £2 at door.

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Wednesday Oct 11th £1.00
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+ Better Looking

Monday Oct 16th
THE PIRATES
+ Blazer Blazer
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Thursday Oct 12th £1.50
THE FABULOUS POODLES
+ Screens

Tuesday Oct 17th £1.00
AFTER THE FIRE
+ Harlow

Friday Oct 13th £2.00
FM (Ex F.B.I.)
+ Hi-Fi

Wednesday Oct 18th £1.00
AUTOGRAPHS
+ Slow Motion
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Saturday Oct 14th £2.00
THE LATE SHOW
+ Sounder

Thursday October 19th
RICH KIDS
Pay at door £2.00

Thursday October 26th £1.50
The Last Ever Concert by
THE DOCTORS OF MADNESS

Monday October 30th
SLADE + Nick Van Eede
Tickets £2.50 in advance from Box Office.

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING 8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday Oct. 12th £1.00
Benefit for Albany Empire Fire Fund
TONIGHT

Sunday Oct. 15th £1.00
KHAN'S VILLAINS

Monday Oct. 16th 75p
THE MEMBERS

Friday Oct. 13th & Saturday Oct. 14th £1.00
A Radar Special to celebrate the launch of International Artists
THE RED CRAYOLA
Free EP given away both nights!
Plus DJ Geoff Travis — tracks by Red Crayola + Thirteenth Floor Elevators-
Please wear camouflage

Tuesday Oct. 17th 50p
JOE JACKSON

Wednesday Oct. 18th 75p
HI-FI

Thursday Oct. 19th 75p
INTERVIEW

THAMES POLYTECHNIC
CALDERWOOD STREET, WOOLWICH, S.E.18

SATURDAY OCTOBER 14th

THE LURKERS

+ Support

LATE BAR

Non Students Welcome

LCPSU PRESENT

YACHTS SOFT BOYS

LONDON COLLEGE OF PRINTING
Elephant & Castle, S.E.1.

THURSDAY 19th OCT at 8 pm

Tickets £1.25 (£1 NUS) on door or phone 01-735 6871

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1/3 BIRCH STREET, OFF HYDE ROAD MANCHESTER

GRAND OPENING NIGHT
Friday October 13th
OO
THE DAMNED
+ THE STRAITS + JOHNNY G

Saturday October 14th
MARIANNE FAITHFULL
+ Support

Thursday Oct. 19th
THE MOVIES
+ Support

Saturday Oct 28th
LURKERS
+ Support

Friday Oct 20th
AUTOGRAPHS
+ Support

Sunday Oct 29th
RADIO STARS
+ Support

Saturday Oct 21st
DODGERS
+ Support

Friday Nov 3rd
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
+ Support

Friday Oct 27th
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE

Saturday Nov 4th
RACING CARS
+ Support

LAST BASTION!
THE WHITE HART PUB

246 HIGH ST. ACTON

Wednesday October 18th, 7.45
Annihilation Night with
CYANIDE
+ NERVE GAS
D.J. JERRY FLOYD
Please come early!

PEGASUS
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Thursday Oct. 12th 50p
ANGLETRAX
Friday Oct. 13th 50p
MONOS
Saturday Oct 14th 50p
BIG CHIEF
featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith
Sunday Oct. 15th 50p
AUTOGRAPHS
Monday Oct 16th Free
ZHAIN
Tuesday Oct 17th Free
Dead Ringer
Wednesday Oct 18th 50p
ZAINE GRIFF

HERMIT, BRENTWOOD

Caroline Road Show Oct. 16th
(Special Rock Programme)
RAMRODS Oct. 23rd
(Ex Gallagher)
Atlantis Agency: Romford 26563

A.J.'s CLUB

High Street, Lincoln

Thursday October 12th
THE VYE

Saturday October 14th
HEADWAITER

LANDSCAPE
Don't Ever Antagonise The Horns

Oct. Wed 11 Music Machine
Fri 13 Trent Park, Cockfosters (private)
Sat 14 Chelsea College, Kings Road
Wed 18 Sheffield Poly
Fri 20 City of London Poly
"U2XME1X2MUCH" & "WORKERS PLAYTIME" E.P.s available from intelligent record shops and by Mail-order from:
Event Horizon Records, 154 Forest Hill Rd., LONDON S.E.23
Price £1.25 each or £2.25 both.
Event Horizon 01-703 7677

Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday Oct. 21st at 8 pm.
The Spirit of the Age ...
HAWKLORDS (Hawkwind Lives!)
+ Roger Ruskin Spear's Giant Kinetic Wardrobe
Mary Jane Disco. Bar. Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer St., St. Albans, Tel. 64511, or available on door.

QUEENSWAY (Civic) HALL, DUNSTABLE
Monday Oct. 30th at 7.30 pm
Sin After Sin ...
JUDAS PRIEST
+ ☆ Lea Hart ☆
Bar. Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, Tel. 603326, F. L. Moore Records, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, Record Room St. Albans, or available on door.

Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: STEEL PULSE
AYLESBURY Friars: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: 999
BASILDON Double Six: ZHAIN
BATH Pavilion: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / SPIZZ OIL
BATLEY Crumpets: THE MOVIES
BELFAST Ulster Hall: RADIO STARS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: SMOKIE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BIRMINGHAM The Gig: SPLIT ENZ
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: ALAN FREEMAN / BLUE MAX / STORMER
BRADFORD Princeville Club: PONDERS END
BRIGHTON The Richmond: NICKY & THE DOTS / THE DODGEMS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: LEO SAYER
BRISTOL Granary: ROY HILL BAND
BULKINGTON The Corner House: ARMPIT JUG BAND
BURNTWOOD Troubadour: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
CHATHAM Central Hall: THE DUBLINERS
CORBY Civic Hall: J.A.L.N. BAND
COVENTRY Robin Hood: RASCAL
COVENTRY Warwick University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND / DAVE LEWIS BAND
COVENTRY Wyken Pippin: RENO
CRADLEY HEATH Regis Hall: OCEAN BOULEVARD
DUNFERMLINE Glen Lounge: SIMPLE MINDS
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: ULTRAVOX / DOLL BY DOLL
EASTBOURNE Lottbridge Arms: STAA MARX
EDINBURGH Nicky Tams: PARADOX (for three days)
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: RAY CHARLES, HIS ORCHESTRA & THE RAELETS
GRANTHAM Guildhall: THIS HEAT / THE DISTRIBUTORS
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: ANNIVERSARY
HANLEY The Place: FIRST IMPRESSION (for three days)
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: YACHTS
LEEDS Polytechnic: THE SMIRKS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: JOHN HEDLEY HAGGETT BAND
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: FRANC BLANC
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: JOHNNY MATHIS
LEICESTER Palais: CADO BELLE
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: BUDGIE
LIVERPOOL Everyman Bistro: TON TRICKS
LONDON CAMDEN Electric Ballroom: THE POP GROUP / NICO / LYNTON KWESI JOHNSON / CABARET VOLTAIRE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: WARM JETS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MATCHBOX
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: FAME
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: WEATHER REPORT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: STRAIGHT 8
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TONIGHT
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RACING CARS
LONDON Marquee Club: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
LONDON MILE END Queen Mary College: PANTIES
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON N.W.1 Green Man: RAPED / RUDI
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A' Beckett: BENNY & THE JETS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: PRINCE FAR I / CREATION REBELS
LONDON Palladium: BARRY MANILOW (until Saturday).
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: THE CRACK
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: JOE PASS (until October 21)
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
LONDON STRAND Kings College: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: JOHNNY THUNDERS' ALLSTARS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: WISHBONE ASH
MANCHESTER Kelly's: JOY DIVISION
MANCHESTER Pips: ALIEN TINT
MANCHESTER Russell Club: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: ROY JAY / DAVID MACLAINE (for three days)
MIDDLESBROUGH Teesside Polytechnic: THE PLEASERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: JACK JONES
MOUNTAIN ASH The Palace: BEGGAR
NEWCASTLE City Hall: MIKE HARDING
NEWCASTLE Madison: MUSCLES (until Saturday)
NORWICH Cromwell's: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: LAP REGION
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE CRABS
NOTTINGHAM Town Arms: THE TURBINES
OXFORD Corn Dolly: SAMSON
OXFORD New Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
OXFORD Polytechnic: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
POYNTON Folk Centre: JENNY BEECHING
ROYSTON Old Bull: HOT VULTURES
SOUTHEND Minerva: THE SHADES
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: ALWOODLEY JETS
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: MARSHALL HAIN
STRATHPEFFER Spa Pavilion: THE TOOLS
SWANSEA Circles Club: JENNY DARREN BAND
WATH-ON-DEARNE Westville: STRANGE DAYS
WINCHESTER Riverside Inn: FRESHLY LAYED
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: CAMEL

Friday

ABERDEEN University: ASWAD/ADVERTISING
ABERYSTWYTH University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
ANFIELD PLAIN The Plainsman: THE SQUAD
AYLESBURY Oddfellows Arms: SPIDER
BASILDON Double Six: AUTOGRAPHS
BATH Brillig Music Theatre: MASS MOVERS
BATH Long Acre Hall: PRESSURE SHOCKS
BATH University: 999
BATLEY Crumpets: DESMOND DEKKER
BELFAST Queen's University: CIMARONS
BELFAST The Pound: THE VALVES
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: WRECKLESS ERIC / LENE LOVICH / RACHEL SWEET / JONA LEWIE / MICKEY JUPP
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: THE UTENSILS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: B. B. KING
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic: THE ADVERTS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOGNOR REGIS Harrison's Bar: FUNKY TEAM
BRADFORD University: ALWOODLEY JETS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: NIGHTRIDER
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
BRIGHTON Sussex University: THE PIRANHAS
BRIGHTON Top Rank: DR FEELGOOD
BRISTOL Caribbean Club Community Centre: STRANDED / STARGAZER
BRISTOL Colston Hall: WEATHER REPORT
BRISTOL Trinity Church: STARGAZER
BURNLEY Bank Hall Club: STING
BURTON 76 Club: ROY HILL BAND
BUXTON Pavilion Gardens: TOUCH OF CLASS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: BUDGIE
CANNOCK Troubadour: CRYER
CORK Arcadia Ballroom: RADIO STARS
COVENTRY Theatre: SMOKIE
DORNIE Town Hall: THE TOOLS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: QUARTZ
EASTBOURNE Sundowner Club: RASCAL
EDINBURGH University: JOHN OTWAY BAND
EXETER University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
FARNHAM Crondall Village Hall: MYSTERY TRAIN
FARNWORTH Rock Club: MATCHBOX
GRAVESEND Prince of Wales: SAMSON
HANLEY Victoria Hall: WISHBONE ASH
HATFIELD Polytechnic: SUCKER
HORNCHURCH The Bull: BEGGAR
HULL Withesy Spa Pavilion: MARSHALL HAIN
KEELE University: CAMEL
LAMPETER St David's University: CADO BELLE
LANCASTER University: THE PIRATES
LEEDS Bodington Hall of Residence: THE CRUISERS
LEEDS Haddon Hall: THE VYE
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: KNIFE EDGE
LINCOLN Technical College: THE MOVIES
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: JACK JONES
LIVERPOOL Eric's: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STRAIGHT 8/TIGER ASHBY
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: THE VIBRATORS
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southbank Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY / THE ACTORS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE HAWKLORDS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: RED CRAYOLA
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RACING CARS
LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmith's College: GIRLSCHOOL
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: SUPERCHARGE
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: YACHTS
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: RAY CHARLES, HIS ORCHESTRA & THE RAELETS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: CENTRAL LINE
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: THE SHADES
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: MISTY / THE MEMBERS / THE CRACK
LONDON W.C.1 Royal Free Medical School: SORE THROAT
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
MANCHESTER The Factory: WIRE
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: THE DOOMED
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: ULTRAVOX
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: MIKE HARDING
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: STEEL PULSE
NEWCASTLE University: THE SMIRKS
NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME The Hempstalls: CARTOONS
NEWPORT Village Club: MAGNUM
NORTHAMPTON Angel Hotel: TIME MACHINE / THE SNEAKS
NORWICH St Andrew's Hall: THE ENID
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE INVADERS
OXFORD New Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: LEFT HAND DRIVE
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: LEO SAYER
PAISLEY Bungalow Bar: SIMPLE MINDS
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: THE BUZZCOCKS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: THE DUBLINERS
READING Target Club: HAZZARD
RETFORD Porterhouse: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
SAFFRON WALDEN Newport Village Hall: HAZARD
SALFORD University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND / DAVE LEWIS BAND
SALISBURY Teffont Black Horse Barn: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: JENNY DARREN BAND
SHEFFIELD Crucible Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
SLOUGH Thames Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
STOKE North Staffs Polytechnic: THE LATE SHOW
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: BARRIE ROBERTS
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: THE EDGE
WARRINGTON Richmond Club: VINTAGE
WELLINGBOROUGH The Bull: SCENE STEALER
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: LITTLE ACRE
WOLVERHAMPTON Rose & Crown: FOGGY
YORK Revolution Club: OUT OF NOWHERE

Saturday

BANBURY Winter Gardens: SCRATCH
BARKINGSIDE Old Maypole: THE SHADES
BELFAST The Pound: THE VALVES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: JENNY DARREN BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: ROARING JELLY
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: WEATHER REPORT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SCHOOL SPORTS
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: RENO
BIRMINGHAM University: SONJA KRISTINA'S ESCAPE
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: STAA MARX
BOLTON Technical College: THE PLEASERS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THE DUBLINERS
BRADFORD University: JAB JAB/90° INCLUSIVE
BRIDLINGTON Royal Spa Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: THE EXECUTIVES
BRISTOL Colston Hall: JACK JONES
BRISTOL Crown Cellar Bar: THE WILD BEASTS
BRISTOL Granary: THE YOUNG BUCKS
CAMBERLEY Ragamuffins: RASCAL
CAMBRIDGE Trinity Hall: RANDOM HOLD
CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: SPIDER-/WITCHFYNDE
CORBY Shafts: STRANGE DAYS
CRANFIELD Institute of Technology: THE ENID
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: 999
DERBY College: EXZIBITOR
DUBLIN Belfield University: RADIO STARS
DUBLIN University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE EDGE
DUNDEE University: JOHN OTWAY BAND
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: MIDNITE FOLLIES ORCHESTRA
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: SANDY & THE BACKLINE
GLASGOW Stratchclyde University: ASWAD
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: LEO SAYER
GOOLE Station Hotel: RED EYE
GUILDFORD Surrey University: THE ADVERTS
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: DR. FEELGOOD
HITCHIN College: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
INVERNESS Minitown Roadhouse: THE TOOLS
LEEDS Staging Post: JOHN HEDLEY HAGGETT BAND
LEEDS University: MIKE HARDING
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: DEADRINGER
LEICESTER University: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE PIRATES
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: SMOKIE
LIVERPOOL University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND-/DAVE LEWIS BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: NICOL & MARSH / TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CAMDEN Electric Ballroom: MICK FARREN, LARRY WALLIS & THE GOOD GUYS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin: ZHAIN
LONDON CHELSEA College: LANDSCAPE
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: MUSIC BUSINESS
LONDON CITY University: MARTIN CARTHY/BILL CADDICK/THE DRANSFIELDS/VIN GARBUTT-/TONY ROSE/NIC JONES/THE WATERSONS/MARTIN SIMPSON/ARCHIE FISHER-/JOHN KIRKPATRICK & SUE HARRIS/ROARING JELLY etc (1–11 pm)
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: B. B. KING
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: THE PIRANHAS/THE IDOLS
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: THE CLASH
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: TRANS-AM

CONTINUES OVER. . .

JOHNNY THUNDERS headlines a one-off at London's Lyceum on Thursday and, now that he's dispensed with The Heartbreakers, he's using a pick-up band called The Allstars — including such luminaries as Peter Perrett of The Only Ones.

Main object of the exercise is to promote Thunders' new solo album "So Alone", featuring many well-known backing musicians who may also turn up at the gig.

BUDGIE, who've built up a substantial reputation in many foreign parts, are still seeking to achieve the same degree of success here at home. Their latest concert tour should provide an invaluable boost, and this week you can catch them at Liverpool (Thursday), Cambridge (Friday), Croydon (Sunday), Southampton (Tuesday) and Plymouth (Wednesday). Our picture shows the band's Burke Shelley.

B. B. KING, that near-legendary virtuoso of the blues guitar, pays a short but welcome visit to Britain this week to headline four concerts — at Birmingham (Friday), London Hammersmith (Saturday and Sunday) and Manchester (Monday). He's bringing along his regular U.S. backing outfit of top quality blues musicians. A show not to be missed!

Have you got the right address?

IT'S ALMOST a year since we moved out of King's Reach Tower and into our present offices. Yet many intended Gig Guide entries are still being sent to our old address. As a result, they are either failing to reach us, or — after diversion — are arriving too late for publication. Please make sure you address your entries to ***Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG*** *— to arrive not later than a week before our Thursday publication day.*

THE BOOMTOWN RATS go on the road again, opening at Carlisle on Wednesday. They're playing a short eight-venue tour, with a more extensive itinerary to follow in December — details to follow in the near future. The Rats pictured above are Bob Geldof (left) and Pete Briquette.

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

GIG GUIDE

LONDON ISLINGTON Bluecoat Boy: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: RED CRAYOLA
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE SOFT BOYS/GANG OF FOUR
LONDON Marquee Club: WARREN HARRY
LONDON NEW CROSS The Swan: SE19
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: RACING CARS/HI-FI
LONDON N.W.9 Bandwagon: SAMSON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON University Union: MISTY/WHIRLWIND/THE MAGNETS/MIKE SCOTT-TRACY BAND
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: CENTRAL LINE
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: CGAS5
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: THE LURKERS
LUTON Kingsway Tavern: YAKETY YAK
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
MANCHESTER Mayflower: MARIANNE FAITHFULL/STRAW DOGS
MANCHESTER University: THE SMIRKS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE DOOMED
MILTON KEYNES Leisure Centre: THE HAWKLORDS
NEWCASTLE University: FABULOUS POODLES
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: MARSEILLE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BOUND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: LIMELIGHT
NUNEATON 77 Club: PRESSURE SHOCKS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: SPRING OFFENSIVE
OXFORD New Theatre: OSCAR PETERSON
OXFORD Westminster College: ROY HILL BAND
PETERBOROUGH Focus Club: CHELSEA/THE DRONES
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: WRECKLESS ERIC/LENE LOVICH/RACHEL SWEET/JONA LEWIE/MICKEY JUPP
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: YACHTS
ROCHDALE Polytechnic: THE FALL
SHEFFIELD University: STEEL PULSE
SWINDON Moonrakers: THE ROTARATORS
TONYPANDY Naval Club: GIRLSCHOOL
TORQUAY Town Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: QUARTZ
WARRINGTON Padgate St. Oswald's Club: VINTAGE
WATFORD Red Lion: SID SIDEBOARD & THE CHAIRS
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WITHERNSEA Eldon Five Club: THE CRUISERS
WYLE REGIS Working Men's Club: PARADOX
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: THE MOVIES
WOLVERTON Crawford Arms: MATCHBOX
YEOVIL Sparkford Inn: SCENE STEALER
YORK The Revolution: GOTHAM CITY SWING BAND
YORK University: CAMEL

Sunday

ALCESTER Cherry Tree Motel: FOGGY
BAKEWELL Monsal Head: WITCHFYNDE
BELFAST Queen's University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BINGLEY Arts Centre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: THE DUBLINERS
BRADFORD Royal Standard: THE SMIRKS
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: STEEL PULSE
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE PIRANHAS
BRISTOL Posada Club: SPIDER
CANNOCK Troubadour: EAZIE
CARDIFF Top Rank: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES-/NICO/SPIZZ OIL
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: 999
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: RICHARD DIGANCE
COVENTRY The Climax: SCORE
CROYDON Fairfields Halls: THE HAWKLORDS
CROYDON Greyhound: BUDGIE
DAVENTRY Dun Cow: HOT VULTURES
DUMFRIES Stagecoach: JOHN OTWAY BAND
ELGIN Eight Acres Hotel: THE TOOLS
GLASGOW King's Theatre: MARY O'HARA
HARROGATE Royal Theatre: THE DOOLEYS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: DR. FEELGOOD
HORSHAM Rothsay's: RASCAL
HULL New Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: SUPERCHARGE
LEEDS Staging Post: THE VYE
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: OVERSEAS
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: MARSHALL HAIN
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: THE INMATES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: B.B. KING
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: YACHTS/TON TRICKS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON Palladium: LEO SAYER
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW The Chestnuts: MICHAEL MOORE
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: BUD FREEMAN/ALEX WELSH BAND
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: MANYANA
LUTON The Favourite: SPRING OFFENSIVE
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: SMOKIE
MILTON KEYNES Triad Centre: MATCHBOX
MOTHERWELL Civic Centre: ASWAD
NEWBRIDGE Memorial Hall: JENNY DARREN BAND
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: THE PLEASERS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: SPOONFULL
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal: BARBARA DICKSON
OXFORD Corn Dolly: ZHAIN
PORTSMOUTH Rotary Club: STAA MARK
POYNTON Folk Centre: ALLAN TAYLOR/REBEC
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: THE ONLY ONES
RUNCORN Boston Social Club: VINTAGE
SALTBURN Philmore Disco: THE MOVIES
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE BUZZCOCKS
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: WISHBONE ASH
WALSALL Dirty Duck (lunchtime): THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
WEALDSTONE Queen's Arms: SID SIDEBOARD & THE CHAIRS
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: OCEAN BOULEVARD
WEST BROMWICH The Bull: 2nd CITY SLICKERS
YEOVIL Duke of York: SAMSON

Monday

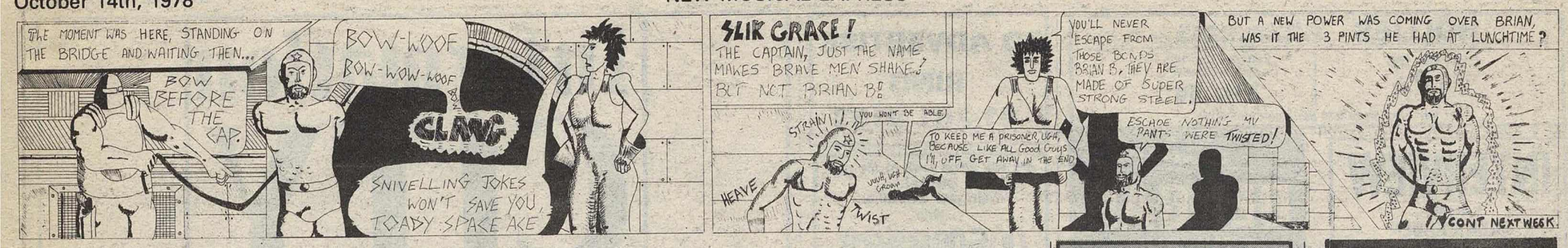
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Drakes Drum: PARADOX
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: ORPHAN
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: THE DRIFTER (for five days)
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FEY RAY
BIRMINGHAM Solihull The Boggery: FOGGY
BRIGHTON Dome: WISHBONE ASH
BRISTOL Crockers: STARGAZER (for three days)
BRISTOL Stonehouse: HUGGETT
CANTERBURY Odeon: STEEL PULSE
COLERAINE New Ulster University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
COVENTRY Climax Club: THE ACCELERATORS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
DONCASTER Outlook Club; THE ONLY ONES
EDINBURGH Astoria: ASWAD
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: MARY O'HARA
EXETER Routes: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
FOLKSTONE Leas Cliff Hall: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
HANLEY Victoria Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL SIDE STOMPERS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
LEEDS Brannigan's: RED EYE
LEEDS Marquis de Granby: JUST FRANK
LEEDS Town Hall: JASPER CARROTT
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: MONROE
LEICESTER Bailey's: JR WALKER & THE ALL STARS (for a week)
LITTLEBOROUGH Fisherman's Inn: JENNY BEECHING
LIVERPOOL Eric's: JENNY DARREN BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KOKOMO
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE PIRATES
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ERIC BELL BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: HI-FI
LONDON Palladium: JACK JONES (for a week)
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: PIGSTY HILL LIGHT ORCHESTRA
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: JOHNNY MATHIS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ZHAIN
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: AUTOGRAPHS/DANDIES
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: ED BANGER
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: B B KING
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T.: WRECKLESS ERIC / LENE LOVICH / JONA LEWIE / RACHEL SWEET / MICKY JUPP
MILFORD HAVEN Ferryboat: HOT VULTURES
NEW BRIGHTON Golden Guinea Club: T-FORD & THE BONESHAKERS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: SMOKIE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PARTY
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES/SPIZZ OIL
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: WIRE
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: THE HAWKLORDS
RAYLEIGH Crocks Club: THE SHADES
READING Top Rank: DR FEELGOOD
SHEFFIELD Limit Club; NEON HEARTS
ST ALBANS Horn of Plenty: JOKER
SWANSEA Circles Club: 999
WARRINGTON Carlton Club: THE SMIRKS

Tuesday

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: VIDEO
ABERTILLERY Working Men's Club: GIRLSCHOOL
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: 999
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE HAWKLORDS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPEEDLIMIT
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: SPEEDOMETERS
BLACKPOOL Norbreck Hotel: VINTAGE
BRADFORD Chicago Express: SNOOTS
BRADFORD College: THE LATE SHOW
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: THE DRANSFIELDS
BRIGHTON Dome: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
BRIGHTON The Richmond: NICKY & THE DOTS / THE VITAMINS
BRISTOL Locarno: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / NICO / SPIZZ OIL
BRIZE NORTON RAF Station: FOGGY
CARDIFF Top Rank: MOTORHEAD
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
EXETER Routes: REGGAE REGULAR
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: SMOKIE
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: WHIRLWIND
LANCASTER University: WRECKLESS ERIC / LENE LOVICH / RACHEL SWEET / JONA LEWIE / MICKEY JUPP
LEEDS Fan Club: YACHTS
LEEDS Town Hall: JASPER CARROTT
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: ARMITAGE SHANKS
LEICESTER University: RADIO STARS
LICHFIELD Bowling Green: EDGE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE EDGE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: AFTER THE FIRE / HARLOW
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: MUSIC BUSINESS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE BISHOPS
LONDON Marquee: CHELSEA
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD: Thomas A'Becket: ZHAIN
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: RAISED ON ROBBERY
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: JOHNNY MATHIS / OAK RIDGE BOYS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: DEAD-RINGER
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: PHIL RAM BAND / HANDSHAKE
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: CREATION / ALIEN TINT / ST MATILDA'S BOYS
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: HEATHCLIFFE
MILTON KEYNES Starting Gate: SCRATCH
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: SPIDER
PENZANCE Winter Gardens: WIRE
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: WISHBONE ASH
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: STEEL PULSE
READING Hexagon Theatre: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
SHEFFIELD City Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
SHEFFIELD City Polytechnic: ADVERTISING
SMETHWICK Blue Gates: SPECIAL CLINIC
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: BUDGIE
WALSALL Dirty Duck: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
WEST BROMWICH The Bush: KILLER
WORCESTER The Retreat: HEALTH WARNING
YEOVILTON Naval Station: T-FORD & THE BONESHAKERS

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: BULLETTS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: CGAS5/THE MAGNETS
BLACKPOOL Norbreck Hotel: VINTAGE
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: PRESSURE SHOCKS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: DR. FEELGOOD
BRADFORD University: WHIRLWIND
BRISTOL Tiffany's: MOTORHEAD
CANNOCK Troubadour: BREWSTER
CARLISLE Market Hall: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
CHESTER Valentino's: SPIDER
COVENTRY Warwick University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
DUNDEE Technical College: ANDY DESMOND
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: THE EDGE
EXETER Routes: WIRE
ILKLEY College: SNOOTS
KEELE University: SLADE/LITTLE ACRE
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: JOHN HEDLEY HAGGETT BAND
LIVERPOOL University: RADIO STARS/REACTION
LONDON ACTON White Hart: CYANIDE/NERVE GAS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: 15, 16, 17
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON CITY University: REDBRASS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JOKER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: AL DIMEOLA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: HI-FI
LONDON Marquee Club: THE SMIRKS/EXZIBITOR
LONDON N.W.9 Bandwagon: SCRATCH
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS/THE INMATES
LONDON W.10 Akclam Hall: THE IDOLS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: THE YOUNG BUCKS
MANCHESTER University: ASWAD
NEWCASTLE City Hall: MARY O'HARA
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: THE PIRATES
NORWICH Boogie House: YACHTS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal: LEO SAYER
PLYMOUTH Metro: BUDGIE
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: REGGAE REGULAR
POOLE Wessex Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
PORTRUSH Chester Club: JOHN OTWAY BAND
READING Bones Club: 999
SCARBOROUGH Ocean Room: FOGGY
SHEFFIELD City Polytechnic: THE MOVIES-/LANDSCAPE
SOLUHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Holbury Old Mill: THE PIRANHAS
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: ALAN FREEMAN / BLUE MAX / STORMER
SOUTHAMPTON University: STEEL PULSE
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
STAINDROP Black Swan: JENNY BEECHING
STOCKPORT Hazel Grove Youth Centre: THE ACCIDENTS
SWANSEA University: THE ENID
TREFOREST Polytechnic of Wales: THE LURKERS
WAKEFIELD Bee Hive: JUST FRANK
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: CRYER
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: NEON HEARTS
WORTHING Balmoral Bar: NIGHTRIDER
YORK The Revolution: THE ELEVATORS


THE MOMENT WAS HERE, STANDING ON THE BRIDGE AND WAITING, THEN...
BOW BEFORE THE CAP.
BOW-WOOF
BOW-WOW-WOOF
CLANG
SNIVELLING JOKES WON'T SAVE YOU, TODAY SPACE ACE
SLIK GRACE!
THE CAPTAIN, JUST THE NAME MAKES BRAVE MEN SHAKE! BUT NOT BRIAN B!
YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM THOSE BONDS BRIAN B, THEY ARE MADE OF SUPER STRONG STEEL.
STRAIN!
YOU WON'T BE ABLE
HEAVE
TWIST
TO KEEP ME A PRISONER, UGH, BECAUSE LIKE ALL GOOD GUYS I'M OFF, GET AWAY IN THE END
ESCAPE NOTHING MY PANTS WERE TWISTED!
BUT A NEW POWER WAS COMING OVER BRIAN, WAS IT THE 3 PINTS HE HAD AT LUNCHTIME?
CONT NEXT WEEK

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MERGER
DOLL BY DOLL
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Admission £2.00 (inc. VAT) advance Roundhouse box office, Tel. 267 2564, or London Theatre bookings, Shaftesbury Ave., W.1., Tel. 439 3371, or at door.

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Sole London Appearance of
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Friday October 13th
Saturday October 14th
Sunday October 15th
ALVIN STARDUST
Monday October 16th
HUMPHREY LYTTLETON
Tuesday October 17th
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
Wednesday October 18th
Thursday October 19th
Friday October 20th
NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
Saturday October 21st
ROY CASTLE
Sunday October 22nd
SCREAMING LORD SUTCH
Monday October 23rd
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
Tuesday October 24th
Wednesday October 25th
Thursday October 26th
Friday October 27th
Saturday October 28th
MADELINE BELL

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981.
Friday October 13th
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S (Ex Motors) BATTLEAXE
Saturday October 14th
MICKEY JONES BAND

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STAA MARX
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Thurs. 12th Oct.
EASTBOURNE: Lottbridge Arms
Sat. 14th Oct.
BOGNOR: Sussex
Sun. 15th Oct.
PORTSMOUTH: Rotary Club
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FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON
GRAND RE-OPENING
Sunday 15th October, In Concert
BUDGIE
+ support & DJ Peter Fox
Licensed bars Membership 7.00 pm
Advance tickets £2 from Fox Ents., 39-41 High Street, Bromley, Kent. Send SAE and P.O. Or from Virgin, Croydon and Bonaparte, Croydon and Bromley.

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
AT THE LYCEUM
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
+ Fischer Z • The Physicals
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Doors open 7.15pm
Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
CRAWLER
+ Champion • Autographs
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R.G.K. Promotions present at the
TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE, SOUTHMILL ROAD
BISHOP'S STORTFORD
Wednesday October 18th
CGAS 5
+ Magnets
Next Wednesday, October 25th
THE PLEASERS + JOE JACKSON
Advance tickets available from Box Office, telephone 56333

FRIARS
AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY
Saturday October 14th at 7.30 pm
ULTRAVOX!
+ DOLL BY DOLL
+ HEARTBEAT
AC Sound & Vision
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MAXIMUM ACCELERATION (MY HEART IS MADE OF ALUMINIUM)

HARVEY GOLDSMITH PAUL LOASBY BY ARRANGEMENT WITH STIFF PRESENTS
AT THE LYCEUM BALLROOM THE STRAND SUNDAY NOVEMBER 19TH AT 7:30
THE BE STIFF TOUR 1978
FEATURING
WRECKLESS ERIC
MICKEY JUPP | JONA LEWIE
RACHEL SWEET
LENE LOVICH
& GUESTS TO BE ANNOUNCED
£2.25 in advance £2.50 on door Doors open 7.15pm
SEE THE TOUR — BUY THE ALBUMS — TRAVEL BY TRAIN
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23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16
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Saturday Oct. 14th 40p — ZAINE GRIFF
Sunday Oct. 15th 40p — REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
Monday Oct 16th 30p — YOUNG BUCKS
Tuesday Oct. 17th 40p — THE TICKETS + U.K. Subs + The Corvettes
Wednesday Oct. 18th 40p — ★ LEA HART JNR ★
Thursday Oct 19th 30p — ZAINE GRIFF
We've got "A WEEK AT THE BRIDGE" Live Album, have you?

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October 14th DINGWALLS
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October 23rd MUSIC MACHINE
October 24th BRIDGE HOUSE
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ROCK DISCO
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BRITAIN'S ZANIEST D.J. THE ONE & ONLY WILD WALT BROWN
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Advance tickets £1.75 — Book Now
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AN EVENING WITH
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DEVADIP ORCHESTRA
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30th, 31st Oct. & 1st Nov. at 8·45 p.m.
Tickets £5 & £4. Available from EMPIRE POOL BOX OFFICE Tel. 01-902-1234 and usual agents.
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CYCLOPS SOUNDS-BIRMINGHAM
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4th & 5th Nov. at 8·30 p.m.
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New Album- INNER SECRETS
A Radio Luxembourg Promotion 208

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FINCHLEY GAUMONT, TALLYHO CORNER.
Charlie Drake in Petticoat Pirates
+ cartoon +
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9am Saturday October 14th
Under 16's 15p, adults 25p

MISTY MEMBERS CRACK at ACKLAM HALL
Open 8pm 2am Live Music-Licensed Bar
FRI 13th OCT. '78

HOLLIES Tidal Basin Tavern, Tidal Basin Rd., (off Silvertown Way), Canning Town, E.16
Friday Oct. 13th **V.I.P.s**
Saturday Oct. 14th *Rock 'n Roll with* **ZHAIN**
Bands on stage 9.30 pm. Open until 2 am

INTERVIEW
at the **ROCK GARDEN**
Friday October 13th
at the **HOPE & ANCHOR**
Thursday October 19th

Don't Miss
BEGGAR
at THE BULL, HORNCHURCH, ESSEX.
FRIDAY OCT. 13th
Catch 'em before it costs too much!

SOUTH BANK POLY S.U.
Rotary St. S.E.1
N.U.S. 70p, others £1.40
Nearest Tube: Elephant & Castle
Friday October 13th
WARREN HARRY
+ support & disco

WUNDERBAR
THE GREEN MAN, EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1.
(Opposite Gt. Portland St. Tube)
Opening tonight Thursday Oct. 12th 75p
RAPED + **RUDI**
Thursday Oct. 19th
U.K. SUBS + **MUVVERS PRIDE**

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TUES. & WED.
OCTOBER 24 & 25, 8 p.m.
Peter Bowyer and John Sherry present
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Oct 16/21 JACK JONES
Oct 16 PIRATES
Oct 18 AL DI MEOLA
Oct 20 LOUISE BENNETT
Oct 21 SMOKIE
Oct 21 OSCAR PETERSON
Oct 22 VAN HALEN
Oct 24 STEEL PULSE
Oct 24/25 WISHBONE ASH
Oct 24/25 JOHNNY MATHIS
Oct 27/Nov 4 SAMMY DAVIS JNR
Oct 27 JUDAS PRIEST
Oct 28/29 DR FEELGOOD
Oct 30 SLADE
Oct 30 STEVE HACKETT
Oct 30/Nov 1 SANTANA
Nov 2 SUZI QUATRO
Nov 3 FOUR TOPS
Nov 5 RADIO STARS
Nov 5 999
Nov 5 MOTORHEAD
Nov 13 ALBERT KING BLUES BAND
Nov 14 BILLY COBHAM
Nov 15 AC/DC
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Nov 19 GENE PITNEY
Nov 20 DOLLY PARTON
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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Axe me another . . .

I HAVE RECENTLY acquired a Watkins Rapier guitar with a Watkins amp, for which I paid out £35. I have learned that one can't get hold of such guitars now — but is this because they're so bad . . . or is my Rapier worth a lot? — **MIKE CAMBELL, Hustanton, Norfolk**

● **From my vast knowledge of the subject — which I gained by immediately ringing up Boogie, the instruments shop at 128 Charing Cross Road — I can inform you that the Rapier was originally made by WEMS back in the prehistoric era and became a great favourite with local Shadows lookalikes who fancied a Strat but didn't have enough loot in their piggy-banks. The machine was made with two (Rapier model 2), three (M33) and four pickups (M44) but was eventually discontinued because the model has become so old-fashioned in appearance.**

COULD YOU list all the tracks on the Bonzo Dog Band's "Tadpoles" album? Also, could you tell me which of their albums are still available? — **MR APOLLO, Orpington, Kent.**

● **The tracks on "Tadpoles" are: "Hunting Tigers Out In Indiah"; "Shirt"; "Tubas In The Moonlight"; "Dr Jazz"; "Monster Mash": "I'm The Urban Spaceman"; "Ali-Baba's Camel"; "Laughing Blues"; "By A Waterfall"; "Mr Apollo" and "Canyons Of Your Mind". Originally issued on Liberty LBS 83257 in 1968, "Tadpoles" was later re-issued as "I'm The Urban Spaceman" on Sunset SLS 50350 and is still available.**

Other bouts of lunacy still residing in padded record bins are "The Doughnut In Granny's Greenhouse" (SLS 50210), "Gorilla" (SLS 50160), "Let's Make Up And Be Friendly" (SLS 50418), the compilation "A History Of The Bonzos" (United Artists UAD 60071/72) and "The Alberts, The Temperance Seven and The Bonzo Dog Do Dah Band" (Starline SRS 5151) on which an early version of the band perform "Alley Oop", "My Brother Makes Noises For The Movies" and "Button Up Your Overcoat".

A FEW years ago, CBS put out an album of Dylan's songs done by a gospel group. Can you provide any info on this disc and state availability etc?

— B. FERRY (no, not that one!) Haywards Heath, Sussex.

● **I'm pretty certain that the album you mean is "Dylan's Gospel" by The Brothers And Sisters, which was released on CBS 63746 in 1969. The LP featured a 28 piece choir (including such singers as Carolyn Willis, Gloria Jones, Merry Clayton, Clydie King, Sherlie Matthews and Partice Hollaway) vocalising on Gene Page arrangements of "The Times They Are A Changing", "My Back Pages", "All Along The Watchtower" etc., the production being in the hands of the late Lou Adler. "Dylan's Gospel" was deleted a number of years ago, so it's eyes down in the junk shops or a trip to the nearest collectors' shack if you wish to find a copy.**

DAVE EDMUNDS: discography. Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

COULD YOU supply a complete discography of Dave Edmunds? — **AUSTER M. REDPATH, Bonnyrigg, Midlothian.**

● **The now famous Cliff Gater (well — he at least got his name on to the back of the recent Brinsleys' re-issue) elected to work this one out for us. So here's a copy of the manuscript we're supplying to the British Museum . . . The first Edmunds single was "Morning Dew / It's A Wonder" (Columbia DB8230) which he cut with The Human Beans (Tommy Riley and John Williams) in 1967 (released in July '67). Then he, Williams and Bob "Congo" Jones formed Love Sculpture and recorded five Parlophone singles, "River To Another Day" / "Brand New Woman" (R5664- Feb 1968), "Wang Wang Doodle" / "The Stumble" (R 5731 - Sept 1968), "Sabre Dance" / "Think Of Love" (R 5744 . Nov 1968), "Seagull" / "Farandole" (R 5807 - Feb 1969) and "In The Land Of The Few" / "Farandole" (R 5831 - Feb 1970). During this period, the band also cut two albums, these being "Blues Helping" (PCS 7059 - Dec 1968) and "Forms And Feelings" (PCS 7090 - 1969). Later, a compilation titled Classic Tracks" was issued on One Up OU 2047 (1974), containing some Love Sculpture items plus some of Edmunds' Rockpile and other tracks from 1970-1972.**

With Rockpile he recorded "I Hear You Knocking" / "Black Bill" (MAM 1 Dec 1970), and "I'm Comin' Home"/ "Country Roll" (Regal-Zonophone RZ 3032 - Mar 1971) before releasing "Blue Monday" / "I'll Get Along" (RZ3037 - July 1971) and "Down, Down, Down" / "It Ain't Easy" (RZ 3059 - July 1972) under the brand name of Dave Edmunds. One album emerged around this time, "Rockpile" (SLRZ 1026-1972).

Rockfield Studios had formed their own label and Edmunds provided four singles in "Baby I Love You" / "Maybe" (ROC 1 - Dec 1972), "Born To Be With You" / "Pick Axe Rag" (ROC 2 - June 1973), "Need A Shot Of Rhythm And Blues" / "Let It Be Me" (ROC 4 - July 1974) and "I Ain't Never" / "Some Other Guy" (ROC 6 - 1975). Edmunds also supplied one side of the "Stardust" soundtrack (RG 2009/10 - Nov 1974) during this period and made the "Subtle As A Flying Mallet" LP (RRL 101 - Jun 1975), this being re-issued on RCA PL 25129.

More recently the Lloyd George of the guitar has offered such singles as "Here Comes The Weekend"/"As Lovers Do" (Swansong SSk 19408 - 1976), "Where Or When" / "New York's A Lonely Town" (SSK 19409 - 1976), "Ju Ju Man" / "What Did I Do Last Night?" (SSK 19410 - 1977), "I Knew The Bride" / "Back To Schooldays" (SSK 19411 - 1977) and "Deborah" / "What Looks Best On You" (SSK 59404 - Apr 1977) and "Trax On Wax" (SSK 59407 - Sept 1978).

We'll close this piece up here by mentioning that the "Rockpile" album is currently available on EMI import 5C 038 93282 and that there's also a great double titled "Dave Edmunds, Rocker - Early Works 1968/1972" on import Parlophone 2C 150 - 99546/7. Both are easy to obtain through EMI.

Of course, Edmunds has played on and produced scores of other items — by Nick Lowe, Brinsley Schwarz, The Flamin' Groovies, Foghat, Shakin' Stevens, Andy Fairweather Lowe, Man, Ducks DeLuxe, Del Shannon etc, etc. If anyone's interested in these various oddments, write in and we'll print the rest of the Edmunds discog. Okay?

JOHN GRIMALDI'S
CHEAP FLIGHTS
CHEAP FLIGHTS
CHEAP FLIGHTS
CHEAP FLIGHTS
CHEAP FLIGHTS
NEW
NEW
NEW
SINGLE
IM SORRY
IM SORRY
IM SORRY
SCARED
SCARED
SCARED
CHEAP FLIGHTS
ON ROUGH NOTES
WHEATHAMPSTEAD 3463

ON THE TOWN

AN EVENING WITH MISTER VICIOUS

Sid Vicious

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, NEW YORK

ON AN unusually busy New York rock night, the attraction of an ex-Pistol was apparently sufficient to pack Max's out for a couple of sets by the world's most inelegantly wasted human.

While Dylan did a three-hour set at the Garden, and the Cult and Lizzy blared on over at the Palladium, Sid Vicious, Arthur Kane, Jerry Nolan, and S Dior took a short trip down memory lane playing a simple set of new wave classics for the attentive crowd on hand.

Sid has abandoned the bass, leaving that chore in the never especially able hands of Killer Kane, who looks just as uncomfortable now as he did when he was a Doll (although his short hair looks better), and taken upon himself the role of frontman, singer, compere, and stage persona.

But he succeeds only in the vocals department.

In a 30 minute set Sid's only words to the crowd came towards the end of the set, when he announced, "This is the last one. I'm good, ain't I?"

There's something about all the photos of Sid from the U.S. tour that makes him look — from the back of the club — like he has a bloody nose. But that's unfair. In any case, looking at Sid is no treat — he looks more dragged out these days than before.

Jerry Nolan, still a great drummer, also looks like he could do with better health.

The set was simple enough — a punk bar band selection of songs the audience could recognise.

They opened with "Search And Destroy" (which could have used a guitar solo to spice it up), then followed with the Dolls' "Chatterbox", "Now I Wanna Be Your Dog", Eddie Cochran's "Something Else", and "Steppin' Stone" from the early Pistols repertoire.

At that point they ran through a few I didn't recognise and finished with "Chinese Rocks", a fairly appropriate tune for the wasted boys' band.

Sid has a pretty good voice and keeps on tune most of the time. He's got absolutely no stage presence, and his selection of songs is a bit obvious. But then, in New York 1978, being an Ex-Pistol must be worth a little something in the negotiable funds area, and I would guess Sid could use the bucks.

Ira Robbins

Steel Pulse

LEEDS

STEEL PULSE may well represent the 'coming of age' of British reggae, but — in terms of musical content and invention — their show here at Leeds University indicated that they have a long way to go.

They're the best band of their kind in Britain right now. But their music is essentially very *tame* reggae. They rely on style and comprehensive rhythmic cohesion rather than possessing any magical mystery ingredient: any 'charisma' is projected mostly through the fancy dress.

The band made virtually zero announcements at this concert: they left the campaigning to their lyrics, and contrived an uneasy amalgam of beautiful (though essentially *bland)* music and heavy political statement. They plugged the message, but hardly the music.

For a seven-piece they're hardly taking reggae in a new direction. Bassist Ronnie McQueen, playing so laid back he makes 'Family Man' Barrett look like a neurotic, keeps a lot of the superfluous action under control — just as the Pulse's lead guitarist (the only one not wearing shades) occasionally saw the light and shared some around with Tosh-style guitar breaks.

But "Handsworth Revolution", "Prediction", "Ku Klux Klan" etc gave them little scope to make more than token contributions.

Steel Pulse's numbers are long, and comprise heavy use of percussion, dub effects, concurrent rhythms and the latest Island electronic gadgetry. The harmonies are straight Wailers, and nearly all numbers have the same chugchuguzzunkafrap beat and sound. As for the special effects, you get the impression their record company just told them: "Here's some heavy duty equipment — for Jah's sake, use it!"

As for their image, they either take it too far, go over the top, or miss altogether. Lyricist/rhythm guitarist David Hinds wore (no hum) a HMP Babylon convict's jacket, and one of the other guys (Michael Riley) plumped for the parody number, wearing an 18th Century black servant's outfit. It was all a bit too much: the implied Dar-Es-Salaam — Trenchtown — Handsworth triangle is just too corny for words, the Babylon/Handsworth correlation ridiculous. It's dumb if they believe it, phoney if they don't.

What you really need to consider when appraising Steel Pulse is: "What can we expect from British reggae?"

These guys look too clean, too affluent, too complacent to possess the kind of desperation that spawned the music in Jamaica. They're not creating their own way out of the urban ghetto — they're merely copying the sound of the Caribbean. And I say this music would not cut it in Jamaica.

And ultimately, of course, if one was just expected to accept this as rock/reggae and nothing but, one would dismiss it out of hand. But Steel Pulse are *British,* and they have all the other paraphernalia (supposed incisive socio-political comment, unique reggae interpretation etc) going for them — which works as a psychological mind-block when it comes to assessing them as they really are. You feel you have to give them credit for their integrity, and consequently, everything else about them is enhanced accordingly.

You can't deny that Steel Pulse have stood up to be counted, and that if they use their growing power well, they'll be instrumental in developing the new black British consciousness originally encouraged by Marley: their message will doubtless be of significant use to young consumers — black and white — everywhere. But anyone wanting to *understand* rather than merely to *hear* what black consciousness is all about could do worse than go direct to the masters.

Emma Ruth

Simple Minds

GLASGOW

YOU KNOW that band everybody's been waiting for — the one that will achieve that magic fusion of the verbal visions of the Bowie / Harley / Verlaine twilight academy with the fertile firepower of the New Wave, that early Roxy Music with a rock'n'roll heart?

Well, here they are. They're called Simple Minds, they come from Glasgow, and they create not just startlingly good rock music but a whole show, an *event,* all in their cramped corner of a crowded city pub, the Mars Bar.

There are two basic reasons why Simple Minds are such a devastating prospect, and they're called Jim Kerr and Charlie Burchill.

Highlighted by unorthodox lighting, vocalist Kerr is an extraordinary performer. With blank, madeup eyes in a pallid face, he has the hypnotic aura of a man running on psychic energy as he dances jerkily around, intoning his lyrics of urban unease. "Dead Vandal", "Subway Sex", "Better Watch Out" — the titles speak for themselves.

Lead guitarist Burchill (no relation) alternates between Flying V and occasional violin, providing a melodic but incisive intuitive complement to Kerr's preoccupied lyrics.

But a two-man show this is not. The six-piece line-up creates a thrilling, enthralling aural kaleidoscope of searing intros and instant riffs, tuneful aggression and sparing use of effects, brief bursts of disciplined creativity and fiery rhythm work.

Revelatory execution, strong visuals, consistently good material both in busy rockers like "The Cocteau Twins" or the building emotion of their 'Chelsea Girl' instant classic . . . Already the superlatives are straining at the leash!

Weak points? Indistinct vocals, a jarring lack of presence between numbers, some indifferent pacing — a few rough edges but no real flaws.

Ending as they began with their odd but effective visual motif — a translucent blue head revolving silently in the darkness atop the PA — Simple Minds drop the tempo to unveil their piece de resistance, "Pleasantly Disturbed".

As the twisting, turning, eerie epic burns its way home, it's hard to recall the last time I witnessed such an exciting yet thoughtful new talent.

Ian Cranna

SID VICIOUS. Pic JOE STEVENS

BLACK SABBATH

NEW SINGLE

"HARD ROAD"
Single SAB 002

FIRST 25,000

PRESSED IN PURPLE

New album Never Say Die!

Album 9102 751 Cassette 7231 401

marketed by phonogram

VERTIGO

Pic: DAVID WARNER ELLIS

Wayne: the pain and the pantomime

Wayne County And The Electric Chairs

MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON

OCTOBER SEES the inevitable recognition of two of the greatest rock'n'roll performers of all time — Bette Midler and Wayne County who, even before Wayne slipped a sex with characteristic disdain and commitment, were strangely related exponents of show rock music that could be rude yet moving, speedy, funny and immoderately outrageous.

Both work from a broad crass, abusing base of cheap theatre, sex and rock'n'roll; both harangue, verbalise and assault; both adore themselves. And they undoubtedly share a favourite position.

Bette's particular influences are The Shangri-Las, The Andrews Sisters and Lotte Lenya. Wayne's roots are The Yardbirds, the Stones and early Who. The common denominator is Janis Joplin. (And maybe a bit of Liberace).

There is no possibility of Wayne getting the chance of 25 minutes Saturday night peak TV like Bette, who single handedly justified London Weekend Television's huge outlay in their commitment to the "Ratings war" with a scornful and loud guest spot on Bruce's Forsyth's frightening exhibition of everything that is bad with British TV — his 'Big Night'.

Bette glitters, while Wayne is a little . . . greasy? Or at least her band is, the ferocious boogie-ing maulers The Electric Chairs. Wayne herself is looking ridiculously plain these days, still obviously meticulous about her appearance. At the Music Machine, in spotless cullottes, she wouldn't have looked out of place in a Harmony Hairspray advert — a hilarious shock visual contradiction to the dark, shifty group.

No, Wayne would be denied deserved TV access not even because of the (so far) discreet and sensitively handled sex change (imagine a Gibb going through similar motions) but because of the hard, messy noisy boogie-muzak that is much more explicitly sexual than Midler's ultimately coy aural winking and hinting. It's crude and unlistenable.

Yet Wayne is as natural TV fodda as Midler, on stage never less than a joy, Alive, alert, wordy. A strange representation of solidarity and sympathy. Calm and piercing. The image is measured, the acting sweet.

The music has no range, is hardly refined, is definitely 'retrogressive', but there is a lot or respect for myth and spirit and Wayne transcends what at times is little more than a prop with her performance. It's sharp and colourful with never any loss of pace or determination. She seems detached but there is actually a great deal of passion.

The set hasn't altered noticeably over the last year. It hasn't needed to. The County standards are timeless. The protest, defence and conflict of "Stuck On You", "Bad In Bed", "Rock'n'Roll Ressurrection", "You Make Me Cream In My Jeans", "Fuck Off".

There were some cuts off the new album, plus a typically honourable version of The Electric Prunes "I Had Too Much To Dream Last Night" during which Wayne achieved a lifelong ambition and was assaulted by a huge mock-up black guitar.

Being raped by an electric guitar is Wayne's idea of ecstacy. Pain, energy and lotsa fun.

Wayne County captures the essence of rock'n'roll in all its multi-facets. And the fact that she arrives at something in itself unadventurous and tangibly limited — relying almost totally on personality and spontaniety — is significant.

There'll never be a 'worthwhile' County album until maybe a best of 'live' selection, but never miss a chance to see her in action. There's no one like her. Except maybe Bette Midler. It took us six years to discover them both. Ha. (Stop crying).

Paul Morley.

John McLaughlin & The One Truth Band

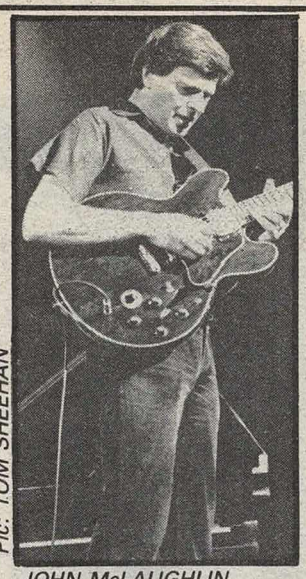
RAINBOW, LONDON

This was a celebration of John McLaughlin's 25th anniversary as a guitar player — an event similarly marked by the recent "Electric Guitarist" album, which also coincided with the musician's disbandment of the West/Eastern Fusion band Shakti and disengagement from whatever religious creed had occupied his existential horizon for the best part of this decade.

This creed was responsible for the titles of works such as "Celestial Terrestial Commuters" and "Sapphire Bullets Of Pure Love".

As a local wag conjectured, he was making *clean Chinmoy sweep* of things, and not before time.

Prior to the release of "Electric Guitarist", I'd only been able to handle McLaughlin in either small amounts or in Miles Davis line-ups, putting a great deal of blame at the guitarist's white-stockinged feet for the



Pic: TOM SHEEHAN

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

contemporary proliferation of unbearable 'jazz-rock' dumper-truck goblins such as Brand X.

The Mahavishnu Orchestra's version of Miles Davis' "Miles Beyond" is the only pre.Shakti solo McLaughlin I ever had any time for — and then, I wouldn't battle extra-terrestial devil lizards to hear the track repeatedly.

"Electric Guitarist" was both resumee and celebration, and this Rainbow concert, featuring a pick-up band comprising two musicians from the "EG" session and two other, was a parallel presentation, an iconoclastic slide-show-cum-cabaret for the converted, with Stu Goldberg (keyboards), Fernando Saunders (bass), Anthony Allen-Smith (drums), and. formerly of Shakti, L Shankar (violin and percussion).

McLaughlin was dressed in black for the occasion — as if to emphasise something; well, he may have given up the robes of his past but I'm afraid the music hasn't slipped into something more comforting.

The evening began with "Friendship", I think (you know — they *all sound the same)* with slivers of bright, controlled feedback being the only respite from the otherwise predictable Grand-Prix-Speed Ideal Solo Exhibition — very dry and not very dirty.

McLaughlin didn't alter the *tone* of the guitar all evening, and it wasn't until the beautiful "Two Sisters" Shakti number, featuring just Shankar and McLaughlin, that the music broke out of the stereotypealongjazzfunkband lunging and punching.

Allen Smith is the obligatory Billy Cobham figure; funk-click-funk-click like a child's wind-up toy soldier; Goldberg is adequate and average, with all those annoying food-blender-perculator keyboard devices that have a tendency to go *blip screee wheeep whooop;* Fernando Saunders is an archetypal t-o-o cool fonky black bassist, even — GASPEROONIE! — playing a fonky solo with HIS TEETH!

Starched and folded cabaret: who can play faster than who, who can beat the tambourine until it breaks, who can split the atom, who can milk the idiot audience for the longest and most facile solo spot . . .

I better tell you that they played "Sanctuary" off "Birds Of Fire", and "Can You Hear The Voice That You Left Behind" off "Electric Guitarist", finished with "Are You The One", encored with "Birds Of Fire", and then with "You've been a wonderful audience", and then with an Eastern singalong — everybody beating percussion, mikestands, each other's heads, middle aged hairies fainting, dogs of destiny crapping into the Rainbow etc . . .

Allen-Smith trashed his drum-kit: the most *creative* act all evening.

Ian Penman

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Cars and Tricks of the trade

Cheap Trick
The Cars

PALLADIUM, NEW YORK CITY

A LOT OF hard-up-for-melody fans have been making book on The Cars because of the band's quick progress as inspired newcomers.

Young teenagers who are hard up in general will find them instructive as to the ways of the teenage world; a little love is provided ("Just What I Needed"), a touch of mental stimulation ("Let The Good Times Roll") and a stance of mock seriousness ("Moving In Stereo," "In Touch With My World").

The band do seem capable of sustaining the melodic cruiseability of their first album, even given the spotty lyrics which balance precariously between sophistication and top 40 goo. But they have a long way to go before they can command a concert hall stage in the imposing manner of Cheap Trick.

It looked a secure footing for both bands at first.

The Cars opened with "Good Times" and the good little bodies in the seats began to do just that. They did enjoy it — but they never left their seats. That was to come later.

Meanwhile, the guitars were dense beneath The Cars' vocals, which alternate between the bassist and rhythm guitarist/writer Ric Ocasek.

Ocasek takes the lead on "My Best Friend's Girlfriend," one of their most effective numbers.

Its borderline lyrics present problems — I couldn't care less about her "walking 'neath the stormy skies" though I like the fact that she's his best friend's girl — but, through the polite appropriation of an "I Will" Beatle riff and a bubbly, nervous delivery, it works.

In fact, Beatle riffs pop in and out of a great many of The Cars' efforts and the movement of the guitar chords in "Don'cha Stop" is in part straight out of Cream's "Badge."

CHEAP TRICK'S Rick Nielson

These, however, are not wimpy devices in lieu of originality, but rather a successful and quirky use of cliches which are forever open to re-hashing — no matter what Cook and Jones said long, long ago.

Ocasek has a lot of ideas in his head and will need time to sort out the proper directions. Given the early chart success of the album and single, he will have the time. I give them the benefit of the doubt for being a young band who have performed admirably so far.

But standing side by side, Cheap Trick blew them away.

Where The Cars had seemed sober and serious, Cheap Trick proved criminally mischievous and dead serious about effervescent entertainment. So much so that one might find their approach to be overkill after a few shows. They may have less of a future than The Cars but their present looms infinitely larger.

The audience were raised to their feet as Robin Zander came out screaming "C'mon now ladies and gentlemen!!" and Rick Nielson began the first of many mad ramblings which took him across every splinter of the stage floor, spewing guitar picks as he went.

If The Cars have a young teenage audience to get through to, then Cheap Trick have a potential seven-year-old-and-up audience at their feet by virtue of their cartoon-like insobriety.

Indeed, one of the main strengths of the group is that each member has a distinct and/or believeable image which blends easily into the whole; their instrumental excitement is enough to get by on its own but their highly wrought stage personalities show the shameless stadium-rock ambitions of Cheap Trick's equally shameless comercialism.

In the true moronic sense of the phrase, Cheap Trick are a group whose time has come.

It used to be that groups like Kiss or Blue Oyster Cult could get away with playing bullshit while putting on a puffed-up stage show that disguised all the musical deficiencies. But Cheap Trick use no out-right effects save for Nielson's platform, which he mounts periodically and then jumps off with his heels kicking his ass behind him, and the circle of headlights beneath Bun E Carlos' drum rostrum.

These two, at least, can play with enormous technique when the want to, which separates them from the Buck Dharma's and Ace Freely's of the world.

So they surround the chaos with a precision that is sophisticated and honest. The effects they create are in the mind. They call themselves Cheap Trick because they'll throw all your fantasies in your face and then some and all you have to do is clap and scream. It would be different if they were just going through the motions (now that's a cheap trick) but as it is they come close to being 'toots with a heart of gold.

Dan Oppenheimer

Cold front reaches Scotland

Weather Report

GLASGOW

IT'S A wonderful thing, technology. Thanks to the miracle of modern engineering that is British Rail, I spent three hours on a journey that used to take 45 minutes, eventually arriving in Glasgow to find I'd missed the first half hour of the concert.

But had I known what was in store, perhaps I would have been more appreciative of BR's delaying tactics. What awaited me in the re-opened Apollo was the saddest chapter yet in Weather Report's continuing autobiography of steady decline since their zenith of "Mysterious Traveller" four years ago.

Progress has always been measured in human not technological terms but Weather Report, sitting there surrounded by columns of gleaming new PAs and rows of pretty but ineffectual four-colour lights, seem to have lost sight of this, and their performance merely underlined the inherently retrogressive nature of technology.

Pretty but ineffectual — that just about sums up Weather Report these days. Not that I would dream of questioning the musical abilities of this illustrious quartet, but security of finance (hence technology) and reputation definitely seem to have taken their toll on Weather Report's much prized inventiveness.

Sterile cleverness for cleverness sake has replaced emotional depth, and twiddling superfluous gadgetry has taken over from real adventurousness. Where once new boundaries were established with every daring venture, there now exists only a self-congratulatory basking in the glow of a mutual admiration society.

Where once mystery and admiration were evoked now only irritation and frustration are provoked. In short, the set consisted of little more than re-heated re-workings of past triumphs together with newer compositions which to me merely emphasise their own inadequacy in the company of the old.

Then of course you get the show-off spots and none more redundant or self-indulgent than that of Jaco Pastorius. Apart from a brief section when he excited interest by managing to sound like the whole band, his overlong solo consisted of twisting various themes beyond recognition with effects and then jumping onto his supine bass from the drum podium.

The sound man cuts his sound on impact of course — another triumph for (ahem) technology. Just like they did it last time, too. Another indication of how hard-up for ideas Weather Report are these days.

It wasn't all on such a level of boring triteness or shallow showmanship however. Some of it was really quite pleasant — it's just that Weather Report's standards demand a good deal more than mere pleasantry.

As the tapes (groan) rolled to start a thoroughly uncalled for third encore I fled into the night. Look, Zawinul and company can doodle away to an audience of fawning trendies intimidated by reputation and doped into servility until the last trump for all I care, but I do think it's time the name Weather Report was laid to rest while it still represents something with commitment and integrity.

Ian Cranna

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Newman dominates through submission, while the rest of the band (including an obscured keyboard player) are passive.

Wire are like a conceptual artist's idea of a modern music band at the mixed-media environment threshold.

Newman's pointed spotlit posing — absurd, like a David Hockney pinpoint of everyday life — is too clear for comfort but perhaps also too clever for consideration.

But Wire's sound at least is convincing, a series of shocks — a biting, chopping, dry block of black dub noise. All the 'softer' songs from "Chairs Missing" are guillotined into a sharp, sandpapered motion, nuclear and concentrated; the noise borders on the chaotic, adds up to a severely held-in shock.

The clever constructions of the "Chairs Missing" songs are stripped bare — on "Practise Makes Perfect" and "Mercy" especially, where the restrained chaos tears through the surface in a succession of screams.

Most of "Chairs Missing" is dashed off, hard and flippant, and about three "Pink Flag" tracks are snookered in.

But the contents . . . Wire's work borders on loss of commitment to the present, the capitulation to the chaos of memory . . . which takes us back to where we started.

'Cos up in Colin Newman's bedroom there's a book or two by Antonin Artaud, and his movements are just too detour-Artaud for words, dot dash. The vibrations might only shake *your* bones — pogo, pogo, pogo — but that's just the disadvantage of not understanding a 'second language'.

"From a to b, again avoiding c, d, and e, — 'cos . . ." ("Lowdown") e is where you play "I Am The Fly" as final encore.

What are they guarding? Wire borders on the . . . ?

Ian Penman

WIRE'S Colin Newman. Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

Phil May And The Fallen Angels

ELECTRIC BALLROOM, CAMDEN

MEDIOCRITY follows hard on the heels of any new found formula as commercial potential is realised and exploited ad nauseam and beyond.

From Phil May's roots in the '60s beat boom to The Nights' torpid modern music, the evening's entertainment was a painful reminder that the business's obsession with aiming all product at a specific market results in a proliferation of sub-standard replicas of a handful of true innovative artists.

The Night are not a band to be singled out for any harsh criticism, because countless Nights play throughout this sceptred isle in search of their holy grail — fame, fortune and freedom.

The formula was a familiar one: take a reliable R'n'B beat and play it at a suitably breakneck speed and all will be well. For sure, didn't The Jam do it that way?

Every old hippy's sneers about that new wave noise were upheld by music such as this. Any good intentions were totally shot through by the lads making the mistake of seeing style as the kingpin for rock'n'roll success. You either have style or you don't — it can't be cultivated, or Hampstead would be the cultural mecca of the Western World.

Let's have some effort at making music instead of making the right move and if you can't stand the heat . . .

The Physicals crashed in as a precious relief from the dire efforts of The Night with a promisingly ballsy version of Iggy's "Lust For Life". They played the bastardised Bo Diddley riff with more commitment than Iggy and his crew manufactured last time around. But hope again foundered as a formula was taken and the life was wrung out of it.

The music was competent, "Night After Night" was even good boppin' fun, but titles betray the conceived nature of the music — "Geisha Girls", "All Sexed Up", "Nouveau Riche", "Tres Cool". Now where have we heard that before.

Phil May and The Fallen Angels were not trying to get their 'big' break. They were trying to make it again. The R'n'B classics of the early sixties, "SF Sorrow" and "Parachute", assure The Pretty Things of a deserved reputation, but on the form shown on the night there is little hope of old glories being repeated.

Wally Allen on bass and Chico on drums remain from The Pretty Things line-up — but with none of the magic.

Playing a selection of songs from the forthcoming album and old favourites, the band drifted away from the point. The Coasters' "Poison Ivy" started out as a slinky bit of British R'n'B that was as much Phil May's strong point as Jagger's in the heady days of the Beat Boom. But the song fell apart in spacious instrumental passages which echoed all that has been self-indulgent and insipid in British music since the days of psychedelia.

The band could play neat and lively music but preferred meandering to getting the crowd dancing. Keyboards and guitar breaks became instrumental passages of an embarrassingly extended nature.

It was all enough to make the most hyper-active stretch lazily yawn and fall asleep.

Michael J. Pritchard

Barclay James Harvest

HAMMERSMITH ODEON, LONDON

I WOULDN'T have thought it possible to encourage widespread apathy, dredge up rock's most floundering cliches, set back sound technology by at least ten years AND get paid for it. But it is — and it was — and Barclay James Harvest have just done it.

At the risk of sounding charitable, I can only describe them as the direst band I've seen this year.

Picture the scene — a flimsy net curtain is whisked aside to reveal four fastidiously coiffeured blokes decked out in tailored clothing and greebie silk shirts. Instantly, they set about rigging the crowd reaction by telling them how *great* last night's audience were (defensive shrieks), and how tonight's looks even *greater* (riotous applause).

They manage exactly four numbers, "Nova Lepidoptera" being one, and the appallingly ponderous and sentimental "Berlin", before their guitar pedal-board packs up.

Then follows a pause for technical repair work accurately clocked by an irate punter in the row behind us as lasting 38 minutes. Thirty-eight minutes of watching frenzied roadies scurrying about in the darkness, and listening to justifiably bored sections of the audience singing football chants — it defies belief.

Up with the safety curtain and the boys are back, looking just a shade embarrassed and being irritatingly apologetic. They launch into another number. The mix is so tinny and badly balanced that they sound like a coach-load of crockery on a ski slope.

A tinfoil backdrop of a sunset lights up, and they start dishing out selections from their new album "XII", replacing all vocal and keyboard texture with massively over-treated echo, and coating each and every age-old chord sequence with the most graceless text-book guitar solos.

By the time "Jonathan" and "Rock 'n' Roll Star" come along the band are knee-deep in dry ice and lovingly bathed in pink lighting, and it's time to shuffle through the forest of loon pants and head for home.

How such insignificant tunes and featherweight lyrics could ever have graced a total of 12 albums I'll never understand But if they're making any money, a spare pedal board could well be a major investment.

Mark Ellen

JAZZ DIARY

THE GREAT Guitars In Concert hits the Queen Elizabeth Hall on 23rd October and the Crucible Theatre, Sheffield on 20th, featuring Barney Kessel, Herb Ellis and Charlie Byrd.

JCS have also put together a fetching bill called Tough Tenors, with Dick Morrissey, Art Themen and Don Weller sharing the front line, and John Taylor, Kenny Baldock and Bryan Spring stoking the boilers: 100 Club, 16th October. The following Monday, 23rd October, Elton Dean's Quartet shares a gig with the Marc Charig Quartet at 100 Club.

The Don Rendell Five, with Alan Wakeman, will be at Putney's Half Moon on 15th, followed by Amalgam on 22nd October with both Harry Miller and Marcio Mattos on basses. The Red Deer, Croydon, has the Alex Welsh Band on 17th, Mike Osborne and Dave Holdsworth on 24th and Don Weller with Terry Smith on 31st October.

The Mike Osborne Quintet will be playing at The Phoenix on 18th, followed by Bob Downes and the Harry Smith-Keith Bailey Duo on 25th.

The Cobblestones, Streatham High Road, has Derek Wadsworth sitting in with the Don Weller—Alan Jackson Quartet on 18th and Brian Smith on 25th October. Manchester University Jazz Club presents Russian pianist Balis Zhuratis on 23rd October and the Tony Oxley Quartet on 6th November.

The London Musicians' Collective has John Russell with Chamberpot on 14th, and John Russell with SME on 15th October. Levers are playing on 19th with Guest No. 3 from Ipswich Town Improvisation Orchestra, some anonym, eh.

Brian Case

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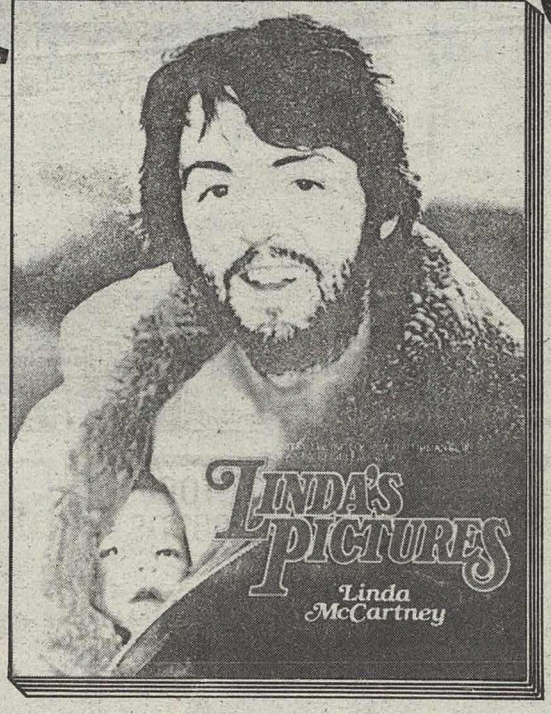

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Strike a light! It's the Lords of the Universe

The Hawklords

NEW THEATRE, OXFORD

MASTERS of the Universe, Hawkwind are no more. Say hello instead to Hawklords and the further adventures of Robert Calvert as he strives to forge a new music and another image, aided only by his Vonnegut ray-gun lyrics and trusty side-kick Dave Brock on brain damage guitar.

Current product "25 Years On" extends the musical line drawn from "Quark, Strangeness And Charm" with electric keyboard-oriented sounds that are Ron Mael filtered through XTC's space pop or P. Floyd music for airports.

On stage however, volume controls are turned way up till individual voices surrender to The Beat producing the familiar Hawkwind wall of relentless monolithic rock. Their other trademark is also well represented in the shape of a lighting display that puts *Close Encounters* in the Swan Vesta class.

The first hour of their show comprises a continuous stretch of conceptual rock theatre, based loosely around the album and theme of '25 years on'. Calvert and three dancers portray the future as, you know, an oppressive heavy industrial society with human beings reduced to unthinking manual workers servicing the furnaces of giant machines.

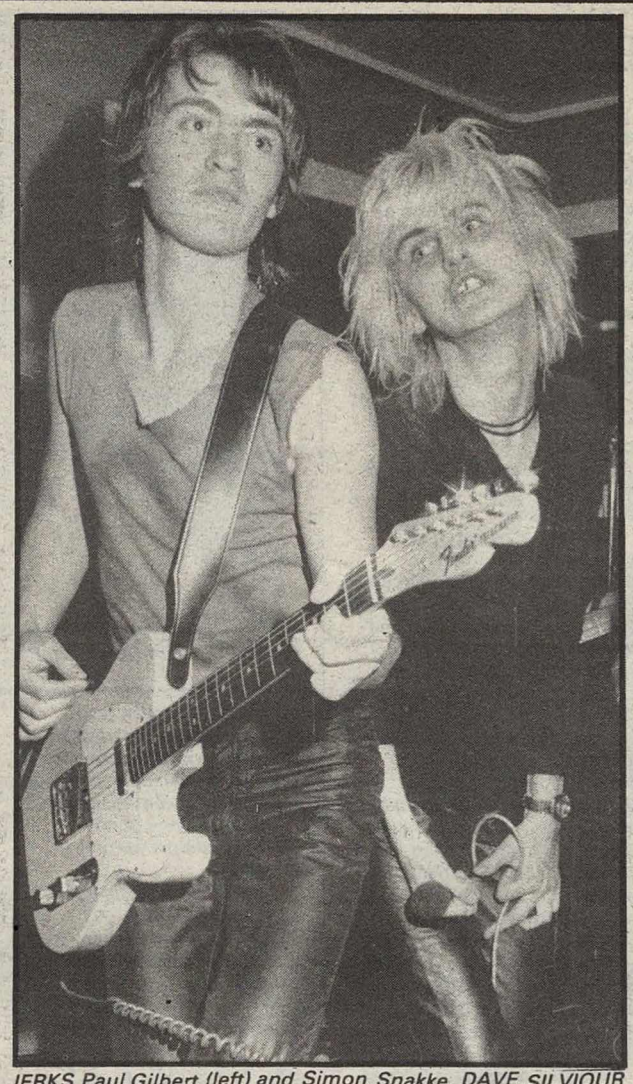
Featuring a screen flashing appropriate, if predictable, slides and lit quite stunningly from four on-stage lighting towers, The Hawklords were sensorily overpowering with impressive consistency. It wasn't clear from this showing, but it's to be hoped that Calvert wishes to temper this subject with not a little humour, since angry young futurism and Fritz Langerama are dangerously fashionable and a target both sitting and much sat upon.

Not surprisingly the Hawkwind audience when faced with, for example, Calvert's stuttering Moorcockian monologue backed by a free-forming white noise section during "Psi Power " looked totally bemused. Though whenever Brock and keyboardist Steve Swindells drop into their synthesized monochrome scream as drummer Martin Griffiths and bassist Harvey Bainbridge pound robotoid boogie rhythms they are only too grateful to be able to fulfill their chosen role and shake themselves violently.

The importance of the dancers and engaging visuals was underlined during the last numbers, "Silver Machine" and "Brainstorm". Stripped of any focus points, these were a dull anti-climax and were played with a marked air of disinterest, although first night equipment problems may have contributed to that.

So professor, our force fields have failed us. A race of superior beings from outer space are bringing us their laundry. Is the end of the world at hand? Not really, just The Hawklords on the road.

David Housham



JERKS Paul Gilbert (left) and Simon Snakke. DAVE SILVIOUR

The Jerks

LEEDS POLY

EMMA RUTH

THE JERKS' peroxide lynchpin Simon Snakke (pro-nounced *Snake*, though God knows why he bothers) has always struck me as possessing everything it takes to be 'big'.

One of the very few genuinely interesting rock personalities up here in Sticksville, Snakke has threatened to be recognised for the natural that he undoubtedly is on at least three occasions: a Lightning Records deal, responsible for the moderately successful single (the title, unfortunately, is no jive) "Get Your Woofin' Dog Offa Me", a failed audition at Phonogram, and the last minute blow-out of their support slot on an earlier Radio Stars tour.

On this RAR night, past bummers were consolidated by a PA so dud that the 'sound' came over like a code-scrambler; in fact they could just as well have used a centrally positioned megaphone.

Snakke responded by letting it all hang out. Perilously close to the danger zone of his career, one couldn't help thinking he was doing this for laughs only. Having already comprehensively sampled the local brew, the freshly-lipsticked Snakke 'psyched' himself for his entry while the other Jerks neatly jammed "The Intro".

Conditions were hardly optimum. The lyrics were mostly inaudible and the instrumentation unintentionally corrupted. But titles I did pick up were the catchy forthcoming Lightning release "Cool", "The Five" ("about The Jerks") and "Force By Force" ("about politics").

All were straightahead rock, characterised by abundant slick riffing.

The set then proceeded to degenerate, mostly through the fringe lunacy of some of the clientele and the incursions of a freelance chick vocalist who declined to accept that The Jerks had no back-up vocal for her.

Snakke and his brother/bassist Chas Menotti were unable to stave off the anarchy. The rabble messed with what remained of the PA, mike-stands and speaker stacks, while those among them who sought total physical self-expression rolled and grovelled on the floor. Censorship might be a dirty word, but one feels physically repulsed by some of the things that go down at these late-night excursions into political fantasia. *This* was Rock Against *Racism*?

No doubt The Jerks would have liked to have been taken more seriously, but on this occasion they were hardly in any position to exercise even token control. They (and especially Simon Snakke) deserve more than this, and hopefully they'll make out elswhere sooner or later. Snakke, at any rate, already parodies to perfection the entire gamut of the Star Trip: there remains a slim chance that he may even achieve the real thing.

Emma Ruth

The Young Bucks

BRECKNOCK, LONDON

TO PUT it mildly, The Young Bucks are great.

They do a Doors' song, two by Jackie Wilson, one by Bobby Bland. Their own music touches on James Brown ("Lost All I Had") mid-'60s Tamla, and Elvis Costello — "Do It For You" could have been one of E.C.'s best songs, and it should definitely be the Bucks' next single.

This eclecticism, though, is not a form of pastiche. They *utilise* all the elements to make a music that is distinctly their own, a music that incorporates R&B and soul and modern pop, but at its heart is pure Young Bucks.

Archie Brown plays honking sax, wears a black net shirt. Pat Rafferty handles keyboards, guitar. Tony Wadsworth is lead guitarist. All three are fine, fine singers. Steve Brooks plays bass, Seb Wang drums and looks like a young Charlie Watts.

Incidentally, none of them are genuine Geordies. It's just that the original members were living near Newcastle when the band began. Now they're based in London, and gigging all over the south.

Make sure you catch them — and be warned, dancing is compulsory. **Graham Lock**

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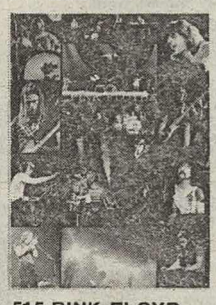
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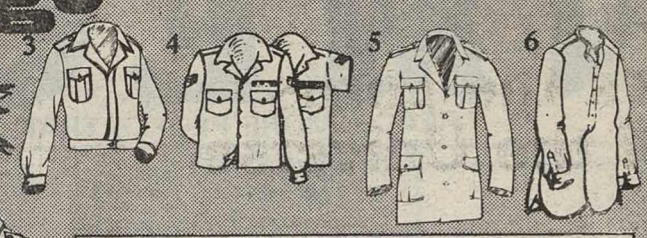

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SINGLES

■ *From p.35*

much girlfriend/entourage/ model mileage to successfully start a new career in a different decade.

● GUITAR HEROES AND OTHER LONELY MEN

CHRIS SPEDDING: Gunfight *(RAK).*
ROBIN TROWER: It's For You *(Chrysalis).*
DAN HILL: All I See Is Your Face *(20th Century).*
STEPHEN BISHOP: Looking For The Right One *(ABC).*
GENE COTTON: You're A Part Of Me *(Ariola).*
MARK MIDDLER: Sad Song *(Warner Brothers).*
ELTON JOHN: Part Time Love *(Rocket).*

Spedding fires another of the pathetic blanks we've come to expect from him with this icky instrumental nothing. The guitar's used as gun in the *musical* sense, for a change. All twangy and wacky and wanky — I daresay the older folks will find it an amusing and skilful little interlude, but I thought it was daft. Bang bang, Chris, you might as well be dead.

On this showing Robin Trower should have gone into my little "Failures Forward Into Disco" category, but me being such a bigot, I thought he'd be showing off with his guitar and whatnot. Never mind — this song is quite guitar-orientated but even more FM-orientated; disco Steely Dan, but dumb. It has a decent-length solo, is very ordinaire and eager to please. I hear Trower is heir to Hendrix and all that, but it makes me more inclined to pity the chap than melt in what they call pure molten awe. All guitar players sound the same to me.

The next three records constitute my case that all American men except Bruce Springsteen want to be *Annie Hall*, in their heart of hearts. Don't hee-haw at me, hear the wretched efforts.

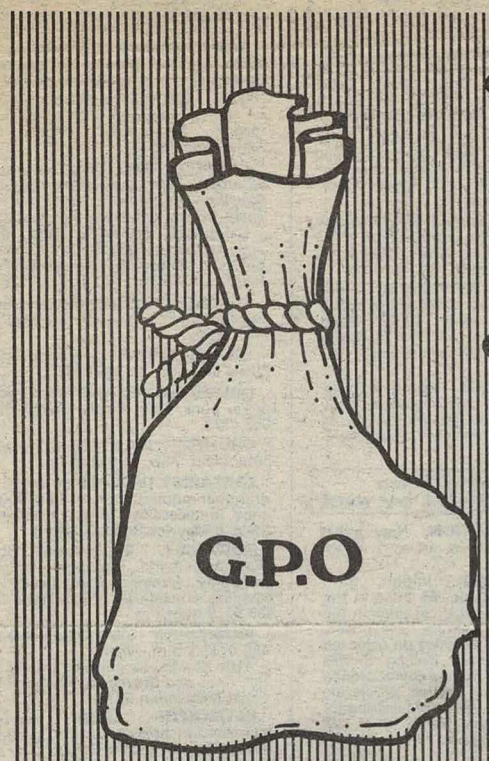
Dan Hill moans away about not having successful sex with some girl or something else sordid to the accompaniment of the customary sensative, ponderous, piano; sickening, but thank God it hasn't got that horrible grande hook that made "Sometimes When We Touch" such a goddamn radio hit and sent all the wet people in the world rushing out to clasp a copy to their harnessed bosoms. *"I've got my songs to protect me"* swears Dan — funny, I never knew he was a Catholic. Bearded slowie weepie.

Stephen Bishop sings a bearded but youngish slowie weepie; minutely less repulsive than Dan Hill's ditty but putrid nevertheless. *"I've been so unlucky/I'm no good at playing games"* — you're not that good at playing songs either, Stephen. Bishop is, they say, very big in America but alas, his hopes of making it in this country have been dashed since the awful Anne "Youth Youth Youth" Nightingale interviewed him on the telly.

Gene Cotton gives us a unisex slowie weepie, duetting away with Kim Carnes on a song of her own doing — I haven't seen her picture in years, but didn't she used to write songs for David Cassidy and be beautiful? Here she croaks away like one of those old trampesses who chase you across Waterloo Bridge yelling filthy words if you refuse to bung them the money for twenty bottles of methylated spirits.

Mark Middler rips off "It's A Heartache" exactly BUT exactly for his stubbly drunken weepie and-silly boy!!! — he sings it in a close approximation of Bonnie Tyler's gruff husk (who in turn, thinking about it, must have ripped it off those old mether girls.)

Finally, Elton John passes on the chart question with a bouncy bit of nothing of the type he'd dash off for the unfortunate Kiki Dee. Starting with that boring old rinky-dink piano so you'll know it's him, this is either a paen to petty promiscuity or a sort of *ambivalent* song, *you* know.



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DEAR JULIE, please stop making an idiot of yourself. Your ideas on social class are embarrassingly naive. I may be 23 but I still have contacts with kids who (aren't they lucky?) live on council estates, have rotten family life, police records and can't get jobs. Their biggest kick is disco music. Now I'm not so daft as to make this a gerneralisation. People are not stereotypes, unfortunately. I know of other such kids who like the Clash and others who like the Stones and Bowie.

By the way you write I got the impression you think social class is an option. I couldn't help being born what you'd term working class. A middle class kid can't help being born middle class. To alienate the latter is just stupid and as bigoted as the National Front you so despise.

And as for your *Dangerous Visions* article I nearly fell over laughing. You can be so patronising it oversteps nausea into sheer farce. Don't tell anyone but I know many working class women who watch between them just about everything on the box. And, guess what, they watch what they like. Don't forget we're not as bovine as you think.

Finally, your critique of "Stage" was based on the premise that art is judged by whether or not it is relevant to society now. On those grounds Bowie was never an artist. He is egocentric in his work. If the kids like what he's doing fair enough but he was never going to compromise his conception of music just for that. Julie, by your criterion Jane Austen, Jame Joyce, Van Gogh, Theodore Rousseau, Beethoven and countless others were never artists because they were all intent on art as art as an individual expression of life. I'd try writing reviews for *Pravda* if I were you: they'd just love your Big Brother dogma.
JAMES, Mansfield
If this is the Bowie/Burchill debate, we must have reached *Gasbag?* Lemme just take my bearings one tahm fo' y'all . . . — CSM.

WHILST DAVID Bowie and Roxy Music may have been formative influences on J. Burchill, for most of us factors like family, home, friends, school and environment were of much more importance.

This is probably because some of us ventured out into the big, bad world in our early teens. We took the rough and tumble of everyday living, the emotional ups and downs, the disappointments, the heartbreaks (stop those violins), the very tensions and pressures that make up life. Most of us survived this process commonly referred to as "growing up". Sure we had problems (I've warned you once about those fucking fiddles) but these we solved ourselves or else turned to friends or loved ones.

While all this was going on, Julie — it would appear — was hiding in her bedroom, painting herself up in front of the mirror and listening to pop records all day hoping someone would tell her the answer, and going by her review of "Stage" she thought everybody else was doing the same

and is still labouring under the same impression.

Well, listen carefully Ms Burchill. I bought Bowie's records in the early '70s. I bought them because I liked the way the Spiders played them. I did not buy them because I thought D.B. could sort out the world or my problems for me. I still buy his records but I am no fan of live records and I would like to know if this one is worth buying. I *don't* want to hear about your hang-ups.

A REAL PERSON LIVING IN THE REAL WORLD WHO CAN'T MAKE OUT THE WORDS HALF THE TIME ANY WAY.
Scenery's getting a little more familiar . . . — CSM.

DEAR JULIE B: 3-minute pop songs are dead, verse-chorus-verse--chorus-middle-chorus-chorus they've been doing it for long enough. You wanted something new in the tired old jaded pop scene; you got Generation X and you got "Low"; and did you ever make the wrong choice. All your stupid fault we've had wanky Buzzcocks and Sham 69, with their '60s innocence they are the Manhattan Transfer of the late '70s. Nostalgia? Still??

New Music is STARING YOU IN THE FLAMING FACE you blind old bat. And you say Bowie should have given up after "Station To Station". That is when he FLIPPING STARTED. Synthesisers are today's instruments, and now that wanky Yes and Wakemand and ELP have got their grubby symphonic hysterical hands off them, and Eno has got someone to stop him being indulgent, they are the way ahead. Donna Summer; and "Warszawa".

Yes; the first record of the new double "Stage" should have been left out. At the concert I saw the Ziggy routine was the worst but went down the best; don't know what is sounds like to someone who wasn't there, but it brought it all back, and that's why I couldn't not buy it.

Oh God, Julie, you and your boring old "rock and roll" and your "relevant and useful to young people today". You've really started to get

on my tits.
PHILIP BIRD, Norwich.
Yep. Definitely *Gasbag.* Strictly letters — CSM

WE WERE goin' to form a WANKERS AGAINST RACISM / NAZIS but we found out that there would be too many members.
A CIVIL SERFANT (who still wears flares), Newton-Le-Willows.
Too many members for what? — CSM

I WAS there (you understand).
NEAL CASSADY, The Pyramids, Egypt.
I told you to meet me by the beer tent — SAL PARADISE

YOUR DIRTY rats! Cody never took no long walk to no electric chair — he made it to the top of the woild, ya bums!
MA JARRETT, San Diego Cemet'ry, California, U.S.A.
I forgot more Hungarian than you ever knew English — MICHAEL CURTIZ

IN YOUR review of the Solid Senders' new album you pointed out that on side one and side two there are two tracks the same. ('First Thing In the Morning') Virgin said that this was a pressing error and it would be put right before the album went to the retailers. If this was so then why did I get a copy with no 'Shop Around' but with two 'First Thing In The Morning''s?
NEIL NASTY (no address given)
Just lucky, I guess — CSM

D'YOU KNOW, I was glancing over my first "bit" of the *NME* book of music, when I saw to my surprise that all those funny patterms you made on the cover read 'MODERN" (if you try hard). So now the cover reads "*NME* Book Of Modern Music". Ain't that a coincidence, I bet you didn't notice it.
A NAGASAKI VICTIM.
Well, man, in this infinite youniverse of ours, things just come together magically if your vibes are groovy enough. Just think of it as cosmic proof that *NME* has good Kharma. An' if you keep buying, that good Kharma will extend to you. How 'bout it? Huh? — AN OLD HIPPY SCHLUMPED OUT IN THE CORNER.
S'funny, I noticed that while I was laying it out — A GRAPHIC DESIGNER.

HUBBA HUBBA and bless my soul! It's now okay when ex-grammar school types like Dave Edmunds decides its a good time to call Chuck Berry an arsehole. What got me is *why* Dave called Chuck an asshole; just because Chuck 'You Can't Catch Me' Berry, does not play the exact solos and intros, note for note, like on his old records of a bygone era, like some sort of wooden soldier!

Surely the un-hippest of people into rock'n'roll should realize that such super-greats as Chuck / Jerry Lee / Carl / Lil' Richard, only managed to edge past the Original rock King, Bill Haley / Comets, because mainly thay had more spontaneous feel , or wilder spirit. None of these artists do a number the same way twice, their performance is natural or deeply soulful.

It's too bad Dave picked on 'Chuck Berry' as being something, an intellectual can just swot up on; he'd obviously have found Bert Weedon more to his liking. (Back in '50s / '60s, Dave would have suited being on Woolworth's cheap Embassy label, who made all those 'Ghost' type covers off other peoples hit songs!) No one can 'hodge-podge' feeling; don't blame the master artist for that! Maybe Chuck even sussed that people would be out there in the crowd, coldly, studying his licks, so naturally, he decided to destroy their minds! Even when Church's not in vogue, none of his TRUE (Super?) fans call him asshole, not even glibly Dave!
BREATHLESS DAN O'COFFEY, County Fermanagh, N. Ireland.
Reckon you've taken Dashing Dai a smidgeon literally, Dan. What's upset Dave (and veritable battalions of others) is the couldn't-give-a-shit attitude of yer modern Berry, the disrespect he displays for his audience and material these days. Believe me, Edmunds can tell the difference between a soulful improvisation and a careless blunder — which is more than you can if you enjoyed C.B.'s last couple of visits — and these days it seems like he cares more about Chuck Berry's music than Berry himself does. — CSM.

THE YEARS go in circles. The Fall aim to be a legend in their own time. We don't want to hang around and die so in 5 years sugar-beet Penman or wood-gnome Morley (bless him) can write maudlin articles about "what a pity the Fall didn't crack it" viz. The worst.

There's no difference (in our eyes) between Chelsea or The Pop Group / obscure Krauts etc. except you know where you are with Chelsea — give us an honest SELL any day.

We did the Music Machine gig to subsidise our earlier trip to Northern Irleand to crack / 'insult' / get through to a few heads in the process. (Dear Ina Penman: IPC didn't tell *us* to go there, nobody did). Why don't you people ever ask anyway?
MARK, for the Fall, Manchester.
Pop stars who write letters! Doncha just love 'em? — CSM.

WHY DOESN'T the *NME* have an editorial column? That way you could pronounce, observe or dictate about different issues pertaining to rock music etc. which may be interesting to us, the readers. Let's face it, everyone has their own views but nobody is co-ordinating ideas about music. An *NME* Editorial may have lifted the radio blackout on the Sex Pistols, don't you think?
KEVIN TUNSTALL, London N19
Is this geezer takin' the piss or what? — CSM.

SORRY FOR being late in commenting on your mean, mean letter (*NME,* Sept 16) about The Stranglers, Laura (I'd personally like to smash YOUR face in). Hugh Cornwell is definitely right to the extent that not only American groupie journalists are lacking upstairs.

To me the so-called sexist Stanglers' lyrics are nothing but honest male emotional reactions aroused by women's bitchy behaviour. Don't blame it on The Stranglers, blame it on all those female chauvinist pigs (respectively sows) around.
Paula Toulouse, Germany
Yeah, sure, Paula . . . and don't blame the NF, blame all those uppity niggers around these days — CSM.

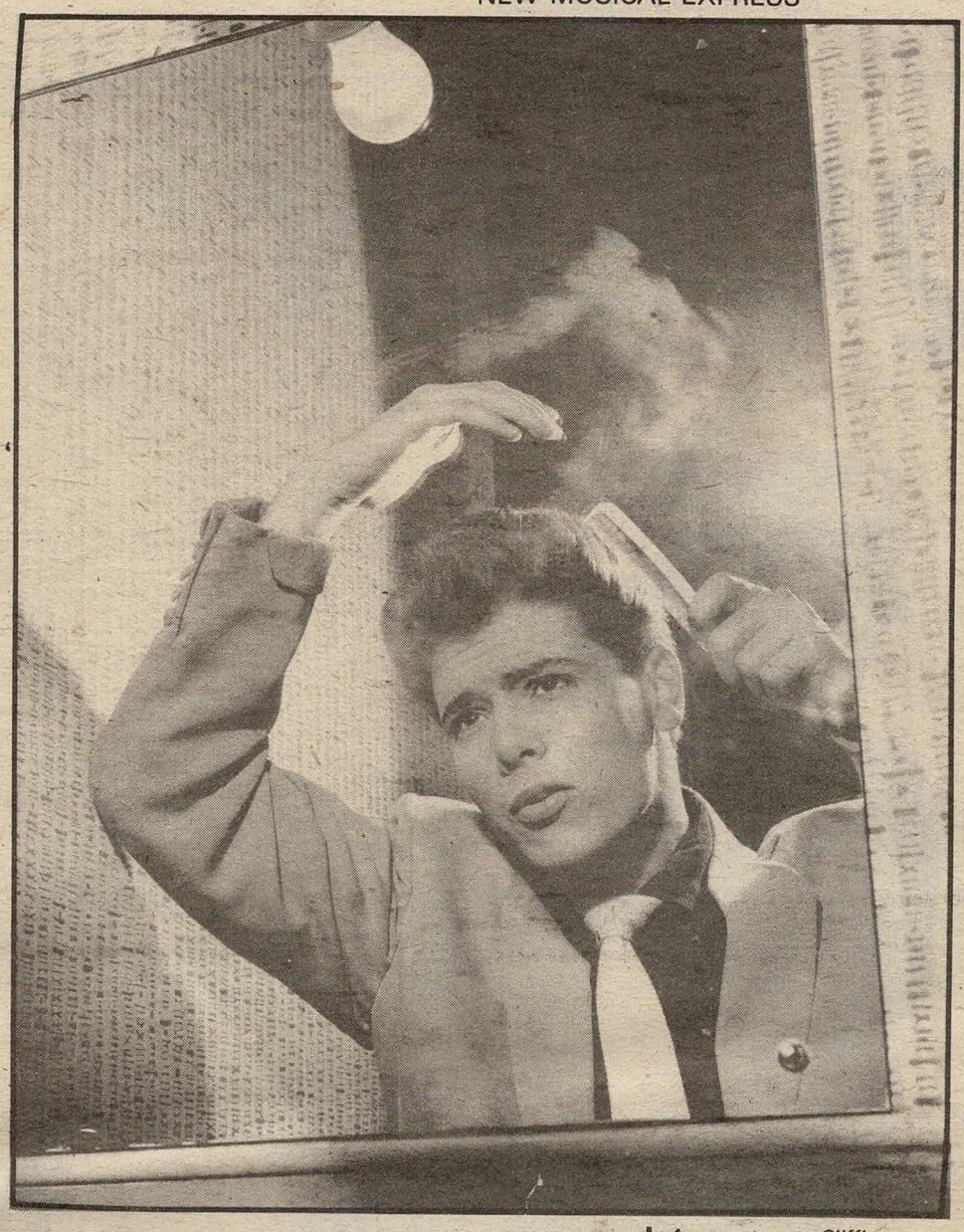
DEAR CHARLES, You used ⅓ of page 41 reviewing Linda Ronstadt's new album. Most of your comments were invalid 'cox Ronstadt isn't an artist and the people who buy this plastic won't care how lacking in vitality and power her vocal delivery is. Ronstadt is only an entertaiment device — like *Crossroads* — upon whom your writing talent and the paper's column inches are wasted.
PROTAG. PS Is brevity next year's thing?
Goes on a bit, dunnee? — LINDA RONSTADT.

I WENT to the same school as Bethnal (which is *not* in the East End) and they were a bunch of nerds even then. Their music has improved a lot, though.
GORILLA GORILLA, Up The Pole, Reading, Blackbush, Knebworth 11.
I know a bloke who went to the same school as Raymond Chandler. Unfortunately, Raymong had left some 40 years earlier, but the principle remains the same. I myself went to the same school as a bloke who ended up as a roadie for the Incredible String Band. — CSM.

DEAR MELVYN Bag, Music needs another punch in the puss. The only exciting things in the last two months were John Cooper-Clarke and some Solid Senders.
ELUSIVE ETHEL OF EDINBURGH. PS I hope this arrives before the Cooper-Clarke backlash.
Tony and Julie are out, Ethel, so I can't tip you off about the Cooper-Clarke backlash. The Solid Sender backlash starts — according to my desk diary — on December 16th. 'Til then — enjoy the album and catch the tour. — CSM.

IS IT too early to say that Rachel Sweet is the new Maureen Tucker?
THE MAUREEN TUCKER FAN CLUB, c/o The Virgin Pig, Newcastle.
'Course it ain't. We don't even have a tentative date on the Rachel Sweet backlash. — CSM.

IF JIMMY Pursey had BO would it be called shampoo?
THE RED BARON, Leatherhead, Surrey.
Whaddya mean *if*? — CSM.



T-ZERS

As a gesture to Cliff's Centenary T-ZERS offers this archive pic of his 'Young Americans' phase.

COMBS ALIVE

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR!!! And straight into *T-Zerz* with a quick chorus of "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Seats" and the ever-popular, ever-controversial **Tom Robinson Band** and their fun-loving audience in dynamic action at the mondo-gothic Liverpool Empire last Friday night. Whatta skull-cruncher that one was!

So wh'happen, you ask? Well, we say, according to TRB manager **Colin Bell,** the waste-products collided with the ventilation system when the theatre management whipped the plug out and dropped the safety (iron) curtain before the TRB could complete their set. The audience — who'd already invaded the front pit and been requested to cool down by Uncle Tom — trashed two rows of seats (TRB now stands for Two Rows Broken) thus causing the magical materialisation of a bunch of pointy-headed geezers in blue vines who forcibly removed irate revellers from the auditorium. (TRB's travelling Rock Against Racism stall also disappeared at some point during the melee).

Empire manager **Mr O'Neill,** on t'other hand, tells it different, categorically denies that the feds removed either punters or stall. Tom's satirical speech (which includes the telling phrase, "Let's wreck this place and stop the rock bands coming!") was apparently taken literally by the fans.

The pit was torn up, punters got bruised and the theatre ran the risk of losing its licence if the fracas continued unchecked. Colin Bell and Mr O'Neill disagree fairly vehemently about whether Tom asked the audience to return to their seats. O'Neill also remarked that "Liverpool is a violent city, it's been compared to Chicago. There's no tea party going on here. We weren't overreacting." TRB haven't been banned from further appearances at the Empire in the future, however, so maybe we can do this again sometime . . .

HOW THE Other Half Live: **Malcolm McLaren,** on a recent Big Apple jaunt to view footage of *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*, met up with **Bouncy Bernie Rhodes,** who was sorting out his amputation from **The Clash** (the latest probably-totally-spurious U.S. rumour, by the way, mentions **Billy Gaff** and a sum not unadjacent to £75,000). The trauma with Bernie and the band got "so bloody heavy I decided to split back to London," declaimed Talcy Malcy. "It reminded me of San Francisco with Rotten." On his return flight, Malcolm's Pan Am Jumbo blew two engines and was forced to turn back to New York — upside down (just because we print this stuff doesn't mean we necessarily believe it). "People were shitting and screaming," sez Malc, "and in the melee I lost my 'Chaos For Cash' T-shirt *(Awwwwwww — Ed)* as well as my collection of drag pictures of an ex-**Sharks** guitarist! ..."

And while we're on the ever amusing subject of Malcolm's past, present and future playmates, **Sid Vicious** (remember him, gang?), still looming unsteadily over the N.Y. skyline, was denied money and a solo contract by Warner Brothers (the **Pistols'** U.S. label) on the grounds that he is persona non grata with those wonderful people who bring you **Fleetwood Mac.** T'would seem to confirm the buzz that Warners wanted Sid out of the band even before the Pistols' unfortunate U.S. tour . . .

Meanwhile, **Steve Jones** was in Los Angeles producing local fun combo **The Avengers** when he received an invitation to play at sleaze best-seller author **Harold Robbins'** birthday party (said invitation issuing from **Mrs Robbins).** Jamming with **The Runaways,** Steve regaled the multitudes with "On The Good Ship Venus", causing a few upsets. Our pudgy Casanova ended up leaving the wreckage of the party with none other than **Zsa Zsa Gabor.** Virgin spokesthing **Al Clark** mumbled something about "Ugandan affairs were discussed — frank exchanges of views", so we'll leave the rest to your imagination except to say that we here at *T-Zerz* think it's about time that smart, angry young bands came along to blow all these international celebrity piss-hogs right out the back wall. Ain't there no rock and roll on the street no more . . .

Ah well, it matters not when we can always check out what **Downhome David Bowie** is up to these days. After considerable word-of-mouth that DB was planning to blow out RCA Records in favour of Warner Bros (those wonderful people who bring you **Van Halen),** The Man has handed down a statement that says to wit (and to woo) that he is at present and for the forseeable future he is under contract to RCA and has engaged in no negotiations intended to alter that status. Meantime, rumours that he is to star in the biopic of **Buster Keaton** are at present unconfirmed, and he's currently hard at work (bet he's not, lazy sod) in the studio with **Brian Eno** and the "Stage" band, creating on his next album . . .

Best band names of the week: L.A. punk outfit **The Dead Kennedys** and **Elton John's** latest discovery, Copenhagen combo **Shit And Chanel No.5.** Best slogan of the week from Australian funsters **The Go-Betweens:** "If the world ended at eight o'clock tomorrow morning, The Go-Betweens would sleep in" . . .

Hey, did anyone spot last week's deliberate (ahem) mistake? For those of you still trying to decipher **Nick Kent's Slits** feature, here's the solution: start at the top of column 1 (easy so far), read cols 1 thru 3; bottom col 3 goes to col 7 line 3; bottom col 7 to 2nd line from bottom of col 4; bottom of col 4 thru cols 5 & 6; bottom column 6 to top col 4, 3rd line from bottom column 4 to top col 8 (still with us?) and an easy read through the last 3 columns to the end. In case you were wondering that's not the order Nick wrote it in, but if it still don't make sense, complain direct to the author . . .

The same printers' gremlin managed to omit the name of the fab **Colin Moulding** (bass, vocals, songs) from the **XTC** entry in last week's instalment of *The NME Book Of Modern Music,* and while we're on the subject, *T-Zerz* urges you not to ignore the *Burning All Illusion Tonight* diatribe that formed the *Book* centrespread . . .

This week, *T-Zerz* sobs a rueful au revoir and respectfully doffs the beret to Belgian, singer, romantic, satirist, songwriter and all-round genius **Jacques Brel,** who died in Paris on Monday aged 49. His songs — performed in English by the likes of **David Bowie, Scott Walker** and **Alex Harvey** — included "If You Go Away", "Next", "Jacky", "Amsterdam" and "My Death" . . .

We're A Happy Family (me, **Cher** and **Stanley**): **Georgeanne La Pierre** — younger sister of Cher — currently going out (or staying in) with **Kiss' Paul Stanley** while Big Sis continues to do the torrid twosome number with the appalling **Gene Simmons.** What next?, we ask ourselves . . .

The impending **Peter Green** comeback album — to be produced by the Man Of The World's old sparring partner **Mick Fleetwood** — has been called off after direct intervention by **God,** who contacted Greenie and told him to knock it on the head. Fleetwood and his fellow and his fellow Mac **Lindsey Buckingham** celebrated by shaving off their beards and getting their hair cut. **Stevie Nicks** remains unshaven as does **Patti Smith** . . .

The Multitrack Mind strikes again: **The Flamin' Groovies** will be a little more wary next time **Dave Edmunds** dredges up another song from his data storage and retrieval system, as he did with "Move It", the Groovies' current single. Apparently, Daredevil Dai strummed the song in the studio and then the Groovies did a five-minute runthrough and bashed it down on the first take. A few months later they heard **Riff Pilchard's** version for the first time . . .

Whoops! Stop the presses! Hold the front page! Extra! Extra! **Malcolm McLaren —** you remember him, he was the geezer whose plane went bellyup a few paragraphs ago — just phoned to say that **Steve Jones** definitely won't be playing with **Johnny Thunders' All Stars** tonite (Thursday) at the Lyceum 'cos he's still in America (probably still with **Zsa Zsa Gabor,** fat lecherous bastard) and the chances are **Paul Cook** won't be playing either. Even if Steve was available, he still wouldn't gig with Thunders because he reckons that Captain Wasted has "Gone Over The Top" (great title for a movie, Malc). Now back to whatever we were going to write about before you phoned . . .

In a footnote to a *Sun* resume of **Bianca Jagger's** *Woman's Own* interview (naw, we ain't gonna quote it: nick your mum's copy if you're interested), Britain's trashiest daily read remarks: "Last week **Mick,** who is being sued by actress **Marsha Hunt** over a paternity suit, hinted that he might have been unfaithful to Bianca." What next, we ask ourselves? Last week **Lee Brilleaux** hinted that he has been known to drink alcoholic beverages . . .

BETTER BADGES

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This Last week		
1	(–)	Penetration
2	(3)	Rezillos
3	(–)	999
4	(–)	Buzzcocks
5	(–)	Sham Army
6	(4)	Stiff Little Fingers
7	(8)	Siouxsie Overground
8	(–)	Slits
9	(5)	Clash Police
10	(10)	My Way

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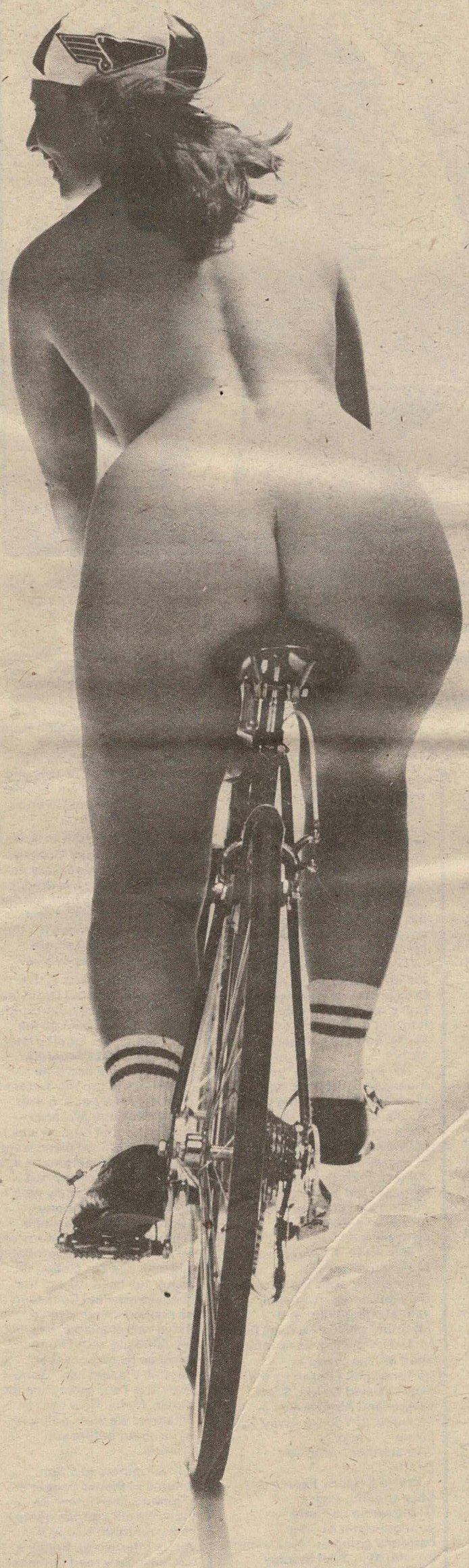
QUEEN



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